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EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JULY, 1877.

No. CCXCIX.

ART. I.—*Kleber, sa Vie, sa Correspondance.* Par le Comte PAJOL. Paris: 1877.

THE personage who forms the subject of this work fills an important place in the annals of France, at the proudest period of her military fame, and though not a favourite with French historians, retains a firm hold on the regards of his countrymen. Kleber was not a master of the art of war; he cannot be called a great captain in the sense in which we apply the term to men like Marlborough, Turenne, and Napoleon. It would appear indeed, that, in his own judgment, he was not equal to the supreme direction of armies upon a large scale; nor did he gain one of the splendid triumphs, over generals and troops of European fame, which, from 1794 to 1809, marked the astonishing progress of French conquest. Unquestionably, too, he was not free, even as a soldier, from real defects; he was impatient of control and untrained to obey; and, on one great occasion, though, in our opinion, he was entirely in the right in his main conclusions, he perhaps allowed personal dislike and feeling in some measure to mislead his judgment. Yet this eminent man is a striking figure in the grand procession of the warriors of France; and despite the efforts of malignant genius, copied servilely by a host of followers, to detract from his well-earned renown, his memory is justly dear to Frenchmen. Kleber is one of the most illustrious names in that noble assemblage of heroic soldiers who, at the great crisis of 1793-4, defended the natal soil against enormous odds; and to whose energy it was largely due that France was saved from destruction as a State, and that the Coalition was rolled back from her frontiers. Nor is

it difficult to perceive the qualities which have placed him high in that list of worthies, and distinguished his well-defined character. As a leader he had not the capacity of Hoche; and he was inferior to Moreau, and perhaps to Jourdan, in the conduct of great operations of war. But he was in no doubtful sense a consummate soldier; with considerable judgment as a military chief, he had few rivals on the field of battle; and he possessed in the very highest degree the faculty of arranging and directing troops, and of animating them with his own martial spirit. He was an administrator, too, of rare merit; severe in discipline, an upright ruler, and never lavish of resources in hand, he was admirable alike in forming an army and in controlling a subject province; and it may be truly said that he organised victory in more than one brilliant passage of arms, and that his brief government of Egypt gave proof of statesmanlike skill in many respects. Besides, like other distinguished warriors of the first years of the French Revolution, Kleber was, above all things, a high-souled patriot; fired by a lofty ideal and by the love of country, he was free from the self-seeking and the mere lust of glory which characterised the marshals of the First Empire; and he was wholly superior to the jealous rivalries, and to the submissiveness to a despotic will, conspicuous, and with pernicious results, in the generals fashioned by the hand of Napoleon. Yet though a Republican in the strictest sense, he scorned, with his best companions in arms, the mere anarchists of 1793-4; with broad sympathies and firm common sense, he loathed Jacobinism and its thirst for blood; and, had his counsels prevailed, there can be no doubt that he would have saved La Vendée from the Reign of Terror. No wonder, then, that the name of Kleber is still repeated in France with pride, nay that it should grow in fame under the Third Republic, where men cast in a similar mould are especially needed for the service of the State. We cannot, however, say that the volume before us is at all worthy of its stirring theme, or deserves the title of a good biography. General Pajol, indeed, is a studious compiler; and he has collected, apparently with careful research, a considerable part of the correspondence of Kleber. But he is so deficient in artistic skill that he has altogether failed to give us a portrait of the warrior whose career he has traced, and his book is so crowded with petty details, and is so wanting in breadth and outline, that it is exceedingly lifeless and dull as a narrative. It is enough to add that he has borrowed wholesale, and without giving a hint of the author, from the 'Commentaries' of Napoleon I., when describing

the acts of Kleber in Egypt, as though exposed detraction was historic truth, and as though the correspondence of the general of 1799 did not contradict, in important points, the calumnies of the exile of 1817.*

Jean Baptiste Kléber, a native of Alsace, was born in 1753. The origin of the child was humble, his father, a dependent of the great House of Rohan, having been, it would appear, a stone-cutter, though he filled one of the petty offices left by the jealousy of the old *régime* to the municipality of the city of Strasbourg. Young Kleber is said to have acquired the rudiments through the influence of Cardinal Louis de Rohan, the profligate dupe of the Diamond Necklace; and tradition records that his parts and his energy were favourably noticed at an early age by the Governor of Alsace when on a visit at Saverne. We find the lad in Paris about 1768, an apprentice of Chalgrin, a well-known architect; but though he pursued his art with diligence, he seems before long to have left the capital, and to have found a home at Besançon and Strasbourg. An accident opened to Kleber the calling in which he was to become eminent; in 1774 or 1775 he entered the military school of Munich, and soon afterwards he was made a cadet in one of the choicest regiments of the Austrian army, the colonel, a son of the famous Kaunitz, having been, it is said, attracted to him by the fine figure and the keen intelligence for which the young aspirant was already noted. Kleber served seven years under the Austrian flag; and we may readily believe that the strict discipline and attention to mechanical details for which German armies have been always famed, made a strong impression on the future commander, and were not forgotten when, in after years, he was organising the levies of 1794-5. Although he had made a name in his corps, he left the Austrian service in 1783, the cause being, it is alleged, disgust that his plebeian birth was a bar to promotion; and this fact puts an end to the idle gossip that the martial beauty of the young officer had pleased the aged Empress Maria Theresa, and that she intended to raise him to high honour. We trace Kleber, during the next few years, at Belfort, following with considerable success the calling to which he had been led when a boy; and possibly the neighbourhood of the great fortress which guards the southern verge of Alsace may have turned the attention of the rising architect, already a trained professional soldier, to a careful study of the art of Vauban. At all

* General Pajol has also copied whole sentences, without acknowledgment, from M. Thiers's 'History of the French Revolution.'

events Kleber thoroughly learned the science of fortification at this time; and the knowledge thus acquired stood him in good stead afterwards, when it fell to his lot to prepare in haste a system of defence for the cities of Egypt.

When 1789 and its era came, Kleber naturally took the popular side. Like many of the *bourgeoisie* of the day, he was a cultivated and an ambitious man, and he justly chafed at the odious distinctions between the *Tiers Etat* and the decaying noblesse. Yet though he soon fell in with the Republican creed—if no enthusiast, he had nursed his mind, in common with thousands of that generation, on the lofty ideals of Greece and Rome—he had no sympathy with the mere multitude, and in 1791 he nearly fell a victim to the ‘patriot’ wrath of the mob of Belfort. The time was now at hand when the retired subaltern was to be drawn from his obscure seclusion, and to enter on his brief but glorious career. In the early spring of 1793 a combined Prussian and Austrian army, the left wing of the Coalition against France, sat down before the walls of Mayence, the reduction of the place being thought necessary before the invaders spread into Alsace. By this time Custine, with the army of the Rhine, had retreated behind the lines of Wissembourg; and the Allies calculated that the siege of the fortress would be an affair of a few weeks only. The garrison of Mayence, however, was composed of the flower of the French soldiery, men disciplined under the old *régime*, but enthusiasts in the Revolutionary cause; and, knowing that it held one of the keys of the frontier, it made preparations for a determined defence. Kleber, who had been chosen, a few months before, to lead a battalion of volunteers, was associated with the brave Aubert Dubayet in the command of the troops outside the ramparts, the citadel being entrusted to General Doyrè, and Meunier, the able constructor of Cherbourg, being at the head of the engineering staff. In the siege that followed Kleber gave ample proof of the qualities that made him a great soldier. Intelligent, and ever ready on the ground, he directed several brilliant sorties, and in one of these he performed a great service by permanently disabling a Prussian battery that was ravaging one of the southern fronts of the fortress. Nor, as the siege progressed, did his energies slacken; he seemed to multiply himself with the increase of danger, and in the last fierce sally made by the garrison he displayed extraordinary personal courage. Like all true leaders of men, too, he made his influence widely felt; sharing cheerfully with his troops the extremes of hardship, he inspired them with his own firm constancy; and to the last moment his division retained its

martial air and its orderly discipline. He unquestionably did much to protract the defence, and always dwelt with pride on the part he played in this most important passage of arms. 'Four months'—as he wrote—'was I in that brasier; I fought in every sortie, I resisted every attack; and all this time we had no means of knowing whether France had not ceased to exist as a State.'

The stern and unexpected resistance of Mayence, like that of Valenciennes on the northern frontier, contributed largely to the surprising failure of the Coalition in the campaign of 1793. An episode of the siege narrated in this book deserves attention, as at once a parallel and a contrast to the most discreditable scene in the tragedy of the war of 1870. At Mayence, as at Metz eighty years afterwards, the Prussians endeavoured to gain the place by stratagem and underhand intrigue; and like the notorious Regnier, a spy of the name of Boos was sent into the fortress, through the besiegers' lines, to lure the defenders into a surrender. Rewbell, however, the Commissioner of the Convention, and the brave chiefs who were shut up in Mayence, were men of a different stamp from Bazaine.

'Boos, when beginning the conference, declared that the disasters of Dumouriez' army, and the conduct of that general, had caused General Custine to seek a reinforcement to his army in the garrison of Mayence; he invited us to do all that we could to effect this object. Rewbell could not help remarking—this extraordinary proposition was made in the presence of the Prussian officers—"that we had regulations which prescribed what our duties were in a siege, and that, as representing the National Convention, he should insist on their being complied with; but that, if there were now an opportunity for general negotiations, he was willing to have an interview with the King of Prussia, and that, trusting in that Sovereign's good faith, he would repair to any place indicated for the purpose."

'General Doyrè added: "As for me, I am a soldier; all that I can do is to obey the law and continue the defence; I have a brave garrison, and I trust we shall conduct ourselves in such a way that our enemies will respect us."

'Rewbell and Doyrè having, on the same evening, informed the council of war of this interview, it was unanimously resolved to proceed to what was next in hand.'

Mayence did not fall until the end of July, but Kleber and other chiefs of the garrison, though their heroism had perhaps saved France, were denounced as traitors by tongue-valiant Jacobins, and summoned to the bar of the dreaded Convention. The charge, however, was too monstrous even for that time; the leaders of the Mayençais, as they were called, were voted to have deserved well of their country; though being

real soldiers, and accustomed to command, they continued 'suspect' in the half-insane eyes of men like Robespierre and St. Just. Towards the close of the summer of 1793, Kleber, with the greater part of the survivors of the siege, was despatched to the theatre of the war in La Vendée, now the bloodiest scene in the national agony. The struggle in that unhappy region had been in progress for several months with frightful but still undecided results, for though the Republicans had regained the Loire, and Paris had ceased to tremble at the success of Bonchamps, Westermann had been driven in rout from Châtillon, and the whole country between Touraine and the sea was triumphantly held by the Catholic army. As yet, too, there seemed little hope that the murderous contest was approaching its close. The barbarous decrees of the Parisian demagogues had fired the Royalists with the fury of despair; and the pitiable state of the Republican forces, the utter incapacity of many of their chiefs, and the reckless meddling of the mob orators, who, with incredible folly and tyranny, took upon themselves to direct the war, seemed likely to make reverses permanent. It was not to be expected, indeed, that rude levies, largely made up of the dregs of the capital, that shopkeepers suddenly raised to command, or bewildered veterans in dread of the guillotine, or finally that such masters of strategy as the spouters of the Commune and the Sections would quickly gain important success, in a district of forest, thicket, and streams, over bands of brave and devoted men, who, though drawn from the plough and the cottage, were trained to the chase and to the use of arms, were upheld by loyalty and religious faith, and fought for their lives, their hearths, and their children, under the eyes of loved and even experienced leaders.

The arrival of regular troops on the scene was soon, however, to turn the scales of fortune. Nevertheless, the generalship of the Republicans was, for a time, so unwise and absurd that at first defeats were only repeated. When Kleber and his men reached head-quarters the Republican forces formed two masses which spread all round the insurgent districts, from Saumur and Nantes to the Sables d'Olonne and Niort. It was now proposed that a few thousand men should advance into the very focus of the revolt, the intricate country on the banks of the Sèvre, and in the meantime that the remaining columns should converge from all points to sustain the movement. Such dispositions, as Napoleon has pointed out, were almost certain to end in misfortune. Canclaux broke up in the first days of September, accompanied by Kleber, who, with the Mayençais,

made his way easily to the point of junction. But one of the supporting bodies was defeated at Luçon; Rossignol, one of the ignorant boasters raised to high command by the clubs of Paris, had countermanded the march of his force; and Canclaux, the attempt at concentration having failed, was isolated and left exposed to the enemy. The shock fell upon Kleber first. Having reached Torfou with about 2,000 men, he was suddenly assailed by 20,000 Royalists, and after a struggle, the fierceness of which was long spoken of by the Vendean leaders, he lost his artillery and was forced to retreat. The trained soldier so chafed at this reverse that he characteristically begged his chief 'that he might fight without guns until he 'had regained his own;' and a fictitious rumour that he had been surprised drew from the disciplinarian this just remark, surely to be borne in mind by French officers after the sorry experiences of 1870:—'Any general may be defeated, and it 'may be is not to blame; but nothing can excuse a surprise,' especially in a country which, by its very peculiarities, indicates beyond yea and nay that a careful look-out should be 'kept on the line of march.'

The Republicans having been beaten in detail, Canclaux, of all the leaders the least to blame, was summarily dismissed by the Junto in power. His successor, Lechelle, was a worthless poltroon, but he had some idea that he knew nothing; and in taking the command he permitted Kleber to direct the course of the war for a time. The operations now took a new turn; and in part owing to the defection of Charette, but principally, too, to Kleber's efforts, the Republicans, towards the end of October, effected their junction near the town of Cholet. In the contest that followed, untrained bravery gave way, as it always does, to disciplined courage; the Mayençais swept away their foes like chaff, and the Vendean cause received a shock which in a short time was to prove fatal. Kleber was the soul of this decisive action; he made all the dispositions on the field, he judiciously frustrated the attack of the Royalists, and his tall figure, with that of Marceau, was conspicuous in the thickest of the fight, reanimating the young Republican levies. The routed army retired slowly northwards, putting the Loire between itself and its pursuers; and had Kleber retained the command, we can easily believe he would have finished the war. Lechelle, however, having foolishly interfered, the fugitives made good their way to Laval; and the incapacity of the Republican chief was here the cause of a bloody reverse, which in other circumstances might have proved ruinous. His solitary idea of war being that 'you should move

'majestically and in a united mass,' he attacked what really was a strong entrenched camp, defended by thousands of desperate men, in single close column, in exposed ground; and the result, as a matter of course, was disastrous. The Republicans, crowded together like sheep, were smitten down by a withering fire, and the retreat of the Mayençais proved the signal for a flight which ended on the banks of the Loire. It was characteristic of the state of the time that Kleber, who had condemned the ignorance of his chief, was denounced by Jacobin spies in the camp, and that Lechelle, who had been the first to run, attributed his defeat to 'Pitt and his gold.'

The success of the Vendéans was to be shortlived only. Having reached the coast, they were driven from Granville, and before long the Republican forces had hemmed them in on the verge of the seaboard, in the angle where Brittany runs into Normandy. Kleber sensibly advised blocking up the roads, and compelling the enemy to yield or perish; but two or three desultory and ill-planned attacks enabled the Vendéans to break through the net, and they were soon in full retreat for the Loire. Kleber now took a decisive step; he sought an interview with the Republican Commissioners in the camp, and though it was at the peril of his head, he insisted upon a complete change of system. We tell the tale in his own language, for it shows the character of that extraordinary time:—

'The council of war met at mid-day. I explained that it was necessary to arrange a general plan of operations, and to entrust the execution of it to leaders from whom success might be expected. I proposed that there should be (1) a regular commander-in-chief; (2) a general to command the cavalry; (3) a general to command the artillery; (4) an officer to be engaged in providing for the security of Rennes and to command the garrison. This suggestion was adopted. I then recommended Marceau as commander-in-chief, Westermann for the command of the cavalry, and the Adjutant-General Debilly as the chief of the artillery. I was about to recommend a commandant for the fortress, when Prieur de la Marne, one of the Representatives, said that he would provide one; that he was acquainted with a brave *sansculotte*, a native of the town, an old soldier, who would fill the post and do his duty zealously and ably. The man was sent for; he was a tailor, who had served in that capacity in a regiment of the line, and had been discharged. Happily this honest man, in spite of the entreaties of Prieur, refused to accept the office.'

This advice reveals a feature of Kleber's character; though not without real moral courage, he always had distaste for

supreme command. He was now, however, the real chief, though Marceau was his superior in name; and we see his hand at once in the conduct of the war. The Republican levies, reformed in haste, were skilfully directed against the retreating enemy; Le Mans was taken with frightful slaughter; and the Royalists, pursued with unrelenting energy, were cut off from the Loire and their last hope of refuge. The Catholic army—a dissolving mass—was gradually forced down the northern bank of the river; and by the end of December, it was brought to bay near the sea and the old town of Savenay. Kleber was making preparations for the final stroke, when he was nearly frustrated by the Representatives of the State, whom nothing could cure of foolish meddling:—

‘It was night; the sounds of the fire of guns and of musketry had not ceased. Prieur de la Marne, Barbotte, and Turreau came up; they found the advanced guard in position, and seemed much surprised that no attack was made. “Allons camarades, en avant, en avant!” was soon the watchword of these proconsuls; I saw that it was a moment when, through precipitation and want of care, victory would once more elude us. I exclaimed to Marceau, “Contrive to stop this cackling of Prieur and his colleagues, or to-morrow we shall be at Nantes, and the enemy will be at our heels.” “This is not your place,” quoth Marceau to the Commissioners; “your presence can be of no use, and you are exposing yourselves to be shot.” They discovered something that pleased their self-importance in this, and went away.’

Kleber’s dispositions assured the destruction of the Catholic army on the field of Savenay. The Royalists struggled with the energy of despair; but they were hemmed in on all sides and enclosed; and the battle became a mere scene of carnage. There is a tone of manly pity in Kleber’s account:—

‘We drove them back in inexpressible disorder; and then each column took a different direction to pursue the insurgents. The whole cavalry was launched against the fugitive masses. As the Loire and the marshes made escape impossible, the slaughter became horrible; piles of corpses were to be seen everywhere. A great number of these unhappy beings were drowned in the marshes of Montoir; others were taken prisoners.’

This defeat ruined the Vendean cause, and made resistance on a large scale hopeless. Yet the commander to whom this success was due became more than ever a mark for suspicion, and narrowly escaped dismissal from his post. The following characteristic scene occurred when the Republicans entered Nantes in triumph:—

‘A civic crown having been presented to Kleber, a voice choking

with anger demanded to be heard. It was Turreau, the Representative of the People. "Crowns," he exclaimed, "must not be given to generals, they are due to soldiers; these only win battles. Honours bestowed on generals, with embroidered coats, have a disgusting savour of the old *régime*." Kleber was accustomed to other combats than those of the tribune; he asked leave to speak. Restraining his indignation, "It is not," he said, holding in his hand the wreath, "the generals of the Republic who, like me, have almost all been grenadiers, that do not know that soldiers win battles; but neither is it the soldiers of the Republic—they can all hope now to rise to command—that are ignorant that thousands of arms gain victories only when they are guided by a capable head."

Kleber after Savenay held a command in La Vendée, but for a few weeks only. The despatches in which he proposed a plan for pacifying and reducing the affrighted district, do equal honour to his head and his heart, and in truth foreshadowed the policy of Hoche. Had his words been listened to, there would have been no Chouan rising; and France would have been spared the horrors which marked the close of the revolt of the West. Kleber's evidence is conclusive:—

'Turreau has brought into La Vendée the brands which have lit up civil war again. When he arrived everything was quiet and in peace. I had myself, at the end of 1793, set off from Nantes to Cholet, attended by four orderlies only. The roads were all alive with people passing by. Those from Cholet to Saumur, to Clisson, to St. Florent, to Mortagne, and to Montaigu, were equally safe. But the proclamation that a dozen columns were to march through the district, with fire and sword in hand, has caused a general commotion, and has forced those to revolt who had taken no part in the first contest.'

Kleber, in truth, like his best companions in arms, detested Jacobinism and all its works; and it is a significant fact that not one of the eminent soldiers who, at this conjuncture, sprang up, as it were from her soil, to defend France, was a Terrorist or had Terrorist sympathies.

In the memorable campaign of 1794 Kleber was sent to the war in the Low Countries. He had given his word, when Mayence surrendered, not to serve against the Allies again; but the Government, with a disregard of good faith more than once imitated by its successors in France, insisted upon his breaking his parole. As he played only a subordinate part in the great contest in which the Republicans drove the Coalition from Belgium and Holland, while, in La Vendée, he was the real leader, we shall but glance at his career in the more important struggle. From 1794 to 1796 Kleber was almost always a lieutenant of Jourdan; and though he often led large bodies of troops, and exercised that independence in command

given even to inferior chiefs at that time, he never directed operations as a whole, or had the general conduct of a campaign. His correspondence at this period—the only one when he had experience of war in its broad and grand aspects—convinces us that he was not capable of the great combinations of his noble art, was not a general of the first order. It discloses none of those fine conceptions, sometimes as remarkable for their profound insight as for their imaginative splendour and force, which make the appearance of Napoleon on the scene a new era in military science. It does not often reveal a consciousness of the signal errors and of the false movements repeatedly seen in the operations of the French, whether on the Scheldt, the Meuse, or the Rhine; it does not contain any striking thoughts, or bear the peculiar mark of original genius. Nor can it be said that Kleber towered above his fellows in these campaigns, or even proved himself to be such a captain as Moreau in Flanders, or Hoche in the Vosges. Nevertheless, his letters afford proof that he understood war on a large scale, and that he has a place in the second rank of strategists. Thus he seems to have perceived correctly that the invading Germany on separate lines, by armies divided by the immense space between Strasbourg and Dusseldorf—one of the cardinal defects in Carnot's projects—was an undertaking of extreme danger; and he evidently believed that the true mode of operating was to advance with a concentrated force into the valleys of the Neckar and the Maine, the line always preferred by Napoleon. Thus, too, in the beginning of the campaign of 1794, he seems to have deprecated the grave mistake of detaching from Jourdan to strengthen Pichegru, that is of weakening the principal force, almost in the face of a collected enemy, in order to give support to the accessory. He writes thus to Jourdan:—‘I will not attempt to move upon Lens until I receive a second letter from you; reaching at too much is slackening your hold on everything. . . You will forgive this remark. You have but to repeat your orders and you shall be obeyed.’

Again, in the campaign of 1796, Kleber appears to have understood the danger of the separation of Moreau and Jourdan, which enabled the Archduke Charles to interpose between them, and to strike with great and brilliant effect. This letter to Moreau shows that the writer had a just notion of the situation as a whole:—‘The army under your command might do well to advance to Nordlingen and Donauworth. I presume, indeed, that this letter will find you at Nordlingen. . . . I beg you will let me know where and how

‘you wish that the two armies shall effect their junction, and ‘what are your views on the subject.’ Perhaps, too, we may infer from the following, that Kleber, instead of retreating to the Maine, was desirous of marching at once towards Moreau, and of joining that general on the Danube—the very manœuvre, Napoleon has shown, which probably would have baffled the Archduke:—‘As for our army, it is concentrated ‘upon a solid line; it is protected by several streams, and ‘is in readiness to move straight on the Danube which it ‘faces.’

Kleber, however, in these campaigns as always, was less a great chief than a great soldier. He won high honour on the field of Fleurus, in 1794, the turning point in the war; displayed extraordinary vigour and skill in pressing the Allies in their retreat; conducted admirably the siege of Maestricht; covered himself with glory in the passage of the Roer; was a master-spirit, in short, of the victorious army, ever since known as that of the Sambre and the Meuse, in its wonderful march from the Scheldt to the Rhine. Nor was he less conspicuous when the war reached Germany in 1795 and 1796; his energy at Altenkirchen was justly praised; and in the advance of Jourdan from the Maine to the Naab, he was successful in almost every engagement. Like others, too, of this great school of warriors, this eminent man made his fine powers conspicuous in defeat as well as in victory; no one perhaps was superior to him in the hour of danger; and more than once on the banks of the Lahn and the Sieg, he extricated his army, when hardly pressed, with a coolness and skill not often displayed by the pretentious chiefs of the First Empire. Kleber justly thought an exploit of this kind as honourable as a more brilliant feat of arms, here again differing from the Imperial soldiers; thus he dwelt with pride on his successful retreat, in circumstances of extreme difficulty, across the Rhine at the end of 1795:—

‘Don’t you think that an army which, with an enemy in pursuit, finds its bridges broken down when it is about to cross a great river; which, untterrified by such an accident, takes an imposing position to repair the check it has sustained, and occupies the defiles in its rear which alone can maintain its communications with another *corps d’armée* exposed perhaps to the same dangers from the same cause; which displays extraordinary energy and indefatigable industry in restoring the means of passage—don’t you think, I say, my dear colleague, that such an army has acquired a title to the notice of history, and that such an operation deserves to be reckoned as a victory?’

Kleber, however, was more than a great soldier of the type

common in French history. He had more experience in 1794-5 than most of his Republican colleagues, and he possessed in the highest degree the faculty of military organisation and of preparation for the field. No general of the army of the Sambre and Meuse was his equal in making real soldiers out of the young levies of 1793-4; and the task of providing for important movements was almost always entrusted to him. Like all who have excelled in work of this kind, he was an admirable judge of rising merit; and his keen eye soon perceived the talents of Ney and of other distinguished officers. For converting recruits into trained soldiers he relied, of course, in the main, on the methods which, from the times of Rome to our own, have been the only means of success—on strict discipline and attentive care; and though Napoleon scoffingly said that he was too much of a martinet for Frenchmen, this really was a sign of his excellence. In preparing for a great military operation Kleber seemed slow to enthusiastic sciolists; but he was generally successful and always sure; and his diligence in enforcing the exact performance of the duties that preserve armies from surprise or failure should be noted by French officers of our time. Take for example these orders for watching the Rhine at the close of the campaign of 1794:—

‘The troops shall occupy their cantonments to-morrow.

‘This day is to be employed in establishing and connecting posts along the Rhine; generals of brigade will act in concert in this matter, and will place the posts themselves. The troops must not occupy their cantonments until all this shall have been thoroughly done.

‘The greatest attention must be paid to the proper distribution of the men. The captain ought, as a rule, to be in the centre of his company, a chef de bataillon in the centre of his battalion, a general of brigade in the midst of his brigade.

‘Guards are to be established in the detached houses by the bank of the Rhine. . . . The object of these posts will be to observe the enemy attentively on the right bank.

‘All the boats on the left bank are to be carefully collected, bound together in front of the different posts, and secured by padlocks. A sentinel is to mount guard on the spot until General Kleber shall make further arrangements.

‘Each general of division will make a special report to General Kleber on the number and kind of boats in his front. The commander of the cavalry will take care that a cavalry picket shall be stationed at every outpost.’

Had the generals of the Second Empire taken precautions like these—we quote from an order of Kleber in 1795—France would not have mourned Forbach and Beaumont:—

‘Each division should have a small advanced guard of foot and horse in front, and a rear-guard of the same kind.

‘Generals of division will insist that generals of brigade are to march at the head of their respective brigades; staff-officers are to be distributed among the columns, and to exercise a strict superintendence. The severest examples will be made of men who fall out of the ranks to loiter about, or to pillage.’

Kleber, too, like most of the Republican leaders, while exacting strict and unfailing discipline, knew how to appeal to the finer sentiments of the French soldiery of this stirring period:—‘Hunting and shooting game are strictly prohibited. ‘Patriotism ought to teach the soldiers that they should be ‘sparing of the resources which assure us success. They ‘ought to feel that the only use of our powder is to destroy ‘the enemy.’

The merits of Kleber in these campaigns, however, were lessened by defects which had become prominent. We have noticed his repugnance to supreme command, and he gave the French Government much embarrassment, by refusing not less than three times, between 1794 and 1796, to command an army on the German frontier. This may have been due, in part, to modesty; but less worthy motives certainly concurred; and, as affairs then stood, it was unpatriotic conduct. Kleber, too, could not submit himself to the discipline he imposed on others; his self-esteem and republican pride caused him to chafe under superior authority; and, though for the most part a loyal colleague, he was sometimes jealous, vexatious, and restive. It was said of him in the army of the Sambre and Meuse, that he would not command and could not obey; and, on one occasion, at the critical moment, when the Archduke Charles was carrying all before him, he refused, in the face of his men, to do Jourdan’s bidding—an act that deserves the severest blame. Besides, he was prone to make difficulties and to exaggerate obstacles that beset his path; he more than once wished to throw up his command on frivolous or inadequate pretexts; and he could be at times cross-grained and ill-tempered. From the following, written in the front of the enemy, we see how irritable his disposition could be; and it is necessary to bear in mind these flaws in his character to estimate rightly his conduct in Egypt:—

‘I assure you, my dear Jourdan, it is from friendship to you that I have accepted the miserable and odious command you have given me, and also because I had expected that under your orders I should not have to bear that hateful interference which was unknown in your army. I have been disappointed; and I now declare, that were I to be arrested,

bound hand and foot, and even guillotined, I will no longer command these four divisions.'

We would say a word, before we leave the subject, on these memorable campaigns on the Meuse and the Rhine. The generals of the army of the Sambre and Meuse were not leaders of the first class, or gifted with the highest military genius. They were all surpassed, we think, by the Archduke Charles; and none of them could have conceived or executed the marvels of war witnessed on the Adige, or the march across the Alps that led to Marengo. Their armies, too, were imperfect instruments, composed largely of mere recruits, without appliances of many kinds, wanting in compact and effective force; nor could they compare with the Imperial legions which, organised upon the best model, and crowded with trained and veteran soldiers, overran and subdued an amazed Continent. Yet the chiefs and soldiers that, in a few weeks, moved in triumph from the Lys to the Wahal, and that won for France the frontier of the Lower Rhine, performed assuredly great exploits; and in many respects contrast favourably with their successors formed under the First Empire. Men like Desaix and Kleber had, in command, an independence and a moral force, not to be found in the Napoleonic generals, and the want of which was often a cause of disaster. Compare, for instance, a self-reliant despatch like this, with the vacillations of Grouchy at Gembloux looking to his Imperial master for every order:—

'I am now, my dear Jourdan, awaiting more positive instructions from you as regards the manner of holding the Lahn with the corps entrusted by you to my command. Of course it is not your intention that I should occupy the banks of the river from Limburg, or even from Nassau, to the Rhine. Such a position, I think, would be disadvantageous to us both. I propose, then, that you should let me proceed to Limburg; I will then take a position behind the Elms, from which I shall be able to threaten all the points on that stream.'

As a general rule, the Republican leaders, upheld by patriotic and lofty sentiments, co-operated with each other with unselfish zeal, and were incapable of the mean jealousies so often injurious to the Imperial armies. Compare again, for example, this letter of Kleber's with those of Suchet to Soult in 1814, when Soult was appealing in vain to his colleague to assist him in making head against Wellington:—

'The enemy's forces in my front are increasing every day; two days ago a large body of troops, both horse and foot, arrived, and yesterday a large mass of artillery. The right bank of the Rhine is bristling with redoubts and field-works. My consolation is that the greater

the resistance I shall encounter, the less it will be on your side. I feel more interest in your success in crossing the river than in my own, for I am confident, as soon as you shall have placed a single battalion on the opposite bank, there will be much confusion here.'

The chief secret, perhaps, however, of the triumphs of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, was that the Republican soldiery of 1794-5 were hailed as liberators in the Low Countries, and generally respected property and life. Their march was, in a great measure, a beneficent and a welcome influence; the advance of the Imperial armies soon ceased to awaken popular sympathies, and caused widespread alarm and misery. Contrast the following proclamation of Kleber with the addresses in which Napoleon sanctioned deeds of blood and rapine in the name of glory, and we shall comprehend how a French army was greeted with joy in the first years of the war, and was execrated in all Europe at a later period:—

'Courage must not be your only characteristic; your keen sense of duty is a pledge to me that you will observe discipline in the countries you are about to enter. The possessions of peaceable peasants must be respected; do not allow men, enemies of your glory and of your reputation, to tarnish your victories by unworthy conduct. Do not betake yourselves to pillage, and present to an unhappy population the hideous spectacle presented lately by those hordes of the North, who left their homes to carry among their neighbours fire, the sword, and every crime that belongs to anarchy and license. A French soldier treats as brothers those not in arms against him; above all let the cottage, the abode of innocence and peace, remain a safe asylum for these virtues.'

It is unnecessary, we feel sure, to direct the attention of the chiefs of the modern army of France to the moral suggested by these comparisons.

Kleber appears to have been not much liked by any of the Republican Governments. A caustic and rather incautious tongue, and a haughty and independent manner, were not pleasing to the men in power; and his repeated refusals to accept high command, and his insubordination in the campaign in Germany, told justly against him in public opinion. He was rather a marked man during the *coup d'état* of Fructidor; and is said to have been detested by Hoche, the successor of Moreau after the failure of 1796. He returned the Directory their dislike with interest if we may judge from the following anecdote which illustrates the weak side of his character:—

'Petiet, the Minister of War, wished to bring the merits of Kleber into notice, and tried to combat the resolution of the general not to present himself to the Directors. He pressed Kleber so closely that at last he induced him to pay a visit to Barras. They found the Director

at a game of piquet. As Barras was playing when they entered the room, he merely saluted them with a nod; but when the game was over, he rose, addressed Kleber, and asked him if he had been acquainted with such and such general officers. After this, it being his turn to resume the game, he quitted him. Petiet and Kleber were scarcely out of the house, when Kleber exclaimed, "Is that the way they receive a man supposed to have worthily filled an important post?" "Nay, what have you to complain of?" said the Minister of War. "You have been very well treated—he spoke to you." "Ah! if that be so, never ask me to see another of them."

He made this speech to the amazed Directors when they applied to him before Fructidor:—"I will, if you choose, 'shoot down your enemies, but if I turn my face to them, 'I shall turn my back on you.'"

Having resigned his command in 1797, Kleber fell into a kind of disgrace. He was drawn out of an obscure retreat by the young hero of Arcola and Rivoli, then dazzling France and the world with his fame, who wished to have the best chiefs of the army as his lieutenants in the expedition to Egypt. Napoleon has said that the neglected general met his overtures with effusive joy; but this is not in keeping with Kleber's character, and from the following letter would seem to be incorrect:—

'I have not yet made the acquaintance of Bonaparte (the date is that when the French fleet was about to sail); he appeared so unexpectedly upon the scene, he surrounded himself with so much consideration, and his rise was so rapid, that at the distance at which I was from him, it would have been impossible for me to observe or to follow him. I shall have to judge of him in the midst of the events that are about to happen. I shall then endeavour to understand him by noting his efforts to attain the great results he anticipates, and to read his character in the anecdotes to which he will not fail to give rise in the extraordinary circumstances of our situation.'

Kleber, having agreed to go, set his heart to his work, and did good service in fitting out the troops. An eye-witness has left this record of an interview with the warrior just before his departure:—

'The son of General Ernouf undertook to carry a set of documents relating to the East to the hermitage in the Rue des Batailles. Kleber was dressed, according to the fashion of the times, in a green greatcoat, with a high collar and gold lace, and seemed absorbed in studying a map of Egypt. He had not heard the young officer enter the room, and was following with his finger the course of the Nile, stopping now and then at the places where battles might be expected. At the end of a few minutes he suddenly raised his head, and recognising the officer at once, exclaimed, "Ah, ah; so you are the son of my friend Ernouf. . . . I

should like to do something for a comrade of the Sambre and Meuse. . . . Will you be my aide-de-camp?"'

It deserves notice that, from the very outset, Kleber had misgivings as to the success of the enterprise. The clear-headed and experienced soldier—in a candid moment Napoleon called him the Nestor of the army, a happy phrase—was not allured by the gigantic visions of conquest and glory that possessed his chief—and wrote doubtingly thus to a friend:—
'I have involved myself in this expedition, though it appears to me rather lightly conceived. In this, as in many other conjunctures, boldness may compensate for want of forethought, and fortune will perhaps again crown with success efforts which calm reason would have never ventured to undertake.'

Napoleon, and writers who have followed in his track, have endeavoured to prove that, despite its failure, the expedition to the East, even as he had planned it, was a grand project that promised success. Sober-minded inquirers, however, will share in Kleber's sceptical views on the subject, and will pronounce Napoleon's designs as a whole the mere aberrations of perverted genius. A descent upon Egypt was, no doubt, possible; but, in the case of a Power inferior at sea, the permanent conquest of the country was in the highest degree improbable, and ought to have been considered hopeless. True it was that France had not yet acknowledged the supremacy of England on her own element, and that traditions of D'Orvilliers' sweeping the Channel were still fresh in the French navy. But the victories of the 1st of June and St. Vincent had evidently caused a new era to open; and the easy superiority of our naval strength ought to have warned the soldiers and statesmen of France, how vain it would be to attempt to hold a territory even then most important to us, and hundreds of leagues from Toulon and Marseilles, against the Power dominant in the Mediterranean. In any case, it was a capital mistake, in the existing relations of France with Europe, to send away the flower of the French army, into a nook of Africa at an immense distance; that is,* when a general war was imminent, to expose the Republic to the complete loss of its best commanders and of its choicest troops, an event which in a few months happened. But granting that something was to be

* Napoleon perceived this after the experiences of 1799, and pretends in his St. Helena writings that he actually dissuaded the Directory from the enterprise at the last moment. But nothing of the kind is to be found in his Correspondence, the contemporaneous record of his thoughts.

said for the invasion and occupation of Egypt, what shall we think of the ulterior designs of the author of this much vaunted enterprise? Egypt, in Napoleon's grandiose phrase, was to be made 'a place of arms' against England; when the French colony had been established, an expedition was to be prepared, and to march from the Nile on our Indian Empire. But with what resources, and under what conditions, was this gigantic attempt to be made? The French army, about 30,000 strong, was to be raised to about twice that number, by a reinforcement of Fellahs and Moors; crossing the desert into the plains of Syria, it was to be further increased from the Christian tribes; and it was to descend the Euphrates to the Persian Gulf, having passed from the Jordan to the Orontes. A fleet, equipped at the Isle of France, was here to meet the adventurous host, and to follow its march along the seaboard, and, under this protection, the land force was to advance through the Cedrosian wilds, and to defeat 'the oppressors of the East' on the Indus. This plan, from first to last, we need scarcely say, was a magnificent but a delusive dream. Could France have placed her military power in Egypt, could she have made the Persian Gulf a lake for her ships, could she have reckoned on Persia as a mere vassal, the enterprise might have had a chance of success, though, even in that case, we have little doubt, it would have terminated in some great disaster. But the French force in Egypt was a mere handful of men with scarcely a hope of aid from the mother country; the French squadrons could no more have mastered the Persian Gulf than the British Channel; Persia was not a dependant of the Republic; and the notion, therefore, that a few thousand Frenchmen, with a motley array of untried auxiliaries, could, in these circumstances, make their way with success, through the space that divides the Nile from the Indus, must be considered a mere chimera. Had Bonaparte made the desperate venture, the catastrophe of 1812, we believe, would have been anticipated at an earlier date. As it was, the interference of two British men-of-war, and the fire of a contemptible Turkish fortress, for ever extinguished his audacious hopes.

Kleber commanded a division of the 'army of the East,' and set off from Toulon on board the 'Franklin,' still remembered as the far-famed 'Canopus,' in the bygone days of our sailing men-of-war. Having seized Malta, the fleet reached its destination without loss or accident; though the squadron of Nelson, as is well known, missed the French by a few hours only, a freak of fortune which made a landing possible. Bonaparte marched directly upon Alexandria; and Kleber having

been severely wounded was left in command of the captured city, while the main body of the army pressed on to Cairo. Kleber, no doubt by superior orders, carried out the policy of his chief in the place, caressed the Arab population and the Sheiks, pretended to treat the Turks as friends, denounced the Beys, and did honour to the Prophet; in short, practised the arts of that statecraft—unquestionably able but somewhat shallow—which Bonaparte reduced to a system in Egypt. For a few days all went on well; and though the military chest was low, and there was a good deal of disorder and brawling, the presence of the invaders appeared welcome. The fickle inhabitants greeted with applause the tidings of the Battle of the Pyramids:—

‘We celebrated (wrote Kleber to Bonaparte) your brilliant victory with all the pomp Alexandria could display; there were salvoes of artillery, both night and morning, from the land and sea batteries; and every vessel in the two harbours was decked out with flags. I have been waited upon by the envoys and the merchants of the different nations which are represented here, and also by the chief Mussulmans of the city. All expressed loudly their devotion and loyalty to the French People. . . . During the night the market-place, the bazaars, and the houses were illuminated and thrown open. The principal Mussulmans occupied a great reception room, where French and Turks went in as they chose.’

This was written upon July 30; within two days the thunders of no mimic war, and the city red with no festal fires as the exploding ‘Orient’ lit up the night, announced the destruction of the French fleet. Kleber witnessed the catastrophe from the lighthouse that looks over the roads of Aboukir; and * even its immediate results were enough—

* The Battle of the Nile had such immense results, that Napoleon in his ‘Commentaries’ has endeavoured to throw the whole blame on the ill-fated Brueys. His principal complaint—apart from errors in the tactics, as we may say, of the battle—is that the French admiral did not obey his orders, and take the fleet into the old port of Alexandria through narrow passes. An examination of his Correspondence at the time shows that this accusation is far from well-founded. (1) In a letter to Brueys (Corr. iv. 196), dated a few days before he set out for Cairo, Bonaparte proposed three alternatives for the fleet; either to enter the port, or to anchor in *Aboukir Roads*, or finally to take its departure for Corfu. (2) Bonaparte (Corr. iv. 217) left Alexandria knowing perfectly well that the French naval officers were of opinion that even 74’s could not get through the passes, still less 80’s and the ‘Orient’ of 120 guns. (3) On hearing this, Bonaparte did not object (Corr. iv. 220) to the fleet taking its station in *Aboukir Roads*. (4) Captain Barré no doubt wrote to Bonaparte, then near Cairo, that the passes were practicable; but Brueys and Ganteaume (Corr.

what was to follow was yet unseen—to shake the bravest and most constant heart. Nelson, it was believed, would force the passes which Brueys had not ventured to approach, and would bring his ships' broadsides to bear on the city. The aspect of Alexandria suddenly changed, and its seething discontent was increased by the conduct of the riotous survivors of the ruined squadron. It was loudly said, too, that the water supply of the city from the Nile was cut off; and while the country around was rising, and the French army was beyond the desert, the commandant was almost without resources, for the port-dues assigned to provide for the garrison, in existing circumstances produced nothing. Kleber, however, was equal to the emergency, though he appears to have shown some ill-humour, and to have complained too loudly, though not without cause, that Bonaparte,* in his haste to march to Cairo, had not taken sufficient precautions to protect Alexandria, his only base and place of refuge in the event of misfortune. He surrounded the city with defences which did credit to his practical skill and effectually shielded it from a bombardment. His authority kept the inhabitants down, and led them back to their ordinary ways; and he had soon disciplined the noisy seamen into an auxiliary force that did good service. At the same time he laid a heavy hand on the villages which had tried to revolt, or to intercept the flow from the Nile; and he contrived by blending persuasion and force to obtain funds for a time for his needs. Bonaparte, however, who had little sympathy with moderation in military rule, was not satisfied with the results; and Kleber having refused to levy requisitions on Alexandria wholesale, and having directed to the use of the place funds intended for the remains of the fleet, a serious collision almost took place between the two wholly dissimilar natures. Kleber's pride and independence flamed out fiercely:—

v. 188) were of a different opinion, and so probably was Nelson, for otherwise we may assume he would have entered the port and attacked Alexandria. (5) Admiral Jurien de la Gravière declares that Brueys wished to take the third alternative, and to go to Corfu, but that he was prevented by want of provisions. A candid reader will decide from all this whether Brueys alone was to blame. We may add that Napoleon in his 'Commentaries' denounces Villeneuve for his conduct at the Nile, and in his 'Correspondence' (iv. 366) covers him with praise!

* Bonaparte, in accordance with his usual system, was, as he tells us in his 'Commentaries,' desirous of striking down the Mamelukes at once; but Alexandria and the fleet ought to have been covered first, and if there was no time for this, that only shows the imprudence of the enterprise.

'You forgot when you wrote to me that the canvass of history was in your hands, and that you were writing to Kleber. Yet I do not charge you with an afterthought; I could not believe it. I expect, General, by the returning courier, an order that shall suspend my functions, not only in Alexandria, but in the army, until you shall have made yourself better acquainted with what has occurred here. I did not come to Egypt to make a fortune; I have been always above such a thing, but I will not permit a suspicion to rest on my name.'

The reply of Bonaparte is in what we may call his most graceful Circean style:—'If clouds appear in Egypt they pass away in six hours; were there any on my side they would have vanished in three. I esteem you at least as much as you have sometimes professed to esteem me. I hope to see you in a few days at Cairo.'

The difference was made up for the time; and Kleber gladly accepted a command in the Syrian campaign that was about to open; though, unlike Bonaparte who, in his usual way, had resolved to forestall the attack of the enemy, Kleber wished to await the Turks on the frontier. His principal exploit in this contest—remarkable chiefly for the defeat at Acre, which made the attempt to reach the first stage on the way to India completely hopeless—was in the engagement of Mount Thabor, one of the many victories in which the discipline of the West has triumphed over Asiatic numbers. The Pacha of Damascus having advanced with a considerable force to relieve Acre, Kleber was detached from the siege with Murat to make head against this new enemy. The French gained some partial success; whereupon Bonaparte directed Kleber to fall on the communications and the rear of the Turks, no doubt expecting an easy victory. Kleber, at the head of a mere handful of troops, descended from his position on the heights of Nazareth, to carry out the orders of his chief; but, instead of finding a dispirited foe, he was suddenly assailed by a mass of cavalry outnumbering his little band fourfold. The battle was fierce and hotly contested, and was decided by the arrival of Bonaparte, who had marched up with a division from Acre. The report of Kleber, no doubt correct, contradicts Napoleon who, in his 'Commentaries,' has asserted that when he reached the field, the position of his lieutenant had become desperate:—

'We held our ground firmly, and I gave orders that the men should husband their fire. My intention was either to await the onset of the Turks or to remain where I was until the sunset. I knew that, in the latter event, they would disperse to seek their different encampments, and that I could probably avail myself of a retrograde movement to attack and to complete the victory at night, when they dread fighting.

But the sound of a gun is heard! The calibre appears to be French. Our soldiers shout with joy; and I seize the occasion. . . . The enemy becomes a mass of fugitives. . . . Such was the battle; your presence accelerated and decided the victory.*

Kleber covered the rear during the retreat from Acre, and was sent to rule in the Delta of the Nile on the return of the French army from Egypt. He had scarcely settled at Damietta, when a letter from Bonaparte apprised him that the General-in-Chief was setting off for France, and that Kleber was to command in his absence. The veteran broke out into angry complaints, when he found, as he said, 'that the bird had flown;' and the suspicious dislike he felt for a character the faults of which he clearly saw through† expressed itself in unmeasured language. Undoubtedly much may be said against the conduct of Kleber during the next few months. As was his wont he disliked command; and as the command that had been thrust on him was, in the highest degree, odious, he exercised it without zeal or energy. Nor did he check the insubordination displayed by the troops and their chiefs after Bonaparte left; he encouraged it by his manner and bearing; and though he governed Egypt with judicious clemency, he betrayed an evident desire to quit the country. Yet in our opinion he was fully justified in the resolution he soon formed, to offer terms for the return of the army, even though the price was the surrender of Egypt. Napoleon, and other French writers, think they have made a triumphant case against him, have proved his conduct to have been all but criminal, because in the letters in which he informed the Directory of his avowed purpose, exaggerations and mistakes may be found; but this is merely evading the question. When Kleber assumed the

* Napoleon is probably unjust to Kleber in another particular in this matter. He censures his lieutenant for leaving the heights; but an examination of the map, we think, demonstrates that this was a movement upon the rear of the Pacha, in the spirit of the orders of the commander-in-chief, if perhaps not exactly that which he wished. The affair resembles that of Vandamme at Culm, but on a smaller scale and with different results.

† French Republican writers err in ascribing Bonaparte's departure from Egypt to personal fear, or even to purely selfish ambition. His motives were probably mixed; and doubtless he felt that he could be of the greatest use to France in her misfortunes. But the step he took shows how dangerous and injudicious the expedition to the East was. Bonaparte could not take his army back with him; the chances were all against his getting safely back to France. Had he been captured by a British cruiser France would probably have been invaded in 1800; certainly Marengo would not have been won.

command in Egypt, scarcely a hope remained that France could retain a permanent hold upon the country, and his main position was not to be shaken:—

‘I am aware (he wrote to the Directory) how important the possession of Egypt is; when in Europe I have said that France could from this single spot influence the commerce of the four quarters of the globe. But a lever is needed for a work of this kind; and that lever is a fleet. Ours has ceased to exist; and as everything has since then changed, peace with the Porte, it appears to me, can alone enable us to withdraw honourably from an enterprise the object of which cannot at present be attained.’

Nor was Kleber mistaken in his general view of the state of affairs which, even as presented to him, made it imperative to evacuate Egypt, and to restore to France much needed defenders. When he first resolved to treat he was not aware of the exact situation of France and the Continent; but he did know that a great Turkish army was on the march to invade Egypt; that even Russia was in alliance with England and the Porte, and that a combined effort on the part of the three Powers against his small force was not at all impossible; and finally that France was already beset by a coalition of victorious enemies. The broad facts, therefore, completely excuse him, however minute and malignant criticism may carp at details in his despatches. Moreover Kleber, as against Bonaparte, is amply vindicated in this matter. The most important charge of Napoleon is that Kleber understated the strength of his army, that it was really from 24,000 to 25,000 men, and not, as he said, 15,000 only. Yet Bonaparte, in June 1799—that is three months before Kleber’s command—wrote thus to the Directory among other things:—

‘Next season we shall be reduced to 15,000 effectives; and deducting from these 2,000 men in hospital, 500 veterans, and 500 non-combatant workmen, 12,000 men only will remain, reckoning cavalry, artillery, sappers, and the staff. With this force it would be impossible to resist a combined attack, by the sea and by the desert.’

Further comment on these words, fortunately published by the editors of the Napoleon Correspondence, would, indeed, be superfluous!

Having resolved to treat, Kleber, as is well known, opened a negotiation with the Grand Vizier and with Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of Acre. The terms he first proposed ought to have silenced those who have not scrupled to call him a traitor, and **must**, indeed, be described as preposterous. The alliance of England, Russia, and the Porte was to be dissolved; Corfu and Malta were to be restored to France; the French army was

to be sent home in safety and to be disposed of as the Republic pleased; and on these conditions only Egypt was to be given up. Sir Sidney eluded a vain discussion on the plea that arrangements of this kind could be considered only at a general peace; and Kleber having gradually abated his demands, consented at last to evacuate Egypt provided his troops were conveyed home with full liberty of ulterior action. Napoleon and his imitators have more than hinted, that it was exaggerated apprehension of the Grand Vizier's army which induced Kleber to submit to these terms; indeed Napoleon puts forward the theory that the Austrian traditions of his lieutenant's youth made him overrate the prowess of the Turk. It was, however, as we see from the following, the intelligence of the extreme peril of France at the close of 1799, and the scandalous surrender of the fort of El Arish which revealed the half-mutinous state of the French army, that really determined Kleber's purpose:—

'Italy has been lost; our fleet has left the Mediterranean, and is blockaded at Brest; the Dutch fleet is in the power of our enemies; an English and Russian force is in Holland: Müller has been defeated on the Rhine; the defence of Alsace has been abandoned to its inhabitants; La Vendée has risen; Mayence is in a ferment. . . . I have this moment, too, learned that the fort of El Arish has been taken by surprise. . . . Taking all this into account, and also bearing in mind the difficult situation in which I am placed, and which becomes worse every day, I think that, as general and citizen, I ought to modify my original demands.'

Kleber was also influenced by the fact, that the supplies and reinforcements which had been promised by Bonaparte on his leaving Egypt were not appearing or even heard of. His dislike of Bonaparte breaks out in this despatch to Desaix, whom he had made one of his Commissioners to treat:—

'I am convinced that I shall receive no more news from France, for this reason, that as no assistance can be sent here, it will be found more convenient to leave to me the task of unravelling this affair, and of approving or disapproving of my conduct according to the event. Bonaparte, there can be no doubt, had thrown this country over long before his departure, but an opportunity to escape was wanting, and he fled to avoid the catastrophe of a surrender. I say further, that had he found at Toulon the 10,000 men intended to reinforce me, he would have taken care they should not embark; he would have enrolled them in the army he is about to command in person.'

The Grand Vizier's army was in numbers vast; and Kleber felt the danger of staking everything in fighting it with a few thousand men. But he believed a battle would give him

victory; and had little apprehension of the Turkish hordes. We see his real sentiments in remarks like these:—

‘My own personal interest prompts me to seek a battle; and, indeed, every evening when I go to bed I make up my mind to fight; but in the morning calmer and more rational ideas make me aware that I must sacrifice my own glory to the general interest. . . . Suppose I gain a victory; still, after gaining a delay of three months, I shall have, not to fight, but to capitulate, and were I beaten now I should have to answer to the Republic for 20,000 men.’

Desaix, as is well known, urged Kleber to break the negotiations off, and thought it possible to defend Egypt. The answer of his chief was noble and wise; and Desaix, it deserves notice, did not accept the responsibility of his counsel and assume the command:—

‘You see I act upon my convictions; but if your heart entertains hope; if, disapproving of my conduct, you feel certain you can do better, I shall be very glad if you will explain yourself frankly, and then I will hand you over the command imposed on me against my will, and you will find I shall obey your orders as zealously and devotedly as you now obey mine. Speak out. As for me, I do not desire to see the wreck of this army destroyed without advantage to France; I have thought this enterprise a failure since the unfortunate affair at Aboukir and the declaration of war by the Porte; and so I shall hold to my purpose, indifferent whether praise or blame awaits me, for my conscience—always my best consolation—tells me I am doing well.’

The Convention of El Arish was made in accordance with the conditions we have above referred to. We quote from an able paper in which Kleber explains his conduct to the Directory:—

‘I had hoped for reinforcements, because I knew that the Spanish and French squadrons were at Toulon, and were only waiting a favourable wind to set sail. They did so, but it was only to repass the straits and return to Brest. . . . The enemy at the same time learned our misfortunes in Italy, in Germany, nay, in La Vendée. . . . Meanwhile war was continuing in Upper Egypt; and . . . the plague was threatening us The capture of El Arish was a most unhappy event; from that moment protracting the negotiations became impossible. . . . The latest reports raise the Ottoman army to 80,000 men; 45,000 men were before El Arish, with 50 guns. . . . To this army I could not oppose more than 8,500 men. . . . Still, notwithstanding this disproportion, I had hopes of victory, and might have risked a battle, had I been certain reinforcements would arrive. But the season passed away; no reinforcements came, and I was obliged to send 5,000 men at least to watch the coast. . . . Without fortresses, supplies, money, or ships of war, I was bound to foresee the moment that has come,

and to ask myself what I could then do to save the army. No other means of safety remained but those I have adopted.'

Napoleon has hinted that had Kleber known that the Directory had been thrust from power, and his former commander installed in their seat, this 'shameful surrender' would not have occurred. This, however, is a complete misstatement; Kleber, upon hearing of the 18th Brumaire, requested Desaix to set off for France, and to repeat to the First Consul what had been done, expecting little consideration, indeed, but hoping for justice from one aware of the facts:—

'Put Desaix in the place of Kleber, and Kleber in the place of Desaix, and ask Desaix what in that event he would have done. Your heaviest task, however, will have to be performed in Paris; there you will have to support against irritated power weakness aided only by reason and truth. . . . If reason and justice preside when my conduct shall be judged I can only expect approbation; if personal ill-will, folly, and revenge, I should always have been condemned whatever course I had followed.'

Berthier, too, the creature of Bonaparte, having hinted a disapproval of what had taken place, Kleber answered in this indignant language, which not only shows that he feared no inquiry, but that Berthier believed, when he left Egypt, that France could not retain her hold on the country:—

'I shall not trouble you with the reflexions suggested by your conduct; you must know what they are; nor shall I inform you of the state of this country. . . . But this I will do: I acknowledge the receipt of the letter you were so good as to write to me when you were embarking for France; . . . and I challenge you to let a deluded public know what you offered to paint in even darker colours for the Directory.'

The judgment of history on these transactions is not doubtful. Kleber had no diplomatic experience; he may, after asking for too much at first, have been afterwards too facile; and he made a mistake in not ascertaining the extent of the powers of Sir Sidney Smith, and in agreeing to the Convention without Sir Sidney's signature. He is, also, in a great measure to blame for the insubordination in the French army, which caused the surrender of one of the keys of Egypt, and in other ways largely increased his difficulties. But that in the situation in which he was placed, and in which France stood at the end of 1799, he acted rightly in accepting terms which restored to his country a force she needed, at the price only of giving up a conquest, already half lost and impossible to retain, will hardly be questioned by impartial persons; his choice really lay between disaster and safety. This certainly was the view of the

British Cabinet, for the Convention seemed to it too favourable to the French; and it was, in the main, that of Bonaparte, too, when writing as the responsible chief of the state, and not composing ingenious calumnies. The exile of St. Helena condemned Kleber; but what was the message of the First Consul to Kleber, when thought to be on his way home?—

‘When this letter shall find you, General, the brave army of the East will have returned to France, after having left in Egypt immortal traces of its glorious achievements. The Republic rejoices to receive again this illustrious portion of her defenders, absent so long, and so interesting for its devotion and its constancy. . . . As for you, General, you have amply justified the choice of the First Consul, when, on his departure from Egypt, he placed the command of the army into your hands.’ (*Nap. Corr.* vi. 222.)

The Convention of El Arish was agreed to in the last days of January 1800. Kleber prepared, somewhat hastily, to quit Egypt; evacuated the Eastern Delta of the Nile; and keeping the main body of the French at Cairo, sent detachments onward to Alexandria. Upon this the Grand Vizier crossed the isthmus and advanced into the plains beyond; his numerous forces filling the country between Heliopolis and the desert in their rear. The author of this book repeats the old calumny, that the British Government, in this state of affairs, wished to disavow the act of Sir Sidney Smith, and to insist on the surrender of the French army; but this is from first to last an error; and though the Cabinet, as we have said, disliked the Convention, it expressly declared that it would abide by it. Meanwhile, however, Lord Keith, aware of the sentiment in England upon the subject, had written to Kleber from Minorca, three weeks before the Convention was signed, to warn him that, as chief of the Mediterranean fleet, he would not allow the French army to return to Europe except as prisoners of war. This letter reached Kleber when, in a military sense, his position appeared almost desperate, for the Ottoman outposts were near Cairo, and a rising in the city was threatening; but the brave warrior did not for an instant falter, and he led out his troops against the enemy. The battle that followed was the most remarkable of the many fought in these stirring campaigns. The French were compelled to assume the offensive; for they might have been driven into the streets of Cairo; and thus they could not employ the tactics of the Pyramids and many other victories. Their little army, about 10,000 men, defiled silently, in the light of the moon, towards the ruins of the ancient city of the

Sun; and Kleber—his noble and martial figure standing out at the head of his scanty staff—reminded a regiment as it passed before him, that to conquer was now the one hope of safety. The first encounter was disastrous to the French; their cavalry yielded to a Turkish charge; and the assailants made good their way to Cairo which in a moment was up in revolt. Meanwhile, however, an advanced guard of the farfamed Janissaries had been cut to pieces; and the victors moving steadily on, came at last in view of the Turkish position, a range of eminences covered by 80,000 warriors who spread mile upon mile, in irregular masses. The Grand Vizier's camp was soon all movement; and a vast multitude of exulting horsemen fell furiously upon the approaching infantry. The issue was now not a moment doubtful; regaining the advantage of the defensive, the French squares shattered their baffled foes; and the defeat of the cavalry proved the signal for the sudden collapse of the Ottoman army. Kleber gave no respite to the routed enemy; and the dissolving chaos of affrighted fugitives were driven beyond the range of the desert.

This astonishing success saved the French army; but the position of Kleber was still critical. Cairo was in insurrection and defied his arms; and he was driven to reduce the city by a regular siege. A severe example made of one of the suburbs soon, however, forced the population to submit; and the victory of the French was not sanguinary. Egypt was for the moment awed and prostrate; and there being no immediate fear of attacks from abroad, Kleber was enabled to extend once more a shadow of authority over the country. He surrounded Cairo with redoubts and field-works; provided for the well-being of his troops; distributed garrisons at points of vantage; and made arrangements that, for the present at least, reduced the country to acquiesce in its lot. At the same time he ruled with a merciful hand; he checked extortion and military rapine; and he introduced modes of collecting the revenue, and of local administration of various kinds, which were a great improvement on Mameluke tyranny. Napoleon and others have argued from this that Kleber had changed his mind, and had become convinced that France could permanently retain Egypt, and that the facts point to but one conclusion. All this, however, is self-deception; the correspondence of Kleber proves that a few days after his great victory, he still thought he would be compelled to leave; and he regarded all that he accomplished afterwards as a mere provisional state of affairs. As for France having been able to keep Egypt, what

is the plain and undoubted truth? For months after the Peace of Luneville, when he wielded the resources of a third of Europe, the First Consul left nothing undone to reinforce the 'Army of the East;' but his efforts, vigorous as they were, failed; and the French were ultimately compelled to treat. Nor could the result have been very different had Menou been a more able commander, or had Kleber, or Bonaparte himself remained at the head of the expeditionary force; for, so long as England was supreme at sea, the French in Egypt were an invested garrison, and their surrender was a mere question of time. Besides, Trafalgar was soon to come; and how could France have retained a country, on the south-eastern shores of the Mediterranean, when her flag had almost been swept from the seas?

The notion, in fact, of a French conquest of Egypt was then, and would be at this day, a delusion. Yet the occupation of that country by France forms an important event in the march of history. It not only shed lustre on her martial arms; it has ultimately been fruitful of good to mankind. France will never found a colony on the Nile; a French conqueror will never again propose to advance from Syria upon the Indus. But the enterprise of 1798-9, and the associations connected with it, undoubtedly led to the noble conception through which a water-way has been opened between the Mediterranean and the Erythræan seas, and the barrier of the Isthmus has fallen. England holds the seat of Empire in the East; but it has been the peculiar glory of France to have linked Europe and Asia more closely together, and to have accelerated the commerce of two continents.

Kleber did not witness the event he foresaw, or return to France with his companions in arms. Though in every way a less severe ruler, he had not the caressing arts of Bonaparte; nor could he deceive with equal adroitness. A punishment inflicted on an Arab sheik made him the victim of a ruthless fanatic; he was assassinated in the summer of 1800. Our estimate of this distinguished man will be gathered from what we have already written, and we shall not attempt to retrace the portrait. The remains of Kleber were conveyed to France on the return of the army in 1801; and, after lying some years at Marseilles, found at last a resting-place in his native town. A monument to the warrior has long filled a conspicuous place in a chief square of Strasbourg; the figure of Kleber stands erect, and seems to answer the message of Lord Keith with a gesture of stern and haughty defiance. This effigy and that of other great soldiers attracting the eye in several towns of the

territory recently torn from France, must suggest strange thoughts, not to Frenchmen only, but to the foreign soldiery encamped on the spot, whose fathers saw Valmy, Fleurus, and Jena. France can still only say to her late antagonist—‘Tu ‘nostros, invicta, tenes in pulvere manes;’ but the order of the world does not often permit a trophy of conquest to become permanent; and what else is the existing settlement of the oppressed lands of Alsace and Lorraine?

- ART. II.—1. *Das Orakelwesen im Alterthume. Zum Selbstunterricht.* Von Frl. F. HOFFMANN. 8vo. Stuttgart, 1877.
2. $\text{XPH}\Sigma\text{MOI}\Sigma\text{IBTAAIAKOI}$, *Oracula Sibyllina*. Editio altera, curante C. ALEXANDRE. 8vo. Parisiis, 1869.
3. *Excursus ad Sibyllina, seu de Sibyllis earumque vel tanquam earum carminibus profanis, Judaicis, Christianisve.* Dissertationes VII., curante C. ALEXANDRE. 8vo. Parisiis, 1866.
4. *Moines et Sibylles dans l'Antiquité Judéo-Grecque.* 8vo. Paris, 1874.
5. $\text{XPH}\Sigma\text{MOI}\Sigma\text{IBTAAIAKOI}$. *Oracula Sibyllina ad Fidem Codd. MSCR quotquot extant recensuit, prætextis Prolegomenis illustravit, Versione Germanica instruxit, Annotationes criticas et Rerum Indicem adjecit.* J. H. FRIEDLIEB. 8vo. Lipsiæ, 1852.
6. *De Oraculis Sibyllinis Dissertatio.* Supplementum Editionis a FRIEDLIEBO exhibitæ scripsit RICARDUS VOLKMANN. 8vo. Lipsiæ, 1853.
7. *Ueber das erste, zweite, und eilfte Buch der Sibyllinischen Weisagungen.* Inaugural Dissertation. Von H. DECHENT. 8vo. Frankfurt am Main, 1873.
8. *Abhandlung über Entstehung, Inhalt, und Werth der Sibyllinischen Bücher.* Von HEINRICH EWALD. 4to. Göttingen, 1858.
9. *Ueber die Entstehung und Zusammensetzung der uns in acht Büchern erhaltenen Sammlung Sibyllinischer Orakel.* Von FRIEDRICH BLEEK. [Theologische Zeitschrift.] 8vo. 1819.

THE list of publications prefixed to these pages opens a subject almost entirely unnoticed in England, while in Germany and France it has gradually formed quite a little literature of its own. Few of us, probably, have given a thought to the Sibylline Oracles, beyond what is suggested by the pic-

turesque Roman legend with which every school-boy is familiar, Very few, at all events, have seriously considered the subject in its relations to Christian doctrine or history. It was not always so in England. Once before the Sibylline Oracles formed the subject of a learned and animated discussion, in which English scholarship was not unworthily represented by Dodwell, Whiston, and others; and in the hope, therefore, of renewing the interest in it, we shall give a short account as well of the subject in itself as of the recent contributions to its literature in France and Germany. Its principal importance for us under both relations must be its bearing upon the early Christian evidences; but the story of the Sibylline Books, in itself, is one of the most curious in the whole range of literary history.

The Sibyl of the Roman legend is but one of a group of similar personages, held in repute in the ancient world as supernaturally endowed with the spirit of prophecy. The number of divinely gifted females called by the name of Sibyl is variously stated by different writers. Tacitus appears to doubt whether there was more than one. Other writers mention two, three, or four. Among those who specify four Sibyls, the most remarkable is Pausanias, who enters into many details, and cites several of the oracles ascribed to them. Clement of Alexandria enumerates nine, and Lactantius no fewer than ten; for which statement he cites the high authority of Varro. Varro's catalogue, as cited by Lactantius, includes the Persian Sibyl, the Libyan, the Delphic, the Cimmerian, the Erythræan, the Samian, the Cumæan, the Hellespontine, the Phrygian, and the Tiburtine. Regarding these, however, in detail, all is uncertain and obscure; and the practical interest, so far as history is concerned, must be felt to centre in the legendary Sibyl of Rome, who is supposed to have had her abode at Cumæ, and perhaps to be identical with the Sibyl of Erythræ, in Bœotia. The earliest Sibylline Oracles known as having been committed to writing are those of this Roman Sibyl. Whether these were in reality the most ancient among the written oracles of the Sibyls may well be a subject of doubt; but the books which the Roman story represents as sold to King Tarquinius by his mysterious visitant, must now be regarded, if not as the nucleus or the type of all the various compilations which have been produced under the same name, at all events as the prototype of that collection which has come down to the present time. The existing collection of Sibylline Oracles is admittedly an imitation of the Roman books, and it most probably embodies some not inconsiderable fragments of them.

Whatever opinion may be formed as to the legend regarding the acquisition of the Sibylline Books of Rome, no doubt can be entertained as to the reverence with which the books were preserved and the high value which was set upon them. Their safe-keeping was held to be intimately bound up with the stability and well-being of the commonwealth. A special body of officers was maintained to watch over their preservation and to direct the manner of consulting them. It was only on occasions of great emergency and by a solemn decree of the senate that it was permitted to refer to them; and the importance attached to the responses drawn from them may be inferred from the terms in which they are recorded by Livy and the other historians of Rome. Nearly a hundred such consultations of the Sibylline Books at Rome are cited by M. Alexandre.

In the year of Rome 671, when the capitol was burnt, the Sibylline Books perished in the conflagration; and five years later a commission was sent to Cumæ, to Sicily, to Erythræ, and the other supposed seats of Sibylline inspiration, to collect all the prophecies still extant under their name, with a view to replace, as far as might still be possible, the lost originals. Nothing was found at Cumæ or in Sicily; but at Erythræ, Samos, and elsewhere, a mass of oracular poems ascribed to the Sibyl and circulated under that name was discovered, from which, after careful scrutiny, a thousand verses were selected, and formed into a new Sibylline volume, to take the place of the lost books of Tarquin. But at the same time with the oracles thus accepted as Sibylline, were introduced into circulation a multitude of spurious or suspected compositions, the dispersion of which among the people brought discredit on the new books and on oracular literature in general; and when Augustus, after the death of his colleague Lepidus, assumed the functions of Pontifex Maximus, one of his first measures of reform was an order that all prophetic books of Latin or Greek origin, circulated anonymously or under names of little authority, should be destroyed. Suetonius sets down the number of books destroyed under this order as above two thousand. The Sibylline Books alone were spared; and even they shared in the general suspicion with which all the foreign prophetic lore was regarded. The ancient practice of consulting them in public emergencies almost fell into disuse. During more than fifty years after the new books were deposited in the capitol, only three instances are recorded in which they were solemnly referred to by order of the senate. At

the same time, that the popular notions regarding them still continued to prevail, appears from a story which Sallust tells of Cornelius Lentulus, one of the associates in Catiline's conspiracy; that the ambition of this adventurer was excited by a prediction in the Sibylline Books to the effect 'that three Cornelii were to enjoy sovereign power at Rome; that this prediction had already been verified in the case of two—Cornelius Cinna and Cornelius Sylla; and that he himself was to be 'the third.' From this anecdote, and other circumstances, it seems plain that besides the Sibylline Books authoritatively preserved in the capitol, other pieces under that name were in common circulation. Many of these reached Rome in the train of the commission which, as we saw, was sent out after the burning of the capitol; and among the Sibylline pieces thus brought into circulation must have been one, designated variously by ancient writers under the names of the Persian, the Chaldean, and the Hebrew Sibyl, which is regarded as the original or type of the collection still extant under the title of *Χρησμοὶ Σιβυλλίακοι*.

After the burning of the capitol, the new collection does not appear ever to have attained the same reverential acceptance which had been accorded to the Tarquinian oracles. The consultations on the part of the senate from this date are extremely rare; nor did Augustus, although he bestowed much care on the restoration of the books, succeed in restoring their credit. Tiberius even went so far as to forbid the senate from consulting them. One reference to them is recorded under Nero; two or three under the Gordians and Gallienus. Aurelian, during the Marcomannic war, found it necessary to write a letter to the senate, in order to force them to consult the Sibylline oracle; and it is curiously significant of the progress which the Christian faith had already made that he reproaches the senate with 'hesitating so long to consult the Sibylline Books, as though they were deliberating in a church of the Christians, and not in the temple of all the gods.' Once again, on the eve of his fall and of the overthrow of paganism, Maxentius ordered a solemn consultation of the Sibylline Books. Constantine, in pursuance of his general system of toleration, abstained from any restrictive measure regarding them; while on the other hand, Julian, as a part of his general plan for the restoration of the state creed, made a final effort to re-establish the authority of this ancient monument of nationality as well as religion; and it is worthy of note that according to Ammianus Marcellinus, when this emperor consulted the Sibylline Books before his fatal expedition to Persia, the answer of

the oracle was adverse to the proposed undertaking. None of the succeeding emperors appear to have taken any notice of the Sibylline Books till the reign of Honorius, under whom they were publicly burnt by order of Stilicho; and the feeling with which this measure was regarded by the still faithful adherents of paganism is still sufficiently indicated by the angry verses of Rutilius Numantianus, a fiery pagan zealot of the day.

From this date the book of the classic Sibyl is a thing of the past; and the strangest fact in its history is that a work so intimately connected with the religious as well as the political fortunes of Rome, should have fallen at once from its place in Roman literature, and it is now known only by a few fragments accidentally preserved. Few even of professed scholars have any definite notion of its character and contents; and M. Alexandre has rendered a very important service by bringing together its still extant remains. He has turned to account every extract and every allusion discoverable in the ancient authors who refer to the Sibyls of whatever nation; but the only considerable fragments which he has published are two from the Roman books which are preserved by Phlegon, of Tralles. One of these is specially curious, as being a response actually given to an official consultation by order of the senate, which took place in the consulship of M. Plautius Hypsæus and M. Fulvius Flaccus (U. A. C. 629) on occasion of a prodigy which had just occurred at Rome—the reputed birth of a hermaphrodite infant. This fragment is curious in a literary sense, not only for its style and manner, but also as being in the acrostic form, of which we shall have to speak hereafter; but it is doubly curious to the thoughtful student as affording a glimpse of the literal realities of the religious life of pagan Rome in reference to one of its most distinctive peculiarities.

Hardly less strange, however, and far more interesting in relation to modern history, than the mysterious obscurity into which the Roman Sibylline Books had thus speedily fallen, is the suddenness with which we find them replaced before the world by another Sibylline oracle or group of oracles, the exact relation of which to the ancient pagan oracles is exceedingly difficult to be determined. In the very earliest controversies between the Christians and the apologists and the champions of the old creed, we meet frequent appeals to ‘the oracles of the Sibyl,’ as an authority which both the disputants must recognise. ‘The Sibyl’ thus appealed to is the original of the curious collection which has come down to our

time, and which has of late engaged so much of the attention of scholars in France and Germany.

The most curious circumstance, indeed, of this remarkable history is the seemingly implicit acceptance of the Sibylline prophecies as authentic by the Christian apologists and polemical writers throughout the second century. Tatian, Athenagoras, and still more Justin Martyr, rely on them as indisputable, or at least undisputed authority. Theophilus cites them with equal show of confidence, and it is to him that we are indebted for the preservation of a most interesting and important fragment of that portion of the present collection which is at once the most ancient and the most closely related to the genuine Sibylline oracles of the Gentile world.

Nor can their appeal to the oracles be explained as a mere *argumentum ad hominem* addressed to Gentile believers. No doubt this consideration enters somewhat into the confidence with which the appeal is made; but there can be no doubt that the argument of the apologists goes much farther and ascribes to the Sibylline predictions an independent authority, if not divine, certainly supernatural. Justin speaks of them as emanating ἀπὸ τινος δυνατῆς ἐπινοίας, and as 'approaching to 'the teaching of the prophets.' Clement of Alexandria does not scruple to call the Sibyl a 'prophetess' (προφήτις), and her oracle 'a saving canticle' (ἄσμα σωτήριον); and he places her testimony to the faith of the unity of God first in the rank of divinely inspired prophecies. Among the Latins, Tertullian, although sparing in the number of his appeals to the testimony of the Sibyl, is nevertheless decisive as to its weight and value. St. Augustine seems to go even farther as to the position to be assigned to the Sibyl in relation to the true faith, and to include her among 'the number of those who 'belong to the city of God;' and M. Alexandre has been at the pains to identify no fewer than fifty passages which Lactantius, in the course of his argument upon the Christian evidences, has cited from the several books of the collection still extant.

It is right to observe, however, that in ascribing to the authors of these oracles divine or superhuman authority, the Christian writers draw a wide distinction between them and the prophets of the Jewish or Christian dispensation. To the latter, it is hardly necessary to say, they ascribe direct assistance from God and conscious and intelligent inspiration; the former are merely mechanical and unconscious instruments; moved, indeed, by superhuman agency and speaking under its influence the truth of God, but without appreciation of their

import or consciousness of their tendency—a view which is fully borne out by the language of the Sibylline Books themselves, in which the prophetess is represented as a passive and, in many cases, a reluctant agent under the impulse of the Spirit.

On the other hand, this acceptance or use of the Sibylline Books as an authority was by no means universal. The absence of all allusion to them in the works of Irenæus and Cyprian, although partly explained by the subjects on which these fathers for the most part wrote, is very significant; but still more unequivocal is the fact that we find those who relied upon them designated by the contemptuous name of ‘Sibyl-lists.’ There is a want of his habitual energy and heartiness in Origen’s replies to Celsus regarding the Sibylline testimonies, which, even more than his own remarkable abstinence from all use of them in the controversy, makes it plain that he was unsatisfied as to their value, if not absolutely convinced of their spuriousness; and St. Augustine distinctly recognises the inherent weakness of any argument founded upon them, inasmuch as it is always open to a Gentile adversary to allege that they had been fabricated by the Christians.

And thus from the fourth century onwards less weight was attached to the Sibylline verses in Christian schools. St. Jerome, Optatus, Palladius, and others refer to them, but only in a passing way; and by degrees, as the main occasion for their use in controversy ceased with the disappearance of paganism, they ceased to be quoted, and eventually fell altogether out of notice. During the Middle Ages little is heard, whether in the East or the West, of the poems themselves, although M. Alexandre* has collected a number of very curious notices, which show that the tradition regarding them preserved its influence among the people in both divisions of the empire; while the well-known verse of the celebrated sequence in the *Missa pro Fidelibus Defunctis*, which cites the testimony of David and the Sibyl in the same breath, makes it plain that the views of Lactantius and Augustine still lingered in the mediæval schools of theology in the West.†

* See the ‘Appendix ad Excursum iv.’ ‘De mediævi Sibyllinis.’ It is exceedingly curious, and even in its literary bearing well deserving of careful study.

†

‘Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.’

There can be little doubt that the allusion in this verse is to the well-known acrostic on the Last Judgment in the ninth Book.

In the presence of the more exciting topics which engaged the busy disputants of the Reformation, the Sibylline Oracles for a time remained unnoticed; but in 1545 the Greek text of the first eight books, with a few Latin annotations, was published at Basel from an Augsburg MS. by Xystus Betuleius,* and was followed in the next year by a metrical Latin version of the first eight books by Sebastian Castalio, who reprinted at Basel, in 1555, both his own Latin version and the Greek text, with numerous emendations from another Augsburg MS. which had not been used by Betuleius. A more careful text, accompanied by Castalio's metrical version, was published at Paris in 1599, and twice subsequently, by John Koch; and towards the end of the seventeenth century a reprint of the same texts, with a volume of dissertations and notes by Servais Gallé, appeared at Amsterdam in 1687-8.

None of these editions comprised more than the first eight books; but in the year 1817 the celebrated Angelo Mai discovered and published at Milan an Ambrosian MS., which, besides a portion of the sixth and eighth books, contained the eleventh; and among the brilliant successes which, on his removal to the Vatican Library speedily rendered Mai's name illustrious throughout Europe, was a discovery of two other MSS. which contained entire the last four (xi.-xiv.) books of the collection. These were published by Mai at Rome in the year 1828, and afterwards incorporated by him in his 'Scriptorum veterum Nova Collectio.' The intermediate books (ix. and x.) are still missing.

The interest of modern scholars in the historical questions arising out of this remarkable literary imposture was for the first time seriously awakened by the well-known Danish scholar Thorlacius, professor at the University of Copenhagen, and still more by a most able and elaborate essay in Schleiermacher's 'Theologische Zeitschrift' for 1819, by Dr. Frederick Bleek, a member of the University of Berlin. The latter of these essays is a complete *resumé* of the earlier literary history of the subject, and was the occasion of much desultory discussion in Germany and France; but the scientific study of the subject

* Sixtus Birke, a professor of Augsburg. His name (which in German signifies a 'beech-tree') was, according to the fashion of the time, latinized *Betuleius* (from *betula*, a beech-tree). We may observe that this taste for the classical metamorphosis of names is noticeable in almost all who have been concerned about the early Sibylline literature. Thus John Koch (cook) appears as *Opsopæus* (Ὀψοποιός), Sebastian Chateillon, as *Castalio*, and Servais Gallé, as *Servatius Gallæus*.

must rather date from the publication of the critical edition of the Greek text with a metrical Latin version and elaborate annotations, by M. Alexandre, of the French Institute, in two octavo volumes, at Paris, 1840. M. Alexandre's edition comprises all the still extant books, twelve in number (i.-viii. and xi.-xiv.), and he supplemented it by a larger volume of Dissertations, of great research and remarkable learning, which may be said to exhaust the history as well as the criticism of the subject. Alexandre's edition was followed in 1852 by an edition of the Greek text with a German version by Dr. J. H. Friedlieb, professor in the University of Breslau; but both editions are supplanted by a new one in a single volume, from the pen of M. Alexandre in 1869, which, while it retains all that was valuable in his original two volumes, is much more conveniently arranged for the purposes of study. How eager and animated are the discussions to which it has given rise, may be seen in the long array of publications prefixed to these pages.

We propose, therefore, to lay before our readers a short account of the collection, and of the various views regarding it which have been entertained by the learned in ancient and modern times.

It would be too much to say that the eight books of the Sibylline collection were positively put forward or accepted as genuine when first published by Betuleius; but, strange as this may appear to anyone acquainted with Koch's prefatory remarks, they continued to find defenders throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Socinus, Koch himself, Julius Scaliger, Casaubon, Capella, Blondel, Dodwell, and others unhesitatingly rejected the great mass of the collection as spurious; but, on the other hand, Erasmus, Schmidt, the Jesuit Père Crasset, Nehring, and even our own Whiston, contended in their favour; the main ground of this opinion being the acceptance and use of them by the Fathers, by Josephus, and by the early apologists in their controversies with pagan adversaries.

Among those who regarded them as fabricated great diversity of opinion existed as to the author or authors of the fabrication. Blondel ascribed the authorship to Hermas; Dodwell partly to Hermas, partly to the apologist Papias; strangest of all, considering the language in which they are written, Semler suggests as the author Tertullian, whom he supposes to have composed them in the interest of those Montanistic doctrines of which he was the great western representative. Some, again, look upon the imposture as a device of Jewish proselyt-

ism; some attribute it to the same Christian school from which emanated the apocryphal gospels and apostolical writings, the Book of Enoch, the Apostolic Constitutions, the Recognitions of Clement, and the other literary fabrications of the early age. But the view most common among the early critics, and the one in favour of which the greatest amount of erudition seems to have been arrayed, is that which, without fixing upon any individual author, sets the compilation down as the work of a Montanist pen, and as designed especially to propagate the Chiliastic doctrines of that strange sect.

We shall see further on what are the latest views of critical scholars on these obscure questions; but it will be convenient in the first place to give some account of the collection and of its general purport and tendency.

All scholars are now agreed in accepting the view first critically propounded and established by Vossius, that the present compilation is the work of several hands, and that its several parts were composed from entirely distinct standpoints. The form in which the collection comes down to us, being distributed into fourteen books arranged as a continuous whole, is plainly an afterthought; and there can be little question that this recast is the work of the anonymous Greek author of a Preface which is found in all the manuscripts, and which accompanies the Greek text in the editions both of Friedlieb and Alexandre. The writer of this Preface was plainly a Christian and a Byzantine, but he was well acquainted with the Latin language and literature; and from the seemingly earnest and living interest with which he writes—as though the subject were still fresh and popular, and as though the ancient paganism of the Roman Empire still lingered in life—he can hardly be considered as later than the sixth century. He probably wrote during the reign of Justinian, and his statement puts it beyond all doubt that the Sibylline Oracles in his time did not form a single poem, but consisted of many pieces ‘dispersed here and there and confused’ (*σποράδην εὔρισκομένους καὶ συγχέχομένους*); that he simply sought to bring these separate oracles into combination and harmony (*εἰς μίαν συνάφειαν καὶ ἁρμονίαν*); and that in this he consulted ‘more for the convenience of the reader than for the exigencies or the congruities of the subject itself.’

Nor were the separate Sibylline pieces which he thus combined merely separate lays or parts of one connected body of oracles, as, in the Wolfian theory, the lays of the Homeric poems are parts of one symmetrical epic. Each of the Sibylline Oracles will be felt to be a substantive whole; and all

occupy the same ground, although regarding it with different interests and from essentially distinct points of view. Accordingly, the combination of them in a connected whole has entailed in some places repetitions, and in others incongruities, which would have been impossible had the Oracles been originally produced in their present form, as one undivided composition.

Now in comparing the several portions of the Oracles it is found that different portions not only belong to different periods, but must have emanated from different religious communities, or at least from distinct schools of thought; and all critics are agreed that, although the collection in its present form most probably contains occasional verses and larger fragments of some of the pagan Sibylline Oracles, nevertheless, both the present collection as a whole, and the several oracles into which it may be resolved, are direct emanations either of the Jewish or the Christian school.

Accordingly, an attempt has been made by all the recent critics to resolve into their primitive and independent forms the original Sibylline Poems, which the mediæval collector in treating as one whole had distributed into fourteen consecutive books; and by a tolerably unanimous consent they are agreed that, leaving out of question the ninth and tenth books, which are still missing, the collection includes eight pieces originally distinct and of different age and authorship, and that their order as they stand in the present collection is entirely different from that of the dates of their composition. It will contribute to the better understanding of the subject that we briefly indicate their distribution through the fourteen books of the existing collection. We shall follow the view of Professor Ewald, although he differs in some particulars from M. Alexandre.

The oldest of the original poems is now a fragment, consisting of the prologue of the first book and the whole of the third, from the 97th to the 828th line. The second forms the fourth book of the modern collection. The third is now a portion of the fifth book, from the 52nd line to the end. The fourth is made up of the sixth and seventh books, together with the first fifty-one lines of the fifth. The fifth forms part of the eighth book (vv. 1-360): the sixth consists of the last portion of the eighth book (vv. 361-500): the seventh of the first, second, and third: and the eighth and last of the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth books of the modern Pseudo-Sibylline collection.

When we add that the present arrangement of these pieces is as far from the natural order as of time or of subject, it will be

seen that in order to a just understanding of their meaning and import, it is absolutely necessary to consider each piece in itself as an independent composition.

Although great diversity of opinion prevails on other points, all critics are agreed in accepting the piece which we have placed first as the most ancient, the most characteristic, and the most important of the entire. It is certainly older than Christianity, and may with great probability be assigned to the earlier half of the second century before Christ. The author appears to have been an Alexandrian Jew of that period, and the circumstances in which it had its origin are well explained by Professor Ewald.

'The Greek kingdoms which had arisen out of the fragments of Alexander's empire, were still for the moment menacing the liberties and well-being of Israel, and in a special manner that free movement in the world into which the (Alexandrian) Jews of that time, partly from nobler motives, but partly also from ambition and love of conquest, were eagerly and boldly entering; but their views were embarrassed and disorganised, inasmuch as the old Jews of the Holy Land had fully recovered their liberty and now, in the happy enjoyment of peace, seemed to be gathering new strength for the accomplishment of a higher and prouder destiny. The Messianic hopes of the speedy downfall of Heathendom and the grand and everlasting victory of true religion through the hands of the Jews, had been raised anew since the publication of the book of Daniel and the first book of Enoch; and our poet in the spirit of the time threw himself heartily into this revival and development of ancient hopes; and, living as he did among heathens, was thoroughly imbued with the inspiration. His aim was to present these hopes and anticipations to the Gentiles, in the most vivid colours, and he was the first, so far as we can know, by whom this was attempted. He desired to present to them the picture of a people who, in the most happy peace and under the most righteous laws and the finest morals, were realising by anticipation the glories of the Messianic reign; to teach them to honour this people, and, if not to be converted to their communion, at least to abstain from molesting or disturbing them; and he had the further design of addressing the Jews or Hellenists who dwelt amid heathens, and easily forgot the import and scope of the Messianic prophecies.' (*Abhandlung*, pp. 24, 25.)

Nothing is known of the writer who conceived this bold design beyond what may be collected from scattered allusions and hints in his poem. He was plainly a cultivated man, fully conversant with Greek literature and poetry, and evidently impressed with his intellectual superiority over the ignorant and unthinking multitude of his own race (λαὸς ἄβουλος). His object seems to have been to turn to account the popularity of the Sibylline prophecies, of which many varieties were in circulation, as a vehicle for the views which he desired to propa-

gate, and for which he hoped to secure the interest and attractiveness which the mystery and awe inseparable in the popular mind from the Sibylline prophecies could hardly fail to impart. Two names were available for this purpose, as enjoying each a certain range of influence and authority—that of the Erythræan Sibyl in Greece and Asia Minor, and that of the Cumæan Sibyl, who was in repute in Italy, and was regarded as the daughter of Circe and Gnostus. Our Sibyl is distinct from both, and disclaims the personality of both alike; the Erythræan Sibyl as shameless (*ἀναιδέα*), and the Cumæan as lying (*ψευστεῖραν*).^{*} The Sibyl of our oracle represents herself as the daughter-in-law of the patriarch Noah, one of those spared with him in the Deluge, and vouchsafed a knowledge of all the sublime mysteries and truths disclosed to him. The knowledge thus enjoyed is the source and the foundation of the authority which she claims for her oracle.

Τῷ τὰ πρῶτ' ἐγένοντο, τὰ δ' ἔσχατα πάντα' ἀπεδείχθη,
 "Ὡστ' ἀπ' ἐμοῦ στόματος τὰδ' ἀληθινὰ πάντα λελέχθω.

'From Time's first dawn to its last fading eve,
 My mouth shall truly tell earth's fateful story.'

As this, the most ancient of all the Pseudo-Sibylline Poems, may be taken as in some sense typical, and as embodying all that is most characteristic in the later poems, a brief description of its plan will serve as a guide to the interpretation of the rest.

It may be described as presenting a summary account of the Creation, and of the early history of the world anterior to the Flood, together with a rapid survey, partly historical (namely, down to the days of the Sibyl herself), partly prophetic of the events yet to come, and especially of the issue and consummation of all, in that Messianic period towards which all history and all the movements of peoples and races converge.

Like her prototypes in the classic legend, the Sibyl of this poem is endowed with preternatural longevity. Representing in her own person the memories of the Antediluvian time, she has survived on to the building of the Tower of Babel, she has lived in Babylon in the days of its glory, and she now appears a way-worn pilgrim among the growing commonwealths of Greece, to denounce and dispel the darkness which prevails, and to foreshadow the wisdom and the glory which are to come.

Now can it be denied that the historical character and atti-

tude thus assumed are at once eminently poetical, and admirably adapted as well to the subject of the Sibyl's supposed revelations, as to the tone in which they were to be delivered. The language was Greek; the metrical form was that which the old Greek tradition had consecrated to religious use; the entire external garb and fashion was Greek. But the spirit, however masked and withdrawn from view, was essentially that of the Hebrew seer. The truths which, while withheld as to terms, were yet intelligibly shadowed forth in those forms long familiar to the Gentile mind in their inner meaning were instinct with that Spirit which had thundered from Sinai, which had breathed in the sublime revealings of Isaias, and had carried terror in the fiery denunciations of Habacuc or Zacharias.

The advantages derivable from this combination of character in the supposed Sibyl of the earliest of the oracles are well drawn out by Ewald.

‘This Sibyl is thus able to discourse at once of divine and eternal things, and of things human and transitory; she can speak of events and histories in the remotest past, and of occurrences which were but of yesterday; of the newest problems of the passing present, and of the darkest enigmas of the distant future. If she discourse of things which relatively to the poet at the moment of his writing are still future, it is plain that her admonitions or denunciations must take the form of prophecy. If she speak of events which have occurred since the Flood and the building of Babel, she is at liberty to speak of these events of remote antiquity as future, and to clothe the occurrences of her own time in the language of prophecy; but, inversely, she frequently also falls into the tone of narrative, and speaks as though from the midst of the poet's own present, because, in some sense, she still equivalently survives in him. These things, taken rigorously, are not to be regarded as contradictions, and it would be wrong to be severe on the poet for such appearances of anachronism. For example, in one place* she recounts the eight empires of the world as a historian; in another† she speaks of fifteen hundred years having elapsed since the foundation of the Hellenic kingdom. But as the Sibyl really delivers in the form of prophecy many events which were actually past, it is hard to distinguish such utterances from what she delivers as purely prophetic relatively to the time of the poet; and in reality the commentators have often failed to distinguish the two things accurately. But the same difficulty arises in all books of the kind, and no doubt or obscurity would present itself in such cases to an attentive and intelligent auditor at the time, or to a careful reader at the present day.’ (*Abhandlung*, pp. 27, 28.)

It is noticeable too, that, while the spirit of the composition throughout is essentially that of a devoted and enthusiastic

* Book III. 156–161.

† Ibid. vv. 551–553.

Hebrew, much care is taken to maintain, even in its minuter forms, the traditional character of the Sibyl which the writer has assumed. We find interspersed with the Monotheist, and even with the Messianic portions of the poem, phrases and allusions unmistakably Greek; allusions hardly intelligible except to a Greek reader; proverbs and proverbial sayings, as the well-known

*Μὴ κίνει Καμάρινα, ἀκίνητος γὰρ ἀμείνω ** —

even puns and plays upon words and names which were of every-day use in Greece, but the point of which would be utterly lost upon an Oriental, such as

"Ἔσται καὶ Σάμος ἄμμος, ἐσεῖται Δήλος ἀδήλος.†

There was one characteristic, too, of the ancient and genuine Sibylline Oracles which was especially suited to the purpose of the writer of the supposititious poem, and which made that form of composition a peculiarly appropriate vehicle for the views which it was intended to place before the Gentile world through its instrumentality. The gloomy forebodings, the angry denunciations, the foreshadowings of terror and of woe, which formed the staple of the genuine Sibylline Oracles of the pagan world, gave probability and easy acceptance to the pictures of evil and of desolation, moral and physical, with which the pages of the pretended Sibyllist are filled, while they prepared the way for the promise of returning hope and happiness which was to herald the advent of that great Deliverer, to whom the Gentiles, in the very depths of their abandonment, were to be taught to look forward. It is impossible not to be struck by the ingenuity and power with which the two characters are brought into harmony. The Sibyl appears impelled, as though by some superhuman influence, to proclaim the desolation which threatens to overwhelm the whole world, and especially Greece and all the Hellenic countries and races. At times she seems to be exhausted by the strain of protracted excitement, and wearied out by the long and gloomy recital of the past. She shrinks, as though in agony, from the horrors of the impending future. Overcome with melancholy at the picture unveiled before her eyes, she would fain be silent, but the divine impulse cannot be resisted, and in pain and bitterness she completes her appointed task.‡ The poem is thus an alternation of excitement and depression; instead of one sustained recital, it is a series of renewed outpourings of the preternatural afflatus,

* Book III. v. 737.

† Ibid. v. 353.

‡ See III. vv. 295-297, also vv. 489-491.

each new revelation apparently succeeding an interval of silence and collapse.

There is one particular in which, perhaps, this poem must be admitted to be unsatisfactory as a type of other Pseudo-Sibylline Oracles, inasmuch as in its present form it is plainly imperfect. But we shall see that the missing portions may be in a great degree supplied, partly from extant fragments which originally belonged to it, and partly from unmistakable analogies with other Sibylline Poems which exist in a condition of greater completeness.

When the author of the anonymous Preface undertook to collect all the oracles which were in circulation into a connected whole, he took many liberties with the separate poems, in the way of suppression, alteration, introduction of connecting and explanatory paragraphs or verses, and other similar modifications, dividing the entire into fourteen books. The result, as may be easily imagined, is a very incongruous whole, abounding with repetitions, inversions, contradictions, anachronisms, and other violations of structural unity and harmony.

The interesting piece which we are describing, although it is unquestionably the most ancient portion of the collection, is not placed at the head of the series, and does not even form a distinct book or set of books, but is found as an undistinguished portion of the third book commencing only at the 97th line. Its present opening is abrupt and unnatural, nor can it be connected with the lines which immediately precede it. On the contrary, the first verse alludes to some 'threats 'of the Mighty God,' which are no longer found in the original, but which must be supposed to have preceded, and which appear to be connected with the baffled attempt of the builders of the Tower of Babel—a topic which is found in almost every one of the seven independent poems.

It is plain, therefore, that a portion is missing from the commencement of the poem. Now the other pieces follow for the most part a common type, commencing with an address exhorting men to acknowledge and worship the true God, denouncing the idolatrous worship which prevailed, and calling upon the world to renounce its follies and abominations; and in most of the poems this is followed by a summary history of the creation of the world by this omnipotent Being, of the early generations of mankind, of the wickedness and corruptions which overspread the world, and of the dreadful judgment with which this wickedness was visited, in the Deluge which overwhelmed the human race with the exception of a single family. It is

natural to presume that the most ancient of the poems must have followed the common type; and it so happens that two Sibylline fragments still extant which can be identified with almost perfect certainty as having originally formed part of this very poem follow that type exactly. Prefixed to the first book of the present collection are two fragments, one of thirty-eight, the other of forty-nine verses, which have been preserved by Theophilus of Antioch, in his Book to Autolycus, under the name of 'the Sibyl.' Besides these two large fragments, Theophilus quotes two other short Sibylline extracts, one of which actually occurs in the poem as at present preserved. Now, it is plain that, since Theophilus cites throughout but one 'Sibyl,' he must have taken all the extracts from the same piece, which can be no other than ours. Lactantius, too, expressly ascribes the Proœmium to the Erythræan Sibyl, to whom the body of our poem undoubtedly assumes to belong; and if it were allowable to argue from the similarity of style and sentiment in two compositions, both of which are confessedly imitations of a common model—the ancient oracles of the pagan Sibyl—there could be little hesitation about inferring from a comparison of the language and structure the identity of the authorship of the Proœmium with that of the main poem.

There can be little doubt, therefore, that the Sibylline Poem of the third book originally opened with the address to the Gentiles on the worship of the true God which Theophilus has preserved. It is equally plain, however, that, even after this addition, a portion of the original is still wanting. We have seen that the first lines of the piece in the third book allude to some previous 'threatenings of the Mighty God.' Now, there is nothing in Theophilus's fragments which could be described under the name of 'threatenings;' and the obvious conclusion is that the poem must have originally contained a passage similar to that which is found in others of the Sibylline poems of the collection, in which, after a recital of the early history of mankind and a picture of the wickedness which had overspread the earth and of its destruction by the General Deluge, the vengeance of God is denounced upon the offending generation, and that sentence of doom is pronounced which it was to be the privilege of the promised Deliverer to cancel.

Arguing, therefore, from the analogy of the other more complete Sibylline poems of the series, it would appear that the author of the present piece had begun with a summary history of the Creation and of the human race, similar to that which most of these poems contain, and that the portion of his poem which is embodied in the third book of the modern col-

lection takes up that history just at the era of the building of the Tower of Babel. The Sibylline narrative of that event is in the main that of the Bible history; but a curious additional circumstance is introduced. The Deity is described as employing the winds as the instrument, not alone of the destruction of the Tower, but of the contention and strife which led to the dispersion of the human race:—

Αὐτίκα δ' Ἀθάνατος μεγάλην ἐπέθηκεν ἀνάγκην
Πνεύμασι· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' ἄνεμοι μέγαν ὑψόθ' πύργον
Ρίψαν καὶ θιγροῖσι, ἐπ' ἁλλήλοισι ἔριν ὥρσαν.

'Then straightway at the Immortal's stern behest
The vassal winds dashed down the lofty tower,
And stirred contention in the breasts of men.'

Unlike some of the other poems, too, the date of the destruction of Babel is here assigned to the tenth, and not to the sixth generation of man; and taking up the history at this point, the author proceeds to detail the growth of the kingdoms consequent upon the dispersion of mankind, as far as the return of the Jews from the Captivity.

Speaking roughly, it may be said to be divisible into three parts. In the first the Sibyl, keeping within the sphere of history, can hardly be said to depart from the character of a narrator of the annals of the long ages of her own preternaturally protracted life, which stretches back into the antediluvian world, and reaches down to some unnamed period, only to be defined by inferences of synchronism, and by a comparison of the range of events included in the narrative. In the second and third she directly assumes the prophetic character. The pictures which she here presents have the form of mystic visions of the present, of scenes of awe and wonder passing under her eyes, or of forecastings of the future which force themselves upon her awe-struck and almost reluctant imagination.

There is this difference between these two divisions of the oracle, that in the second the prophetic picture is almost entirely a showing forth of the evils into which the human race is destined to fall, and of the multiplied woes which await them in retribution; while it is only the third that holds out the promise of the reparation of these woes, of the coming of the great Deliverer, and of the restoration of the kingdom of justice and holiness upon earth.

Space will not permit more than a mere allusion to the purport of the several parts of this curious piece. In the first (B. iii. v. 97-294), after the dispersion of the baffled builders of

Babel, we are prepared by an introduction, which is a curious blending of the classic myth of the Titans with the first glimmerings of actual history, for a survey of the growth of the great primitive kingdoms of the world, Egyptian, Persian, Median, Assyrian, Macedonian, and Roman; all, however, being manifestly subordinated in interest to the Jewish, the history of which is given in great detail from the sojourn in Egypt and the Exodus under Moses to the return from the Babylonian Captivity and the rebuilding of the Temple. In the latter part the writer gives free scope to his national partialities, and dilates without reserve on the praises of the Jewish race; and both Ewald and M. Delaunay observe upon the similarity of tone and upon other remarkable coincidences in detail between our Sibylline poem and the curious apocryphal book of Enoch, as furnishing some ground to surmise their community of authorship, or at least their emanation from the same common school of thought.

It is noticeable, nevertheless, that, through all this betrayal of Jewish proclivities, the writer is careful not to forget his assumed character of a heathen Sibyl. Even while dilating on the glories of the restored Temple, and on the divine interposition—the ‘heaven-sent King’ through whom it is accomplished—he maintains, if not in sentiment at least in language, the *rôle* which he has undertaken; and while the Deity is habitually called by the name of the ‘Mighty God,’ the ‘Immortal God,’ and by other appellations equally expressive of that monotheistic dogma which it is the writer’s own purpose to insinuate into the Gentile mind, we not only meet with words and phrases faintly redolent of the old ideas;—with conventional pagan formulas and allusions to the legendary and mythical personages of the pagan Olympus; but in the very page in which the One God is freely proclaimed, and in which His providential action in history is openly acknowledged, we find language which would not be out of place in the sacred books of heathendom—in Homer’s ‘Hymns’ or Hesiod’s ‘Theogonia,’ and the One God of the higher flights of the poem sinks down into the commonplace of the pagan mythology, the familiar

Ἀθάνατον γενετήρα θεῶν πάντων τ’ ἀνθρώπων.

The second part of the Sibylline poem (B. III. 295-399) is still more characteristic, and assumes much more distinctly the prophetic form. At the close of the first part a pause, as though of exhaustion, intervenes, and the Sibyl entreats ‘the Mighty Father’ to cease for a time the impulse under which.

she had been forced to prophesy. But her prayer is refused, and once again God 'commands her to prophesy to the whole 'earth, and to reveal to kings the things that are to come.' The subject of this branch of her prophesy is the succession of woes which, through the judgment of the Immortal, are to fall upon the nations in punishment of the profanation of His temple; beginning with

Αἰ αἰ σοι Βαβυλῶν, ἥδ' Ἀσσυρίων γένος ἀνέρωρ,

and running through the whole circle of the ancient states and kingdoms. Many portions of this strange rhapsody are poetical and dramatic in the highest degree, and the historical allusions are often striking and effective. The Trojan war of course is not overlooked, but it is principally noticeable on account of a most curious charge against the author of the Iliad of fraud and plagiarism from the Sibyl's own verses. After an outburst of pity for the woes to be brought upon Ilium by Helen (who is described as 'a beautiful Fury sprung from 'Sparta, an undying theme of song, but a fruitful germ of evil 'to Asia and to Europe'), the Sibyl proceeds to say that the story of the fortunes of Ilium will be told in after time by a certain blind old man, she denounces him with stern, it may almost be said with fierce vituperation, as a 'lying writer' (ψευδογράφης), a pretender to a false nationality (ψευδόπατρις), deceiving blind and empty-headed mortals with all manner of lies; dressing up in untrue colours (οὐ μὲν ἀληθῶς) the exploits of Hector, Achilles, and the other heroes; introducing the gods as taking part in the contest; and above all, as appropriating her verses, and making fraudulent use of her books.

The direct purpose of this curious passage is, of course, to secure for the factitious oracle the credit of a prediction fulfilled. But there is a deeper object. Scholars who are familiar with the Homeric controversies will remember that there actually was an old charge against the author of the Iliad of having plagiarised his narrative of the siege of Troy from the verses of the Sibyl. This charge is mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, Solinus, and others; and the pretended Sibyl here turns it to account as a note of the authenticity of her oracle, by, as it were, anticipating the fraudulent appropriation of her verses by the author of the Homeric poem. Nor can it be doubted that in very many passages the Pseudo-Sibyl has fully caught the Homeric strain, and that we recognise not only in the single verses, but often in the structure and spirit of the description or narrative, a spirited echo of

the immortal classic. It is true that occasionally the imitation is unpleasantly servile, and, like that of the later Alexandrian imitators of Homer,

‘ Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null ; ’

but taken as a whole the poem undoubtedly possesses high merit. It is far superior to any of the other oracles in the collection, and we can hardly hesitate to agree even with the high estimate which Ewald has formed of it, in pronouncing it ‘ one of the noblest and most striking poems of the latter half of the second century before Christ, and, indeed, one of the finest remaining of that entire period.’

On the other hand, the writer has, in many places, been almost equally successful in imitating the tone of biblical prophecies, and especially in their denunciatory passages. Many of the minatory addresses, particularly in the second part of the poem, will remind the reader of the woes denounced by Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Hosea ; and it is by no means impossible that this pointed imitation of scriptural tone and diction may have formed part of that studied system of literary artifice which is traceable in so many other details of this extraordinary work. An impression appears to have prevailed in the pagan world regarding the sacred writers of the Bible, similar to that which we have already seen to have existed about Homer ; namely, that they had plagiarised portions of their prophecies from the oracles of the Sibyl. What the origin of this strange accusation may have been it is difficult to say. It seems to be alluded to by St. Gregory Nazianzen, in his poem to Nemesis where he retorts the charge upon his pagan adversary ; and perhaps it is not too much to believe that the assumption of this scriptural tone was a part of the disguise which the Sibylline forger sought to make his work pass as a genuine emanation of the prophetic spirit which was already popularly known under these characteristics.

Whatever may be thought of this conjecture, it is impossible not to be struck by the skill and effectiveness with which the character of the inspired prophets is maintained through the long succession of supposed revelations of the future which forms the staple of this portion of the poem. The individuality of the prophet is almost entirely sunk. All personal, or at least all voluntary action ceases. The seer is the passive instrument of the Deity ; his words are but enforced outpourings of the divine afflatus. He does but deliver that which is placed on his often unwilling lips ; he depicts in fervid language the scenes and events which are called up before his eyes, and

from which he seems to recoil in horror and dismay. More than once he sinks exhausted by grief and excitement, and prays to be released from further contemplating the manifold woes which rise before him. But the inexorable impulse still urges him onward. He cannot choose but speak what he is ordered. He cannot close his mind even against scenes which fill his heart with grief and indignation. Indeed many of these pictures in the second part of the poem exhibit poetic power of an unusual order; and the whole piece in many respects may well take a place, according to its kind, among works of high art, whether ancient or modern.

We have spoken of this piece as confessedly the most ancient in the series of Sibyl books. The familiar allusions to Egypt and its religion and usages which pervade it, and the writer's evident Egyptian sympathies and predilections, plainly point him out as an Egyptian, and probably an Alexandrian. As regards the date, the reign of the seventh (and of no later) king of Greek race in Egypt being repeatedly referred to, we may broadly assume this period as the range of the pretended prophet's vision—that is of his knowledge of contemporary history; and although a doubt (dependent on whether Alexander the Great be or be not enumerated in the succession) arises as to whether this seventh king of Greek race is, as M. Alexandre thinks, Ptolemy Philometor (B.C. 184–146) or Ptolemy Euergetes II. surnamed Physcon, (B.C. 146–117), as is held by Ewald, we can hardly hesitate to agree with the former. It seems plain that the author intended to include 'the Macedonians' in the enumeration. M. Alexandre's opinion is confirmed by a very striking allusion to a 'great king from Asia'—evidently no other than Antiochus Epiphanes, whose Egyptian expedition occurred in B.C. 171–168, upwards of twenty years before the accession of Ptolemy Physcon; and there is another circumstance which appears even more decisive. The great object of the author of this pretended Sibyl-book was to find a vehicle for the diffusion in the Gentile world of the Messianic hopes and promises which prevailed among his own people. Now it is known that these hopes were raised to an extravagant pitch of enthusiasm on the defeat of the designs of Antiochus, B.C. 168, and it is hardly possible to doubt that in the predictions of returning peace, of the abolition of immoral and idolatrous worship, the resuscitation of the sacred race of pious men, the reopening of the Temple, the renewal of the sacrifices, and, 'finally, the advent of the Mighty King—

Καὶ γὰρ ἂπ' ἡελίου Θεὸς πέμψει βασιλῆα
 Ὃς πᾶσαν γαῖαν παύσει πολέμοιο κακοῦ—

‘Then from the East the Lord shall send a king
 To hush the voice of war throughout the world’—

which form the staple of this portion of the third book, we have an outburst of these hopes in their first newness during the temporary triumph of the Jewish nationality in the successful rising under Judas Maccabæus. This would of course identify ‘the seventh king’ with Ptolemy Philometor, and, indeed, it seems quite impossible that a pretending prophet, writing at any period subsequent to this event, or at least to the death of Simon (B.C. 156), could have given utterance in the form of a prediction to the high hopes which are embodied in these verses.

M. Alexandre regards one portion of this poem (B. v. vv. 290–488) as long posterior to the rest of the poem, and to belong to the age of the Antonines; but we prefer to accept the view of Ewald, who regards the whole work as one continuous piece, reviewing in a sort of loose succession, but yet with the wild and fitful irregularity which becomes visions of a seer, the fortunes of the great kingdoms of the world—Egypt, Persia, India, Assyria, Macedonia, the Greco-Egyptian Empire, and finally that of Rome. Starting as if from the Sibyl’s own time, the piece begins in the form of a retrospect of the history of the world from the Deluge; but from the 162nd verse the tone becomes directly prophetic:—

‘A voice divine springs in the sibyl’s breast.’

She is ‘commanded to prophesy throughout the entire world, and to foretell to kings and peoples the destinies of the empires which are to come.’ The poem is thus a curious mixture of prophecy and history, and it is often difficult to realise from which standpoint any particular incident is contemplated in the narrative. We are carried in ‘strangely capricious disorder from the glories of the ‘House of Solomon’ and the conquests of the mighty people of Macedonia to the career of another kingdom (the Roman) from the western sea, ‘many-headed and wearing white garments,’ which shall ‘rule over many lands, overthrow many peoples, and strike terror into all the kings of the earth;’ but which shall also be dishonoured by avarice and rapacity, and polluted with innumerable crimes. Thence we are again led back to the hopeful prospect of the restoration of God’s people, who will guide men once more to the right way—

Πάντεσσι βροτοῖσι βίου καθοδηγοὶ ἔσονται.

The picture (vv. 215-247) of the holiness and peace which are to characterise the triumph of this people of God is exceedingly beautiful. But this in turn gives place to the wars that are to come in the Babylonian Captivity, and which are only to be averted by another divine interposition. 'God will again send a king from heaven, who will judge man in blood and the flame of fire.'

It is in describing the terrors of this judgment that the Sibyl pours out that catalogue of woes upon Babylon, upon Egypt, upon Libya, upon the cities of Asia, and upon Greece and Rome, to which we have already alluded, as having a striking resemblance to the denunciations with which many of the prophecies of the Old Testament abound. It seems plain, however, that the main purpose of the poem, and especially all the doctrinal or historical significance which belongs to it, is centred in the great national movement which stirred the Jewish race throughout the world at this period, and in the new hopes by which this movement had been called into activity. The Gentile world had filled up the measure of evil. God's people had been crushed down to the lowest depth of humiliation and suffering. Idolatry had overrun the extreme limit of divine patience and long-suffering. The appointed time was at hand. The Great Deliverer was about to arise; and the warning voice of the Sibyl is lifted up by God's command to call on the nations to anticipate the wrath that is to come, by abandoning their false gods and returning to the worship of the one true God. To the Greeks a special appeal is addressed, and to them, if insensible to this appeal, special woes are denounced. The Jewish people is to be the great instrument, and Judea the main theatre of the restoration. Kings and rulers will combine, but God will smite and scatter them. Terrific signs and wonders will accompany the manifestations of His power. Globes of fire will fall from heaven. Earth and ocean will be shaken to their centre; all nature, animate and inanimate, will tremble before God's almighty power—

Φρίξει ὑπ' ἀθανάτοιο προσώπου καὶ φόβος ἔσται.

But in the midst of this universal confusion and dismay God's chosen people will dwell in peace in the shadow of His Temple secure in the shelter of His almighty hand.

*Λυτὰρ γὰρ σκεπάσειε μόνος, μεγάλῳ τε πυρᾷ,
Κύκλοθεν, ὥσθι τέχῃς ἔχων πυρὸς αἰθόμενοι.*

• 'He shall protect them with o'ershadowing hand
And with a circling wall of flaming fire.'

And then follows a picture of the peace and blessedness in which God's people shall dwell, which is plainly the counterpart of the Golden Age of classic mythology. The Sibyl's vision of the condition of God's children under the happy rule of the Deliverer, is a skilful combination of the spiritual prophecies of Isaiah and the more mundane fancies of Ovid's Golden Age and Virgil's well-known Fourth Eclogue; and it is a curious confirmation of the belief that both poets drew upon the Sibylline Oracles of their day for the materials of their sketch.

To this glowing picture is subjoined a final appeal (vv. 808-28) to the 'unhappy Greece' to 'put aside her pride and 'turn in prayer to the Immortal God;' with a promise that thus she too shall be partaker of all these glories; and the piece concludes with that strange piece of personal revelation on the Sibyl's part to which allusion has already been made. The Greeks call her the Erythræan, and brand her as a 'shameless' impostor; others think her the daughter of Circe and Gnostus, and hold her to be a maniac and a false prophetess; but she is in reality the daughter-in-law of Noah, delivered in common with him from the waters of the Deluge, and commissioned by God to reveal both the past and the future. For the truth of her claims she is content to be tested by the event of her predictions.

Such is an outline of the character and contents of this ancient piece, and from it may be formed some notion of the general structure of the remaining poems. The second is later in point of time by more than two centuries, and is very different in spirit and in tone. It seems to have been composed about the year A.D. 80, while the burning of the Temple* and the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii† were still recent. They are dwelt upon by the author as evidences of the anger of God against the oppressors of the righteous. As to the religious belief of the author some conflict of opinion exists. Ewald gives reasons to show that if a Jew at all, he did not at least belong to any strict Jewish sect; but at the same time he finds no grounds for M. Alexandre's opinion that he was a Christian. It seems likely that he belonged to the sect of Essenians, which in the end of the first century had many ramifications in Syria and Asia Minor, with which countries this writer appears to have had a close connexion.

* Book iv. v. 125.

† Ibid. vv. 130, 131.

The general plan of the piece is the same as that of the older poem; the historical survey begins here also from the destruction of the Tower of Babel; but the events are touched in the merest outline, and the long catalogue of denunciations of the evils which overrun all the nations of the earth and the glowing picture of the deliverance which is to succeed them, which forms a prominent characteristic of the former poem, is here reduced to the compass of a few paragraphs.

The third of the poems seems to belong to the same period as the last piece, but emanates from an entirely different school. The author was evidently a native of Egypt, and composed his poem from the assumed and novel character of an Egyptian Sibyl, the friend or sister of Isis. This is the poem which is cited by St. Clement of Alexandria under the name of 'the Sibyl.'

All these pieces are of Jewish, or at least of non-Christian, origin, and were composed with a view to the propagation of the Monotheistic and Messianic ideas among the Gentiles, and to the preparation of the world of heathendom for the great deliverance which had long been fondly looked forward to by the Jews as well of Judea as of the Dispersion. The fourth poem, although tinged with Jewish opinions and predilections, is certainly written from a Christian point of view. According to Ewald's view (pp. 66, 67), the seventh and eighth books and the first fifty-one verses of the fifth originally formed one piece; and this piece, as he now rearranges it, opens with a hymn (Book VI. 1-28) in praise of Christ, and a prophetic summary of His life, miracles, and passion, so undisguisedly Christian that it is believed by some not to belong properly to the Sibylline collection at all. Ewald, nevertheless, unhesitatingly connects it with the seventh book, which is also Christian although of a much less pronounced tone, and with evident indications of that Judaising spirit which pervaded the Ebionite and Nazarene sects of the later Apostolic times, and which held its ground in the Syrian churches down to the third century. Assuming that the first fifty-one verses of the fifth book form a part of this piece, it is plain from intrinsic evidence that it must have been composed in the end of Adrian's reign, A.D. 138.

The next in order forms the first part of the eighth book, vv. 1-36. It belongs in all seeming to the time of Septimius Severus (A.D. 211), who, it can hardly be doubted, is the ἀναξ πολυόκρανος referred to in v. 53. It is in this poem that the well-known acrostic on the name Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτὴρ

occurs, cited by St. Augustine in Latin verse in the eighteenth book 'De Civitate Dei.'

The remaining portion of the eighth book (vv. 361-500) comes next in order; but this is regarded by Ewald as an independent and directly Christian composition, neither in structure nor in design forming part of the Pseudo-Sibylline Poems with which it is now mixed up. We can hardly reconcile ourselves to this view. There is no doubt that the teaching of this fragment is far more directly Christian than that of its companion poems; but its assumption of Christian views, if somewhat bolder, is scarcely more irreconcilable with the pretended Sibylline character than that of some of the other poems, and perhaps is even less out of keeping with it than that of the acrostics of the first portion of this book, or the address to the Cross with which the sixth book (vv. 26-8) terminates, both of which undoubtedly belong to the Sibylline school.

But there can be no such question as to the seventh oracle, which now forms the first, second, and third books of the collection, and which, though full of Christian teaching, makes the most undisguised profession of Sibylline origin. It may be assigned with much probability to the first years of the third century, having been composed after the great age of persecution was past but yet before the establishment of Christianity under Constantine. But, notwithstanding this modern date and the complete alteration of circumstances, it bears in general form and treatment a close analogy to the oldest of these poems described above. The Sibyl here again, as in the first and the fourth oracles, is the daughter-in-law of Noah; and, like the prophetess of the fourth poem, she has been a shameless and inveterate sinner, but, like her, she throws herself on the mercy of the great Deliverer.

The last of these strange compositions is comprised in the four last books (xi.-xiv.) of the present collection. The date of this piece is a subject of great uncertainty. Most critics assign it to the end of the third century; but Ewald contends that it is much later, and fixes the scene of the fourteenth book in the ill-starred reign of the Emperor Constans II. (641-668), memorable for the progress of the Arab conquests in the Eastern Empire.

If we accept this view, we shall have the strange problem of a series of literary fictions extending over a period of above eight hundred years, which for a time at least were endorsed as authentic by many of the highest names in ecclesi-

astical literature. They emanate from different nationalities and different schools of thought. We find Jews putting on the guise of the heathen Sibyl in order to propagate among the heathen under that accredited name the fundamental doctrine of the unity of God, and the hopes of its universal diffusion and triumph by the hands of the great Deliverer promised through the Jewish people to all the nations of the earth. On the other hand, we have Christians, under the same assumed garb, insinuating, to Jews and Gentiles alike, the fulfilment, in the person of Christ, of the promised hopes of both. Secretaries of both religions are found employing the same medium as a vehicle of their own special opinions. Nor was the device confined to the period of the conflict of Christianity with Paganism. Two at least of the Pseudo-Sibylline pieces are posterior in date to the triumph of Christianity, or at all events to the peace of the Church; and long after the complete cessation of the pagan worship we find the device employed against a new antagonist. The last of the Sibylline Oracles seems to have been written not from the old standpoint of Christianity in relation to the Greek and Roman religions, but in view of the new creed of Islam and the fiery fanaticism with which it was propagated among the races of the East.

The religious opinions, however, of the several authors are open to much controversy. Ewald and Alexandre are at issue in more than one instance as to the particular religious views of the writer of the same piece; and M. Delaunay has published a large and interesting volume to show that particular portions of the Sibylline collection, which both Ewald and Alexandre regard as certainly Christian, are not the work of a Christian author at all, but emanated from the Jewish sect of the Essenians. But the discussion involves too many details to be examined in these pages; and we must content ourselves with some observations on the doctrinal and literary peculiarities of the Sibylline Poems generally, and on the position which they hold in relation to the Greek literature, whether classic or Hellenistic, of the period to which they belong.

The historical portion of the poems cannot be said to have much interest for the general reader, although it supplies occasion for more than one animated controversy to the commentators. But the doctrinal bearing of the Pseudo-Sibylline Poems furnishes abundant matter for curious speculation, and involves many varieties of creed according to the age of the several pieces and the school from which they emanated; the object of all alike being to insinuate, under the guise of Sibylline revelations the peculiar teachings of their respective schools. Thus

the earlier pieces aim no farther than the reform of the idolatrous and polytheistic doctrines of the Gentile world, the restoration of the belief in one Supreme God, and the coming of the Divine Deliverer; while later pieces put forward, with more or less unreserve, the distinctively Jewish or Christian doctrines, some of them entering into the fullest and most circumstantial detail of the Christian system.

In the earlier discussions on the Sibylline Poems the collection was regarded as a whole. One of David Blondel's controversial treatises has for its avowed theme to trace the Roman doctrine of purgatory and prayer for the dead to the Sibylline Poems, and in this the entire series is treated as of the same age and origin. The same opinion prevailed almost to the end of that century; the first writer who appears to have seriously considered the question of age and authorship having been Isaac Vossius, in his treatise '*De Sibyllinis aliisque Oraculis*;' nor was it till the present century that the subject was fully investigated.

It would not be difficult to construct out of the collection as a whole a tolerably complete scheme of Christian doctrine. The Messianic views, both of Jews and of Christians, are distinctly represented, including the Millenarian aspect of the second coming of Christ; and although it does not appear under those grosser and more mundane forms by which some of the oriental Millenarian systems were sensualised, nevertheless it is impossible to doubt that it explicitly propounds the idea of a kingdom of the just upon earth anterior to the final resurrection and general judgment. A curious intermixture is observable, too, of Jewish and Christian notions, in which dreams of the advent of Elias and the return of the Ten Tribes alternate with prophetic visions of the reign of Antichrist and his downfall, and in which the Antichrist of St. Paul and of the Apocalypse is merged in an Anti-Messiah, such as is indicated in the apocryphal '*Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs*,' the Fourth Book of Esdras, and other apocryphal remains of Jewish origin. The same diversity exists as to the notion of the Last Judgment. In some places we meet a reign of the Messiah on earth, in which the impious and unbelieving Gentiles shall be overthrown and condemned in judgment, while the supremacy of the Jewish race shall be re-established; in others a preliminary, but yet a general judgment, in which, preparatory to the final advent of the Supreme Judge, the just shall be separated from sinners; while in others, again, we find the strictly orthodox view, almost literally reproducing the picture of St. Matthew's Gospel. Among these we may

specially adduce the celebrated acrostic of the eighth book (vv. 217-250). Whether the probationary fire by means of which this separation of the just from sinners is effected, involves the distinctive doctrine of Purgatory, cannot be a matter of much interest in a polemical view; since the same authority might be quoted with equal confidence for the Origenist belief of a universal restoration (v. 335) of all men, even the unjust and the devils themselves.

The same piece contains (vv. 331-334) a very explicit testimony to the belief in the intercession of the saints. And in a very curious passage of the same book, sinners are represented as in vain offering their supplications to God, who refuses to hear them:—

Καὶ τότε' ἀποστρέψει φανερώς τὸ προσωπὸν ἀπ' αὐτῶν :

until He is moved to mercy at the intercession of the pure Virgin; and a period of seven generations, wherein to atone by penance is accorded to sinners, at the prayer of the Blessed Virgin:—

Ἐπεὶ γὰρ αἰῶνων μετανοίας ἡματ' ἔδωκεν

Ἀνδράσι πλαζομένοις διὰ χειρὸς Παρθένου ἀγνῆς—

‘Seven terms of grace and shrift to erring souls

Through the pure Virgin's spotless hands are given.’

The same curious passage is reproduced in the very same words in the eighth book; but M. Alexandre (p. 541), although strictly Roman Catholic in his views, is inclined to regard both passages as an interpolation of later date, not improbably of the time of the anonymous author of the Preface, by whom the collection was first reduced to its present form. The angels appear as beings intermediate between heaven and earth, with functions in directing the guardianship of men, and presiding over the operations of natural causes, fire, water, air (vii. 33), &c.; nor is there trace of the strange tales which are found in some of the early apocrypha of the loves of angels for the daughters of men,

‘When like a bird from its high nest,

Won down by fascinating eyes,

For woman's smile they lost the skies.’

In the matter of Christian worship and observance, the sacrament of baptism is repeatedly referred to; and an allusion which occurs in the eighth book (v. 403) to the καθαράν ἀναίμακτόν τε τράπεζαν, might, at first sight, appear to be to the Eucharistic ‘table’; but it is held by M. Alexandre to apply, not to the Eucharist, but to the duty of Christian hospitality

to the poorer brethren. A similar allusion to the ζῶσαν θυσίαν, which almost irresistibly suggests the 'Living Sacrifice' of the Eucharist, is in the same way referred by him to the sacrifice of fraternal love, and the self-sacrificing offices of charity which it inspires. But in this view we can hardly agree, since in the same context we read of the well-known celebration of the agape, the almsgiving which accompanied it, and the psalms and canticles which preceded or followed the agape; with all which the Eucharistic celebration was naturally associated.

Repeated allusions occur to the practice of venerating the cross, and to its saving influences. We shall see a very interesting example of it in the celebrated acrostic on the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to which we shall presently refer; but a still more direct evidence of the usage is the remarkable address to the Cross, with which the Sixth Book concludes, commencing

ὦ ξύλον ᾧ μακαριστὸν, ἐφ' ᾧ θεὸς ἐξετανόσθη,

'O blessed wood on which the Saviour hung !'

The most perplexing aspect of this systematic use by Jewish and Christian propagandists of the mask of the pagan Sibyl, in order to insinuate their several teachings under the disguise of her personality, is of course the moral one. In some of the pieces—as, for example, that which forms the latter part of the eighth book of the present collection—the Christian teaching is so open and unreserved that all notion of disguise appears to be abandoned, to such a degree, indeed, that Ewald (pp. 79–83) hesitates to regard this piece as in any sense a portion of the Sibylline collection; but in others, both Jewish and Christian, there is a manifest effort at concealment; and in these it would be difficult to describe the assumption of the Sibyl's character as a purely literary artifice, or, indeed; as other than a pious fraud. M. Alexandre (pp. 361–7) strives hard to vindicate the writers from the stigma of moral culpability; but his defence amounts to nothing more than the allegation, which is but too well sustained, that in assuming a fictitious character they but followed the literary fashion of Jews as well as Christians throughout the whole period over which the poems range. From the return of the Jews after the Babylonish Captivity, and the commencement of their literary intercourse with the outer world, the system may be traced in more or less activity. To the same school from which emanated the earliest of these Sibyl-poems (B. III.) may be referred a whole host of apocryphal Jewish books; the *Pœnitentia Adami*, the *Prædicatio Noemi*, the *Testamentum*

Trium Patriarcharum, the *Precatio Josephi*, of which the titles alone have been preserved. More distinctly allied in spirit to the early Sibyl-poem, is the so-called *Assumptio Mosis*, a considerable fragment of which was recovered some time since from a MS. in the Ambrosian library at Milan. This, like our Sibyl-poem, was designed to prepare the way for the Messianic restoration of the Jewish race, the hopes of which for a time agitated the enthusiasts as well of Judea as of the Dispersion. Others of these pseudonymous books had a more distinctly religious purpose, as the Books of Enoch, the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, the Anabaticon of Isaiah, the Fourth Book of Esdras. It is the same for the Apocrypha of the New Testament—the Apocryphal Gospels, Epistles, Acts, and Apocalypses—the various books ascribed to Peter and to Paul, the Clementine Recognitions, and the other forgeries of the post-apostolic age. Now, upon the one hand, the prevalence of this class of literature would have had a tendency to create a literary atmosphere of its own, in which the moral susceptibilities as to the responsibilities of authorship might be much blunted or obliterated; or, on the other hand, we can imagine a state of things in which this assumption of an imaginary character might become a mere literary fashion openly accepted or tacitly understood. M. Alexandre would fain persuade us that this latter was the case as to this pseudonymous Jewish and Christian literature of the generations immediately preceding and following the birth of Christ; and that the writers of the Sibylline poems, whether Jewish or Christian, assumed the rôle of the Pagan Sibyl without any direct intention of fraud, and simply as a convenient medium for embodying their own views, and still more for circulating them among the Gentile population. We confess our inability to discover, whether in the circumstances of the case or in the intrinsic nature of the poems, any support for this theory; and even if we could reconcile ourselves to a belief in itself so improbable, we are met on the other side by a difficulty hardly less formidable—the general acceptance of the Oracles as genuine both by Gentiles and by believers. Whatever may have been the intention of the original composers of the various *Χρησμοὶ Σιβυλλίακοι*, it must be felt that the deception as to authorship met with a wide, if not a universal success, when we find the highest names in Christian literature pledging themselves for the genuineness of the Oracles by freely appealing to their authority even in the most solemn and momentous of their controversies. For our own part, we see no way of evading the first branch of the alternative, and concluding that, what-

ever of deception the writers recognised as involved in the assumption of this and similar literary disguises was regarded by them as justifiable, or at least as venial. In a word, we can hardly doubt that these Sibylline Poems were in the main an emanation from the same literary workshop to which we owe those well-known Orphic Hymns; which at one time gave rise to a controversy both as to authorship and as to motive, almost in every respect similar to the disputes regarding the authenticity of the Sibylline remains, but which are now universally admitted to be a fabrication, partly of the Neo-Platonic, partly of the Christian school of Alexandria.

Among the lighter characteristics of this curious work, the most interesting are certain tricks of composition which are known from ancient testimony to have distinguished the genuine Roman books of the Sibyl, and which are supposed to have been introduced by the imitators for the purpose of making the resemblance to the original more complete. For example, we find an enigma on the name of God (B. I. vv. 136-40); another (I. 326 and following) on the sacred name of Jesus; a third on the city of Rome, and another (I. 141 and following), the subject of which has hitherto defied the ingenuity of commentators. Again, there are mysterious analogies as to the numbers deducible from the letters composing certain names, such as that of the number 666 in the Apocalypse. Similar puzzles occur founded upon the numerical value of the initial letters of certain names; as in the beginning of the fifth book the whole series of the Roman emperors is indicated under the numbers represented by the numerical value of the initials of their respective names; and occasionally the writer plays on certain fancied resemblances of names: as, for example, that of Antoninus to the Hebrew name of God, Adonai (VIII. v. 66).

But the artifice most distinctly Sibylline in origin of them all is the acrostic on the name of our Lord and His Cross. We learn from Cicero* that the verses of the Sibyl had this peculiarity, that 'ex primo versu cujusque sententiæ primis literis illius sententiæ carmen omne prætexitur.' These words are not very clear, but the meaning intended is, that the letters of the first verse of the oracle contain, in regular sequence, the initial letters of all the subsequent verses of which it is composed. The same peculiarity is mentioned on the authority of Varro, by Dionysius of Halicarnassus,† who adds that in a doubt as to the genuineness of any particular oracle, the true Sibylline Oracle may always be recognised by the test of its

having the acrostic form. As the original Sibyl-books have disappeared, doubts naturally arise how far this characteristic can have been universal; but it is interesting to remember that the example already cited—the answer from the Sibylline Books actually given to the consultation of the senate, does present this mark of authenticity, although the same author to whom we are indebted for this curious relic, has also preserved another Roman oracle, which does not exhibit the acrostic form. That this form was generally recognised, however, as a property of the genuine Sibyl verses, is enough to explain the introduction of it in the eighth book. In none of the earlier pieces does it appear; but the author of the eighth book exercised his ingenuity in clothing in a very elaborate acrostic, the vivid picture which he has drawn of the Last Judgment, with its attendant signs and wonders. This passage is an acrostic of the name and titles of our Lord—ΙΗΣΟΥΣ ΧΡΕΙΣΤΟΣ* ΘΕΟΥ ΥΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡ. With these words the sense would have been complete; but the author has added seven further lines which supply the acrostic of the word ΣΤΑΥΡΟΣ, ‘the cross.’ It is hardly necessary to point out that the first five words are themselves an acrostic of the mystic word ΙΧΘΥΣ.

Perhaps it may be noted as some evidence of intention, that the author himself directs attention to his acrostic and to its subject in the closing lines—

Οὗτος ὁ νῦν προγραφείς ἐν ἀκροστιχίοις Θεὸς ἡμῶν
Σωτὴρ ἀθάνατος βασιλεὺς ὁ παθὼν ἐνεχ’ ἡμῶν.

‘Neath the acrostic’s mystic symbols hidden,
Our King, our God, our Saviour is foreshown;’

and it seems certain that the passage attracted notice and was well known at least among the Christians in the fourth century. St. Augustine speaks of it in the eighteenth book ‘De Civitate Dei,’† and gives the first portion of it in a Latin metrical translation in the same form. His account will be read with much interest. He attributes the poem to the Erythraean Sibyl, and says that he first became acquainted with it through the ‘barbarous and hobbling verses’ (‘versibus male latinis et non stantibus’) of some ignorant translator, but afterwards learned more fully about it from his friend Florentinus, the pro-consul, a learned and accomplished scholar, who showed him a manuscript, which he said was the original Greek

* Derived from *χρεῖω*, another form of *χρίω*.

† St. Augustine, ‘Opera,’ vii. col. 579 (Migne ed.).

oracle of the Erythræan Sibyl, and pointed out to him, in this curious passage, the correspondence of the initial letters of the several lines with the letters of the name Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτὴρ. Augustine procured from another translator a correct and flowing metrical version ('*latinis et stantibus versibus*') which he has preserved; but he points out that, as the Latin language has no letter properly corresponding with the *Υ* of Ἰησοῦς, the translator has been obliged to depart, in the fifth and again in the eighteenth and nineteenth lines, from the strict rules of the acrostic. The Latin translator has given no version of the second part of the acrostic—Σταυρός. His acrostic, therefore, consists of but twenty-seven lines; and it is characteristic of St. Augustine that while, with his habitual love of the mysteries of numeration, he draws attention to the peculiarity of this number, which is at once the cube of three and the product of nine by three, he also dwells upon the subordinate acrostic which is contained under the principal one, 'the initial letters of which form the word Ἰχθὺς, that is "Fish," under which name is mystically signified Christ, since He, in the abyss of this mortality, like the fish in the depths of the sea, was able to dwell alive, that is, without sin.'

M. Alexandre has examined in great detail the literary peculiarities of the Sibylline Poems, as to vocabulary, grammatical construction, quantity of syllables, and metrical structure. To these subjects he has devoted a special dissertation. It is well worthy the attention of scholars, especially in its bearing on the history of the changes which the Greek language has undergone; but it would carry us quite beyond our limits to enter into the minutiae of the subject. It will be enough to say, that while all the writers propose to themselves the Homeric poems as the model of language and metrical structure, nevertheless there are in all many divergences in both from the great original;—divergences more notable in proportion as the dates of the several pieces are more modern, being fewest of all in that which is referred to the age of Ptolemy Philometor. Many of the peculiarities in grammatical structure belong to the common category of Hellenisms, but many also are interesting, as illustrating the first stages of the course by which the classic tongue of Greece has come to put on the forms of a modern language.

Nor shall we weary the reader with the peculiarities of metrical structure which characterise these poems. It will be enough to say that they exhibit much laxity as to quantity, as to the position of the cæsure in the verse, as to the admission of the hiatus after short vowels, and as to the converse fault of

the elision of long final vowels and diphthongs. M. Alexandre gives a column of faulty verses which for readers curious in these particulars will sufficiently exhibit these and other objectionable characteristics of the Sibyllists; but we confess that we are by no means satisfied that many of these defects are not ascribable to the carelessness or ignorance of transcribers, rather than to the irregularities of the original composition.

We have already spoken of the high estimate which Professor Ewald forms of the literary merit of the most ancient of the Sibyl-poems. To the other pieces we cannot allow so much merit in regard to style, while their poetical merits, especially those of the last four books, are infinitely inferior. They may be divided, in respect of subject and mode of treatment, into three classes: those which bear the form of prophecy, those which are mainly historical, and those which are purely or principally ethical and didactic. To the first class belong the last part of the third book, the fifth book from the thirty-eighth line, and the greater part of the eighth book. The historical character is chiefly found in the second division of the third book, the first 290 lines of the second, and the third division of the eighth. The ethical portions occur in the Proœmium, the end of the eighth book, and from the 56th to the 148th verse of the second book, which is mainly borrowed from the Gnostic school.

In the historical and prophetic-historical books there was little opportunity for the exercise of invention or for poetical ornament; but although the narrative is often bald and perfunctory, passages occasionally occur, especially in the first, second, and eighth books, which display considerable vigour, tastefulness, and even elegance. The ethical portions seldom rise beyond commonplace, but they are at least not inelegant, being for the most part imitations, and probably even transcripts, of the verses of Phocylides and other Gnostic writers. Their true interest, however, lies, not in the literary character of their composition, but in the light which they throw upon the ethical condition of the time, and especially on the relations between the asceticism of the Christian schools on the one hand, and upon the other that anticipation of the Christian asceticism which found expression in the ethical poems of the pagan moralists, and in the practical organisation of the Jewish prototypes of primitive monasticism—the Essenians and Therapeutæ of Syria and Egypt.

It is especially in the directly prophetic passages that the Sibyl-poets aspire to the higher forms of poetry, giving a loose to the imagination, and seeking to clothe their thoughts in striking and picturesque language. The effort is often but

too apparent and imperfectly sustained. Some of the predictions are fragmentary and disjointed, and in many cases they fail to bring any connected picture before the mind; but, on the other hand, the very abruptness of the transitions sometimes contributes to the dramatic effect, and stimulates the imagination and sustains the interest by the rapid succession of ideas. As to many passages, indeed, we must agree with M. Alexandre, that in themselves they exhibit a certain simple power and beauty which is not unworthy of the classic era of Greek epic poetry. He instances, in the first book, the picture of the new-born earth; the creation and blessed condition of the first man; the universal deluge; the scene of the last judgment; the general history and fortunes of the Jewish race; in the third book the prediction of the reign of the coming Messiah, and the return of the Golden Age; and in the fourth the description of God and His attributes, and several other passages. But perhaps the most poetical of all is the latter part of the eighth book, in which the history of the Incarnation is detailed, as a supposed prophecy of the Sibyl, and a picture is drawn of the life and manners of the new Christian community, so pleasing and effective that it is impossible not to regret the mutilated condition of the book, and the imperfect and faulty readings of the portion which is preserved.

But we have already exceeded our allotted space, and we must refer for many topics of interest which remain untouched to the original poems and to the various commentators and critics whom we have indicated. What has been said will suffice, we feel assured, to direct the attention of our scholars to a subject hitherto neglected in England. Much as has been done in France and Germany in editing and illustrating the Sibyl-poems, there is still a wide field for criticism and useful study, especially in undoing the unskilful and uncritical work of the mediæval collector. It would contribute much to the proper understanding of these strange fragments, if the modern collection were again resolved into its primitive component parts, and the age and origin of each of these primitive parts critically determined. It is only by the patient and careful determination of these points that the work can be satisfactorily turned to what is its real use for the purposes of the history of dogma—a contribution to the study of the condition of religious thought in the world at the time of the advent of Christianity, and of the successive modifications which the various schools of thought underwent through the presence and contact of the purifying and elevating influences of the new religion.

- ART. III.—1. *Copies of the Report of Colonel Baird Smith to the Indian Government in the present year (1861) on the Commercial Condition of the North-west Province of India; and of the same Officer to the Indian Government on the recent Famine in the same Province.*
2. *Papers and Correspondence relative to the Famine in Bengal and Orissa, including the Report of the Famine Commission, and the Minutes of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and the Governor-General of India.* Presented to Parliament by her Majesty's command. (1867.) Parts I., II., III.
3. *Copies of Papers relating to the Famine in the Madras Presidency in 1865-66; and of Additional Papers relating to the Famine in Orissa, subsequent to the Report of the Commission.* (1867:)
4. *Abstract of Correspondence between the Government of India and the Secretary of State in Council relative to the Drought in Bengal.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. (1874.) Parts I., II., III., IV., and V.
5. *Papers relating to the Famine (East India); Papers relating to the Bengal Famine.* (1875.) Presented by order of the House of Commons.
6. *East India, Part I. Copy of Correspondence between the Secretary of State for India and the Government of India on the subject of the threatened Famine in Western and Southern India.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. (1877.)

THE drought, and consequent scarcity, which have afflicted so large an area of India during the past and the present year, are phenomena of unusual gravity. They are not, it is true, unexampled. But it is the very fact of their occurrence, now in one district, now in another, with a frequency which is only the more apparent the more carefully the history of the country is investigated, which complicates the economical aspect of the subject. Good and bad years, indeed, succeed one another in most parts of the world, with an irregularity which as yet is regarded as capricious, although it has been reduced to a sort of rude average of expectation. It is accordant with this general law, which affects alike the green crops and the cereals of England, the vineyards of France, and the olive gardens of Italy, that the very conditions which stimulate the

luxuriance of the heaviest crops, aggravate the evils of years of misfortune. The powerful influence of the rays of the sun in stimulating the process of the organic chemistry of the plant is the more sensible the more direct is their incidence. In tropical and sub-tropical regions so active is this creative power that plants may be almost seen to grow. But the greater the solar heat, the greater is the need of water for the support of vegetation. The greater also, as a general rule, is the supply. As it is from the equatorial seas that the greatest depth of the water which provides the rainfall of the earth is evaporated, so is it in the close vicinity of that main source of supply that the cooling and attracting effect of lofty mountain chains is most sudden and most apparent, and that the most violent precipitation ensues. The ranges of mountains that line the western coasts of the Indian Peninsula to the north of the Gulf of Cambay, of British Burmah, and of Siam, are annually watered by more than 100 inches of rain. Nor is the quantity of the water supply its most important feature. Its regularity is periodic. As the sun crosses the equinoctial line the winds follow in its course. The Nile rises, almost to a day, on the fall of the solstitial rains in Abyssinia. And the arrival of the Indian monsoons, or trade winds, which bring rain on their wings, is anticipated to occur with a regularity nearly as exact as that which characterises the changes due to the complex cycle of the moon.

When, from causes which science has not as yet grasped, this punctuality of water supply is interfered with, the heat which would have stimulated the growth of the well watered plant, parches and withers the vegetation of an arid soil. For the culture of rice, and of other main crops of Indian agriculture, not only a minimum quantity of rain is necessary, but a certain distribution of that quantity according to the age of the young plants is indispensable to their welfare. And thus it occurs that when those disturbances of the normal course of the monsoon rains of which we speak attain a certain gravity, vegetation in the stricken districts is partially or totally cut off.

So far as the literature of the subject is as yet complete, it appears, however, that great droughts rarely, if ever, occur without warning. A famine, in the worst sense of the word, is the culminating distress that closes a series of bad seasons. The object which is common to the statesman, the man of science, and the philanthropist is thus threefold. First, we have to ascertain, so far as may be, the law of expectation of drought; secondly, we have to inquire into the administrative measures which it has been, or may be, the care of the

Government to adopt, in order to mitigate the suffering occasioned in any particular district by the partial or total failure of its crops; thirdly, we have to inquire what preventive measures may be expected to diminish the bad effects of drought, when it occurs, on vegetation.

The chief sources of information which are available on the subject of Indian famines are the official reports and papers, many of which have been presented to Parliament. Among these, first in date, and probably highest in merit and in value, are the reports of the late Colonel Baird Smith to the Indian Government, in 1862, on the then recent famine in the North-west Province of India. Next must be cited the Report of the Commissioners (of whom Sir G. Campbell was the first) appointed to inquire into the famine in Bengal and Orissa in 1866; accompanied by minutes from the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and from the Governor-General of India, Lord, then Sir John, Lawrence, and by voluminous papers and correspondence. Mr. F. R. Cockerell's report on the famine in the Behar districts and Southern pergunnahs, relates to the same season of distress as the last previously cited documents. Still more voluminous is the information as to the famine in Bengal in 1873-4, comprising the correspondence between the Government of India and the Secretary of State in Council, and closed by a very valuable minute by the Hon. Sir Richard Temple, K.S.I., Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. To papers which are thus accessible to the public we have been enabled to add details from a graphic account of the experience of the official superintendent of one of the worst of the famine districts in Bengal, from February to October 1874; a paper which, in plain and forcible language, impresses on the mind the terrible menace of that invisible foe with which the English Administration of India had to struggle in that year; and affords a glimpse of the devoted, unsparing, and successful energy with which the English officials, as a rule, threw themselves into the conflict.

The famine of the year 1877 is at least the eighteenth of those which have affected India since the commencement of the British rule; and the fourteenth during the present century. The dates of the most serious famines on record may be most conveniently exhibited in a tabular form.

1345	Approximately.	1744.
1471		1752.
1681.	Reign of Shah Jehan.	1770. In Bengal.
1661.	Reign of Aurengzebe.	1783. Behar, Bengal, and Punjab.
1733.		1787.

1790.		1853. Higher Madras.
1803. North-west Provinces.		1861. North-west and Lower Doab.
1813.		1866. Orissa and part of Bengal.
1819. North-west and Oudh.		1868. Rajputana.
1826.		1874. Bengal and Behar.
1872. Lower Madras.		1877. Bombay and Madras, be-
1837. North-west and Lower Doab.		sides Native States.

Of the more recent of these afflictions the areas and population affected are stated as under—

1837.	20,000 to 25,000 square miles	.	.	.	8,500,000 souls.
1861.	16,267 square miles	.	.	.	13,088,000 "
1866.	30,257 " "	.	.	.	16,236,516 "
1874.	40,100 " "	.	.	.	17,764,650 "
1877.	138,911 " "	.	.	.	26,897,971 "

Over the whole area of India, it may be said, in the words of Colonel Baird Smith, 'famines of variable intensity have ranged within historic periods, devastating sometimes one section of it, sometimes another, but very rarely indeed involving the whole in the common intensity of suffering. The records of these remoter calamities are misty and indefinite. They tell of vast mortality, of tracts of great extent left without inhabitants; of destructive pestilences following in the track of famines, and so on, but beyond these superficial signs there is no effort to penetrate. We learn a little now and then of the means of mitigation attempted; and we almost uniformly find that up to a time very recent indeed the calamities due to natural causes received most of their aggravations from the blunders of well-meaning men.'*

It is remarked by the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the famine of 1866, that with comparatively small exception the same districts have never been twice severely affected within the last forty or fifty years, while many provinces which are probably equally liable to the calamity have not suffered during that time. But with regard to the greater famines of a more wide-spreading character, both the cycle of periodicity and the area of range are very much larger; the difference being somewhat analogous to that between the appearance of comets of smaller and of larger orbits. While the local dearths recur at periods of five, ten, or fifteen years, the greater famines are separated by ten times the interval. Vague references exist in history to great famines in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, notably to one in 1471. About

* Further Report on the Famine, 1860-61, in the North-west Province of India, p. 53.

1631, in the reign of Shah Jehan, a great historical famine afflicted India, and extended over great part of Asia. Notwithstanding the liberality of the Emperor it was found that money could not purchase bread, and a prodigious mortality ensued. Disease followed famine, and death ravaged every corner of India.

In 1661 another terrible famine occurred. Its range is not determined, but Bengal and the Punjab appear to have escaped, since the Emperor Aurengzebe exported grain from both those provinces, on a very large scale, for the relief of the sufferers. Part was distributed gratuitously; part sold at moderate prices. Many millions of lives are said to have been saved, and many provinces redeemed from total desolation. The liberal exertions of the Emperor in this period of distress were such as to establish his reputation in the early part of his reign.

In 1770 occurred the great Bengal famine, which, according to native tradition, was due to drought, though Colonel Baird Smith mentions its ascription to excessive rainfall. The crop of 1763 was a bad one, and the early crop of 1769 was also bad. In August 1769 the price of coarse rice had reached eleven seers per rupee.* The main rice crop of 1769 failed in consequence of the premature cessation of the rains. In October no rain fell, and in November serious famine commenced. Before the end of April 1770 the famine had spread universal desolation. It extended into Eastern Bengal. It was severely felt about Dacca. It also reached Upper Hindostan, but it appears to have been felt with the utmost severity in Behar, where 1770 is referred to as a year of even greater depopulation than 1783. Rice rose to four and then to ten times its usual price. It was quoted at the very price attained at Balasore in the Orissa famine of 1866— $3\frac{1}{2}$ seers to the rupee—and is even said to have been sold at $1\frac{1}{2}$ and 1 seer in some localities, as it was at Dhamrah in 1866. Food was not procurable for money, and half the population of the Western districts is said to have perished.

The great basins of the Indus and of the Ganges were ravaged by the famine of 1783. The solstitial rains failed in that year in all the western parts of Hindostan from beyond Lahore to the Karumnassa. Famine extended from the Punjab to Behar, both provinces inclusive, and ultimately also to Bengal. Its severity was so great, and the depopulation caused by it so extensive, that the desolation appears to have

The seer is equal to 2.057 English pounds.

been more complete and permanent than any recorded in modern times. 'A new era and population seem to reckon 'from that date—the native year or Sumbat 1840.' Notwithstanding this intensity of distress the price of grain does not appear to have risen to more than from 10 to 12 seers per rupee, or to from one-third to one-fourth of the extreme famine price of 1770. In 1803 the drought was confined to the North-western Provinces; but its effects were felt in combination with the ravages of war, and the sufferings of the people are described as very cruel. The season was a very calamitous one, and great scarcity prevailed. The *rubbee*, or spring crops, were destroyed by hailstorms. Government ordered the importation of grain from Bengal, and allowed a bounty in order to encourage the supply. Remissions of the sums due to the Government were made to a large extent, on account of the injury done to crops, not only by hail, but also by the incursion of Jeswunt Rao Holkar and the rebel Nazir Ally Khan, and from the march of the army under the Commander-in-Chief in pursuit of Holkar. In 1819 there was much suffering, not only from drought, but from frost. A correspondent of the 'Calcutta Journal' writes that in Oude, on the morning of January 21, 1819, the water was in many places frozen over, and the hoar frost on the ground had the appearance of a fall of snow. The potatoe crops, which had appeared green and fresh three days previously, were brown and withered. The wheat and barley appeared to be uninjured, but proved to have had their ears blasted by the frost. At Jounpore, in the North-western Provinces, on the 19th of the same month, the thermometer stood at 30° Fahr. for an hour and a half after sunrise. Half the wheat and barley were destroyed. The Ganges being unusually low at Benares, so that the larger grain boats were prevented from coming to market, the price of wheat rose to 10½ seers to the rupee in Jounpore. At Benares it was 21 seers, at Agra 17 seers, and at Allyghur 19 seers to the rupee.

A series of indifferent seasons intervened between 1819 and 1837; of which that of 1833–4 was marked by a scarcity which, though partial, was intense within certain limits. In fact the summer of 1837 was the culminating point of a series of years of climatic irregularity. As before remarked, in all the recorded cases of the most severe droughts a similar phenomenon was observable. The records of the price of grain indicate much disturbance of the ordinary seasons before the bad years 1770, 1783 and 1803. The years 1834 and 1836 were

remarkable for excessive humidity; 1835 and 1837 for drought, and the usual climax arrived in 1837-8.

In the same way the climatic phenomena of 1858, 1859, and 1860 gave cause, from their abnormal character, to fear for the crops of 1861. The Government of India took the alarm, and the early anticipation that it might become necessary to provide against a great calamity contributed very materially to the prompt and decisive action by which the actual distress was met, and very materially mitigated. The area of greatest intensity in the famine was in the district of the Lower Doab. Over the whole district affected, out of an area of nearly 20,000 square miles, ordinarily under productive culture, about 7,000 square miles were either partially or totally unproductive during the famine. Out of a population of 13,088,000 the number of 5,448,000 inhabited the most severely affected districts. This famine is the first of which any clear official narrative has been preserved.

It is most instructive to observe, as to its pressure, that Colonel Baird Smith reports that amid the severe suffering of the districts on the right bank of the river Jumna, 'the richly irrigated district of Panceput, and the northern pergunnah (or subdivision) of the Delhi district, have virtually escaped all injury: by reason partly of their being traversed by the Western Jumna Canal; next of the continued drought having relieved them from the broad dreary swamp by which they are ordinarily infested, and having turned their useless lands into productive fields; and last, of the low damp valley lands bordering the Jumna having been also dried, so as to become culturable, and to give an abundant produce.' Again in the central section of the famine district of the same year, lying between the Jumna and the Ganges, the level of the water-bearing stratum of the soil is so high, the collection of the drainage into definite channels is so careful, and the irrigation of the ground from wells is so plentiful, as to secure, except in the localities occupied by the worst cultivating tribes, scarcity from actual want, if not more, even in a season of protracted drought.

To the preceding notices of famines, which have been chiefly collected by Colonel Baird Smith, must be added the further information given in the report of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the Bengal and Orissa famine of 1866. They refer to two partial famines in the Madras presidency. In 1832 the rains failed below the Eastern Ghats, a fact which caused great distress in the coast districts, from Madras northwards, in that and the following year. The drought was con-

tinued into 1834. The most severe suffering was in the Guntoor district, 200,000 of the inhabitants of which are stated to have perished from hunger and disease. The agricultural disorganisation and loss of property were very great. It was principally this calamity which led to the execution of the great irrigation works on the Kistna and Godavery, in imitation of the ancient works on the Cauvery, which latter were then restored by modern skill, and preserved the delta of that river.

In 1852-53 again there was a great failure of rain in the country above the Ghats, the Bellary district being chiefly affected. The ordinary rainfall of the district is hardly equal to that of the driest parts of the North-western Provinces; and on the occasion in question it only reached about one third of its usual quantity. Large numbers of persons were employed on the public works. As many as 100,000 were so employed at one time in the district of Bellary; and for five months an average number of 80,000 were employed at a total cost of between 120,000*l.* and 130,000*l.* The result of the measures was satisfactory; no loss of life occurred, except in consequence of an outburst of cholera. Cholum, the ordinary food of the people, rose from 50 seers to 14 seers per rupee in the part of the district that suffered most.

In the beginning of October 1865, the absence of rain, following on the very insufficient supply of the previous year, began to excite alarm in Orissa. When the middle of October passed without signs of rain the alarm became serious. When the 20th passed the whole region was in a panic; the rice trade was stopped. The country ceased to supply the towns. At both Cuttack and Pooree the bazaars were closed, and the terror and inconvenience became everywhere extreme.

On the 26th October the Collector of Balasore reported that the rice crop did not show promise of more than the eighth part of the supply of the previous year; that the ryots were unable to pay their rents, and were driven to borrow, not money but rice; and that there was no stock of grain in the district. In December the Board of Revenue, while preparing to make provision for the poor by public works, and ordering the publication of official prices current, expressed their opinion that it was 'of the utmost consequence to wean the people of the country from the habit of relying upon Government for help, in circumstances to which no one but themselves can really materially help;' and added, 'even where famine actually supervenes, the chief, if not the only, reliance must be upon the efforts of private local liberality.' By June

1866 rice rose to the price of five seers to the rupee in Balasore, five and half in Pooree, and four in Cuttack. As to the mortality, the Lieutenant-Governor says, in his minute on the Report of the Famine Commission, 'It is evidently impossible to arrive at even an approximation to the truth. There has been, without doubt, enormous loss of life, and whatever may be the actual numbers who have perished from want and disease, the result of this terrible calamity is appalling.' In Behar, in the same season, out of a district of 26,000 square miles, with a population of 7,739,717 souls, the distress was intense over an area of 9,280 square miles; and the total number of deaths from starvation or disease engendered by want was returned by Mr. F. R. Cockerell, superintendent and remembrancer on legal affairs, in special duty, at 133,554. The district affected extended from Ganjam, at the southern extremity of the great Delta system of the Mahanady, to the basin of the Damooda river, which enters the Hoogly above Diamond Harbour, through a belt varying from 50 to 120 miles in breadth. A comparatively limited track in the eastern part of the Delta of the Ganges, chiefly in the Nuddea district, also suffered. The total area of the districts returned as affected by the famine amounted to 30,257 square miles, with a population of 16,236,516 souls.

On October 22, 1873, Sir George Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, reported that the shortness and early cessation of the rains throughout the greater part of the province had caused irreparable injury, and that the gravest apprehensions were entertained of general scarcity throughout the country, and worse evils in large parts of it. In November the Viceroy stated, in a despatch to the Home Government, the following outline of the case. (We add the areas of the several districts named to the figures given by the Viceroy.) In Behar, the Patna and Bhaugulpore divisions (the aggregate area of which amounts to 42,417 square miles, with a population of 20 millions), experienced a very general failure of the rice crops, and the prospects of the spring crop were bad. (2) In the Rajshaye division (with an area of 17,694 square miles and a population of 9 millions), the failure of the rice crop was less complete than in Behar, and the prospect of the spring crop was somewhat better. (3) In the Burdwan presidency, and Cooch Behar divisions (which cover an area of 32,075 square miles, with a population of $14\frac{1}{2}$ millions), there was a considerable amount of failure, but it was hoped that the results would not be serious. (4) In the Dacca, Chittagong, Chota, Nagpoor, and Assam divisions (covering 111,551 square miles,

with a population of 19 millions), some surplus produce was expected for exportation, though less than in ordinary years. The Orissa division, with 8,864 square miles of area and $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions of population, had not materially suffered. The area of territory now under the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal is stated in the tenth number of the Statistical Abstract relating to British India at 158,595 square miles (exclusive of five native states). The territory under the administration of the Chief Commissioner of Assam is 53,856 square miles. The population of the former territory is 60,595,524; that of the latter, 4,132,019. Out of this total area of 212,451 square miles, with its population of 64,727,443 souls, one fifth of the area, containing 30 per cent. of the population, was indicated as exposed to extreme peril, while the condition of only about four per cent. of the territory was reported as entirely satisfactory.

On January 23, 1874, the Viceroy reported that rain had fallen, though not in large quantity, in the south of the Patna division, and through the whole of the Bhaugulpore and Rajshaye divisions. On February 6 he stated that a copious rain had fallen over the whole of Bengal and Behar. By March 30 much of the *rubbee*, or spring crop, had been reaped, with a good return, and the distress was everywhere on the decline. The Minute of Sir Richard Temple, Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, dated October 31, 1874, stated that the tracts which had been 'very distressed' by the famine covered an area of 20,950 square miles. The population of this territory was 10,700,000, of which 26·2 per cent. were estimated as requiring assistance from the Government in the worst season. The 'partly distressed' tracts amounted to 19,159 square miles, with a population of 7,064,650 souls, of which 11·5 per cent. required Government aid. The total expenditure incurred by the Government of India in respect of this famine is estimated, in the same Minute, at 9,177,000*l.*, of which only the small proportion of 1,390,000*l.* was expended on either public or private works. Receipts and recoveries, however, were estimated at 2,725,000*l.* in diminution of this outlay. And the Government share of the net earnings of the East Indian and other railways, due to the increased traffic in grain arising from the demand of the country for food, was estimated at about 630,000*l.* It should, however, have been added that the gross revenue of Bengal for the year 1873 was nearly 800,000*l.* less than that of the preceding year; while that of 1874 was 600,000*l.* less than that of 1873; nor did 1875 show a recovery of more than 300,000*l.* The annual growth of the revenues of Bengal and

Assam from 1866 to 1873 was about 180,000*l.* The gross revenue of India was 110,000*l.* more in 1873 than in 1872; and a falling off of 630,000*l.* in 1874 has been succeeded by a rise of 860,000*l.* in 1875. It thus appears that the effect of the famine of 1873-4 on the revenue of Bengal has already amounted to upwards of 2,000,000*l.* of diminution; nor has the province yet recovered from the depression thus indicated. Urgent and indiscriminating orders were given by the Secretary of State in Council on December 1, 1873, which 'impressed on the Governor-General the necessity of providing 'by purchase whatever amount of supply the largest estimate 'of the danger apprehended might appear to require.' This wholesale mode of relief has resulted in a loss to the revenue of at least 8,500,000*l.* sterling; while there has been an impoverishment of the presidency from which it has as yet by no means recovered.

We have yet to speak of the famine of the present year in Western and Southern India. The time has not, indeed, arrived when it is possible to give anything approaching to an accurate estimate of the extent of that great calamity. And while we cannot altogether accept the hopeful tone of recent accounts, we feel it to be due to those who are exerting extraordinary energy to ward off the worst consequences of the drought of last autumn to speak with much reserve as to any points that may appear to us to be unsatisfactory. The map of the British Districts and Native States afflicted by famine in Southern India in 1877, which is prefixed to Part I. of the Correspondence on this subject presented to Parliament in April last, gives a startling impression of the wide extent of country over which the drought has occurred. In Bombay three-fourths of the crops have failed over an area of from 50 to 150 miles in width, which stretches, eastward of the Ghats, from a little north of the 14th to the 21st parallel of latitude. In Madras the 'severely distressed' and 'very bad' districts occupy an irregular triangle, of which the Toombudra and Krishna form the base, while the apex lies some 50 miles south of Madras. But partial distress is indicated as occurring more or less frequently from Arcot to Cape Comorin on the south, and as reaching to the northern watershed of the Taptee Valley on the north; so that the rains have more or less failed over an area of 14 degrees of latitude, and half that number of degrees of longitude.

On January 12th the Secretary of State for India addressed a despatch to the Governor-General of India in Council, stating that in Madras the scarcity more or less affected

twelve specified districts, and that the drought had extended, in Bombay, to nine districts in the Deccan and Southern Mahratta country. The areas and populations in question are as follows: In the Bombay Presidency, the nine affected districts cover an area of 54,201 square miles, inhabited by 7,960,927 souls and containing 109 towns of more than 5,000 inhabitants. The twelve districts of Madras cover an area of 84,708 square miles, and contain a population of 18,932,510 souls. One hundred and ninety towns of 5,000 inhabitants and upwards are found in this district. In addition, however, to these figures, notice must be taken of the distress in the Native States. Of these there are, in the Bombay Presidency, seven; comprising an area of 12,921 square miles, and a population of 2,004,940. Puducotta, in the Madras Presidency, has an area of 1,380 square miles, and a population of 316,695 souls. In the Bengal Presidency are nine districts in Mysore, covering 30,077 square miles, and containing 5,223,724 inhabitants. In round numbers, 140,000 square miles of British India, containing a population of 27,000,000, and 180,000 square miles of Native States, with a population of $32\frac{1}{2}$ million souls, have been afflicted by this wide-spread drought.

To divide this vast area of drought-struck country into the three categories of partial, general, and total distress would at once exceed our limits, and import into our pages a classification which is as yet little more than tentative. In January, according to the despatch before quoted, 840,000 men were employed on relief works in Madras, and 250,000 on those of Bombay. The Government of the latter presidency estimated that the numbers for whom relief would have to be provided would rise from 200,000 in December 1876, to 1,000,000 in April 1877, falling from that date to 50,000 in September next. The Madras Government had framed no similar estimate. The estimate of Sir Richard Temple was nearly 25 per cent. lower than that of the Bombay Government.

A question of cardinal importance has been pointedly raised by Dr. Cornish, the Sanitary Commissioner for Madras. It is well known that rice is deficient in one main nutritive element, namely nitrogen; of which 1 lb. of that grain only contains from 68 to 88 grains, while the quantity of nitrogen eliminated from the human body is estimated at from 200 to 240 grains per diem. To sustain life on a moderate amount of rice, it is therefore necessary to add pulse, or some other kind of nitrogenous food. The grain called *dal* is rich in nitrogen. Fish is another source of supply; and in Orissa, in 1866, the people were said to derive much nutriment from snails and other mol

lusca. On October 31, 1874, in the Minute on the Bengal Famine, Sir R. Temple recommended the allowance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of rice per diem for an adult, with an additional allowance* to provide for the purchase of *dal*, salt, pepper, or some other condiment. But in dealing with the famine of 1877 the same authority has expressed his opinion that life might be sustained on 1 lb. of rice per diem, and that the experiment ought to be made. Dr. Cornish is of opinion that 'experiment' in that case means only slow, but certain starvation.

The numbers employed on the relief works in Madras, according to Dr. Cornish, were 907,316 on the first week in February, and only 662,195 on the last week in March. According to the estimate of the Bombay Government the numbers requiring relief in April were expected to be more than twice as many as in February. At the same time it is to be noted that the numbers too weak for work, requiring cooked food in relief houses, increased from 38,163 in the first week in March to 99,113 in the last week of the same month. Advices from Calcutta of May 15th state the numbers on the relief works at 760,774, and those receiving gratuitous relief at 274,448. Dr. Cornish states the mean strength in the Madras relief camps, for ten weeks ending March 31st, at 11,005, and the deaths at 1971; giving an annual death-rate per mille of 930·8, a ratio which 'wipes out nearly the whole of the living 'within the year.' He remarks that while the death registrations are very incomplete, the mortality in six famine districts of Madras, for two months of the present season, has risen to the ratio of 76·95 per mille, against an average of 19·03 per mille for the last five years; while in eleven municipalities included in the famine districts it has risen from 25·21 to 87·69 per mille. It cannot be denied that these figures intimate a probability that the decrease which has been regarded as matter of congratulation in the numbers employed on the relief works is anything but a hopeful sign. Unless returns are published of the mortality as well as of the number of natives relieved, no correct idea can be formed of the progress of the distress. At the same time it is proper to add that Dr. Cornish's arguments scarcely touch the question of the adequacy of the 1 lb. of rice ration as compared with that of the $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. The deficient nitrogen, of which the larger ration

* This allowance is stated in the Minute (123 of 1875, p. 13), at 'one pice' ($\frac{1}{4}$ ths of a penny). As one pice is $\frac{1}{4}$ th of a penny, it is not clear which figure is correct.

would only yield 40 grains more, could be readily supplied, in either case, by the addition to the rice diet of 2 ounces of pulse.

With regard to the law of expectation of drought in India, it must be remembered that we are speaking of a country extending over an area of 943,406 square miles of British territory, comprising regions widely differing in their climatic conditions; while the extent of the watershed areas of the rivers which drain into the Bay of Bengal on one side, and the Arabian Sea on the other side of the peninsula, is upwards of two millions of square miles.* An attempt has lately been made to connect the periodicity of famine in Southern India with that of certain solar phenomena; but the inquiry, however interesting, only relates to portions of the great problem before us. The dates, some of which we have indicated, of the most terrible famines in past times are hardly to be reconciled with any cycle of the revolution of sun-spots; and indeed any increase in the annual radiation of solar heat, if such could be ascertained to exist, must be expected to concur with a heavier rather than with a lighter rainfall over the whole surface of the earth. The weak point of all efforts to connect climatic phenomena with the position of the heavenly bodies is, that the phenomena are local and partial, and that there is thus but little reason for exclusively attributing them to the effect of causes which are, as far as we can see, mundane and general. But it is unfortunately only too certain that, apart from any question of cycle, experience teaches us that but few consecutive years are likely to elapse at any time without the occurrence of climatic disturbance in one part or other of our vast Indian territory. It has even been asserted by men competent to give an opinion on the subject, that we must look forward to an annual average expenditure, on the part of the Indian Government, of at least two millions sterling, for the prevention and mitigation of famine. As to the accuracy of such a suggestion, it would be manifestly unwise to express any opinion, apart from an investigation for which this is not the place. But it should be borne in mind that whatever be the State outlay for the protection of any Indian district from the result of drought, its heaviest incidence, whether in fact or in anticipation, is but light when compared to that of the Poor-law expenditure of England, to which it may with great justice be said to correspond. If we compare the areas, the population, and the compulsory charity of the two countries, the pressure of the starving poor upon the English ratepayer

* 2,071,500 square miles. *Statement*, 1872-73, p. 49.
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is more than thirtyfold the amount ever likely to be demanded of the Indian exchequer; unless we should witness the recurrence of such a panic at head-quarters as occurred in the year 1874.

The famine of 1874 is chiefly distinguished as the occasion on which the resources of the Government were freely and unstintedly drawn upon for the direct purpose of preventing starvation and mitigating suffering, apart, it may almost be said, from any other consideration. The Secretary of State for India 'placed unreservedly in the Viceroy's hands, by anticipation, his sanction to all measures which the Viceroy, on the spot, and with full knowledge of facts, might deem 'necessary for the preservation of human life.' It is instructive to take the example of 1874 as forming one of the limits of a series. On the one hand we see that helpless despair which regards famine as a visitation of God, against which it is vain for man to attempt to struggle—a view which has been only too widely taken in India both by the population and by their rulers, and which was not entirely left out of sight, as we have seen, in 1866. On the other hand is the idea that the State is responsible for the loss of even a single life, and that the treasures and resources of the State are to be applied without stint or limit to save a portion of the population from the fatal consequences of a visitation of nature, and perhaps of their own improvidence. Experience has convinced us that, although such a measure was inspired by humane and generous motives, it was improvident, and tended to pauperise India; and that before we arrive at this extremity, the whole series of preventive and remedial measures should be exhausted. This will more clearly appear from a sketch, taken on the spot, of the effects of the policy adopted in 1874, but not repeated in 1877. Yet, in justice to Lord Northbrook, it must be said, that the active measures adopted by him have largely contributed to aid and facilitate the task that has devolved on his successor.

It was in October 1873 that the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal made use of the words that the crops had sustained irreparable injury. The abdication of control to the Governor-General is dated December 1. It was at the beginning of March 1874 that the gentleman whose experience we are about to narrate arrived at the station on the East Indian Railway nearest to the circle to the famine administration of which he had been summoned from another part of India. Although much was left for him entirely to organise, yet very much had, by that date, been done by the Government.

So much indeed that, bearing in mind the great responsibility attendant on the outlay of public money in a mode and on a scale for which so little precedent existed, it may readily be admitted that the pressure and hurry experienced by our informant were attendants very hard to separate from an enterprise at once so novel and so vast.

The relief circle to which we are now about to be introduced consisted of one *pergunnah*, or local district, together with a number of villages belonging to a neighbouring district. In the first instance it contained 91, and somewhat later 103, villages. The population, according to the then recent Bengal census, of the 91 villages, was 96,000 souls, an estimate which the circle superintendent had reason to regard as from 8 to 10 per cent. below the truth. The additional villages contained some 18,000 inhabitants. The relief-circle lay nearly in the midst of the most distressed district, an area containing some 350,000 inhabitants. The special local cause of the distress was, that the cultivated land of the district was low, depending on the river irrigation for its supply of water, and sown with the *aghani* or December rice-crop, which had failed in 1873. The indirect affluent of the Ganges which watered this district, and which in times of flood had a depth of 30 feet of water, was at the time in question dry in some places, and fordable in all but one. The roads in this vicinity as a rule were vile; but no hedges or other obstacles existed to prevent an Englishman, mounted on a willing Kuttihar horse, from galloping over the country. The land was plentifully studded with mango-groves and clumps of bamboo, and generally covered with green turf. Palm-trees were not uncommon, especially around the tanks, one or more of which reservoirs existed in every village. Water was generally obtainable from the sub-soil, at a depth of from ten to fourteen feet below the surface; a fact which is only reconcilable with the existence of a grain-famine in consequence of the want of enterprise of the cultivators of the soil. The mango-groves attain great luxuriance in this part of India; but in the whole area of the circle, comprising about 120 square miles, there was not even a hillock of moderate size. Depressions of surface, always running north and south, were numerous; and, filling with water when it rained, added to the difficulty of riding over the country to be visited.

The half dozen zemindars, or landlords, to whom, under the old permanent settlement effected by Lord Cornwallis, the land in the circle belonged, resided at four spots within the area. Each of them enjoyed the highly respectable title of

Baboo; and their incomes averaged from 2,000*l.* to nearly 6,000*l.* (nominally) a year. Their own preparations for meeting the famine consisted in providing food for any number of Brahmins who might seek it at their doors. But under the pressure which Government exerts in such a country as India, these landlords each actually contributed something like a year's income to the relief of their ryots. They also projected a certain number of tanks and roads, to be executed by those who sought relief; but the works carried on by the Government appear always to have attracted the labourers from any private works in a district.

Of the people of the district seven-tenths were Hindoos, and all were cultivators; even the weaver-class cultivating small plots of ground round their huts. The villages, through which such roads as exist do not, as a rule, pass, are built without any regularity or regard to appearance. Each house consists of one or more bamboo and grass huts, opening into a central square; the buildings being connected by a fence of bamboo from eight to twelve feet high. The central squares are kept clean, and are generally beautified with fresh mud once or twice a week. The life of a village, as regards fire, is about five years; conflagrations annually taking place in about that time. The chief furniture of the houses consists of earthen pots. Only the better-off classes own vessels of brass or iron, and possess beds. Bamboo baskets are also abundant. The ploughs consist of two pieces of wood, without even an iron-shod share. The spade of the country is (as in Italy) set on to the handle at an angle, like an enormous hoe. For harrows or rollers the simple expedient of a log of wood, dragged over the ground by bullocks, is substituted. Vegetables are cultivated around the houses, although the potato has not yet established itself there. Mango and other orchards often lend beauty to the scene; but the frail edifices are almost as much at the mercy of a gale of wind or a heavy fall of rain as of fire; their liability to which latter calamity is the natural effect of the absence of any stoves, brick hearths, or chimneys.

With regard to the inhabitants of the district, it is remarked that there was a large proportion of Brahmins. These are generally finely formed, light-coloured men, but lazy, sensual, and false beyond description. Very few of them fell into distress, the poorer natives being generally as unable to refuse compliance with their demands as was the case with the peasantry with reference to the monks of Italy, before the recent suppression of monastic establishments. The superintendent,

justly refusing to make any exception to the rule of working in order to obtain relief on the score of caste, had but very few Brahmins on his lists. The zemindars were of the Rajput class, though of a low kind, many of whom were found in the circle. Although many Rajputs suffered, and were compelled to plough their own lands in the year of want, few were ever in receipt of actual relief. The lower population of Bengal forms two distinct main groups, characterised by their personal or their predial service. Among the former rank the Keots and Gwalus (the herdsmen of the old conquerors), the Khawassees, now an important agricultural class, but whose name only signifies servants; and the Dhanuks or body-men. Under the second head come the castes of the Jallahors or weavers, the Chamars or tanners, the Selis or oilmen, the Kamhars or potters, the Dhuniyas or carders, the Beldors or diggers, and the Goris or fishermen. Among the very lowest castes, or indeed regarded as outcastes, 'after 'whom no one can drink water,' are the Mahtars or sweepers; the Dosadhs, who consist of two entirely distinct tribes, of which one has monopolised the office of village watchman, and the other bears a strong resemblance to the English gypsies, furnishing moreover a very strong contingent of thieves; and the Musahars. These last are true aborigines, and thorough outcastes. Their colour is a blackish grey, very different from the deep bronze of the ordinary native; and their name is derived either from this mouse-like colour, or from their habit of eating mice—or indeed any kind of food that comes to hand. The Keots, Gwalus, Dhanuks, and Goris are very fine men, physically regarded, averaging six feet in height, and straight as an oak sapling. They differ widely from the true Bengalees. Their language is a patois of Hindustani with a large number of Bengali words and inflections introduced, and acquaintance with its structure and meaning is very limited. The women are generally well treated. They are good-looking, often merry, and a spinning-wheel is to be found in almost every house. Both sexes wear a sort of long sheet of cloth which is fastened round the waist and carried up to the head, forming a very graceful dress for women. Many of the men wear nothing on their heads, even under the mid-day sun.

The anxiety which it was so natural for an Englishman to feel, on being sent to an entirely unknown district of India, lest he should be imposed upon by demands for relief from persons not actually in distress, vanished at the first contact with the signs of actual famine. The tottering step, the suken eye, the projecting bones, tell a terrible truth which it

is impossible to simulate. There is an aspect of indescribable woe in the sufferers, and the eye, especially, tells its own tale. The clamour for food was incessant; and the food, when offered, was seized by ravenous hands, and devoured with frantic haste. The modes of dealing with a famishing people may be reduced to two. Either relief centres must be established, in which food is dispensed, and to which the sufferers are expected to come; or house to house visitation must be adopted, and the food carried to the homes of the sufferers. At the commencement of a famine the former mode has not only the advantage of making less demand on the time and health of the relieving officers than the other, but also that of diminishing to a considerable extent the number of applications. But if extensive distress has once set in, the latter is the only method of preventing a great loss of life. The arrival of our informant at his post was at the very moment when the second of these methods had to be substituted for the first. The relief centre was to be broken up. A poorhouse and a hospital were to be established; and those who were not relieved in either of these buildings were ordered to return to their own homes, where they would be relieved on a monthly visit. One hundred and thirty-three persons had been daily fed at the principal relief centre of this circle, and seventy more in three other relief centres within its area. The centre consisted of three sheds, forming three sides of a quadrangle. The centre shed was the cooking-house. A well had been sunk in the area; and the whole was surrounded by a strong bamboo fence. The people lived in huts made of grass hurdles outside the enclosure, in which they were assembled twice a day to be fed. Their food consisted of 16 ounces of rice and 4 ounces of pulse or other vegetables for an adult, and of about two-thirds of that allowance for children. When the sufferers first arrived at the centre the state of the children was the most pitiful feature of the scene. Many of them were unable to hold up their heads, and their constant crying was very melancholy. Day by day the death list increased. Some would be unable to attend the daily distribution from weakness, and death immediately followed. Some died after eating the first meal which they received; others in a few days. Many were carried off by dysentery. Their sufferings did not seem to be very great, but the natives are not accustomed to complain. Altogether fifty-seven persons died before the change of system was made.

More terrible, if possible, even than the actual want was the profound melancholy caused by the famine. It is, indeed, impossible to study with attention the facts of the case without

being convinced that moral helplessness and despondency are far more potent causes of distress from scarcity of food in India than are the irregularities of the climate. The effect of setting the people to work was almost magical. Under the care of a native doctor, the hospital was made a very great success, and a blessing to many. Work of various kinds was provided, or invented, for the inmates. They were set to plaster the walls, to spin, to make mats. Games of hide-and-seek were introduced for the amusement of the children. A large number of orphans were gradually collected in the poorhouse, and finally made over to the mission-school in a neighbouring city. With occupation and work good health returned, and many miserable skeletons resumed human form and powers. Altogether some 1,500 persons were fed at these relief centres.

No lesson is more sternly taught by every incident of the famine of 1874 than the fact that, whether for the Government on the one hand, or for the sufferers on the other, the one main requisite for safety is promptitude. Under an organisation such as we are describing, it may seem inconceivable how men, women, and children should die of actual want, at the very moment that the Government was straining every function to afford adequate relief. Nor is the fault to be laid at the door of the administration—at all events so far as the measures of 1874 were concerned. The great ally of famine, the great minister of death, was the prejudice of caste. It was this which, in so many instances, prevented the request or the acceptance of aid until want had so enfeebled the sufferers that aid came too late. One instance may be given out of many. It was that of a weaver, who told his own story. When the distress commenced, he wished to go to work on the roads, and in fact did so, until the better off of his caste made him desist. By degrees he sold all that he had; and finally, when too weak to do anything, came to the relief centre. This man might have earned amply enough for healthy subsistence but for the effect of caste. Some who tried honestly to work broke down under the unusual exertion, or wounded their feet and legs with the hoe, which is so awkward a tool for an unaccustomed hand. Thus in one way or another they slowly gravitated to the last resort—that of becoming outcastes by joining a relief centre, and eating the Government food.

In Bengal caste forms the very centre around which all life revolves. To be an outcaste is to be in the position of an outlaw in old times, without the merciful chance of being killed by a stronger hand. Among the upper classes the requirements of caste make life a positive burden. Among the lower

classes, caste may be regained by paying a fine and feeding the caste men. Of how much more fearful a nature is the tyranny of the many—the unchecked power of a prejudiced public opinion—than that of any other form of oppression, is illustrated by the gaunt features of Indian famine. The absolute master will take all he can out of his slave, but respects his animal comforts so far as they are necessary to his working power. The sacerdotal rule demands more—it asks for not only the service of the body, but the submission of the mind—but it is usually lenient to penance which can be converted into a pecuniary equivalent. But the rule of the majority is inexorable; and its vehement advocates amongst ourselves, who proclaim it as a new gospel, would do well to study it as it is worked out to its logical and bitter end in Bengal. The same system which in England bade Messrs. Doulton discharge one of their old and faithful servants, because he would not subscribe to a union, stood between the living and the dead in Bengal, not to divide, but to confound the two. When emigration offered a ready means of escape from impending want, caste forbade it. When work was offered to the able-bodied, caste forbade them to accept it. When the pangs of hunger set in, caste insisted on their endurance, rather than on the acceptance of food freely offered. No argument has any force against this potent invisible tyranny. ‘It is a hopeless blank fact.’ The people will listen to its denunciation. They will admit its evil and folly. But they decline to overstep the bound. Disownment by family and by tribe is still regarded as the worst of calamities; and it is to be lamented that a stronger effort was not made, under the terrible pressure of 1874, to encounter this master evil of India by the full influence of the Government.

Not only was it necessary to make provisions, as before described, for almost forcing food down the throats of a passively starving people, but it was needful, before all other measures, to import large supplies of grain into the distressed districts. In this respect, the India of to-day is another country from the India of the earlier part of the century. Some difficulties of transport, as we shall see, exist, and in some parts of India are yet extremely formidable. But the lines of communication which the great railways now form through the most important districts of the country are so many barriers to the spread of that worst and most hopeless famine, which ensues on the actual exhaustion of the food supply of a large area of territory. The services rendered by the railways in the conveyance of food have alone been almost enough to justify the outlay incurred in their formation.

In 1874 the Government first decided on the quantity of rice which was to be imported into each district to meet the expected distress. It then offered to make contracts for transport from the nearest rivers and railway stations. The service was highly profitable to the contractors. Their business was to collect as many country carts as they could; to receive the rice at some ghat on the Ganges, or other station, and to transport it to the destination indicated on the contract. The ordinary cart of the country is formed by stout bamboos attached to two very clumsy wheels. It is drawn by two bullocks. A pair of good young oxen will draw from 14 to 17 cwt. for a distance of from eight to ten miles per diem. Inferior cattle will haul from half this weight upwards. The amount of money made to circulate through a district by the demand for transport was very large, and tended very considerably to alleviate the pressure of the distress. In the circle of which we are speaking it has been calculated that not less than 8,000% was laid out in cartage.

At the *depôt* selected for the delivery of rice, store-houses, or *golas*, were erected for its keeping. These were oblong buildings, some 100 feet in length by 30 feet in breadth; constructed of bamboo and grass, and fixed on piles or logs: somewhat resembling the rectangular cornstacks of England. The door in the middle was closed by a *tatti* or screen of bamboo and grass, plastered with mud, and tied up by a string, on which the seal of the *goladar*, or door-keeper, was fixed. The bags of rice, each nominally containing 2 maunds, or 160 lbs., were stacked in these *golas*; a central passage in each direction being left for ventilation. At the head relief station of the district, forty-six of these *golas* were erected, in rows of four each, surrounded on all sides by a stout bamboo fence, and looking, from a little distance, like a village. In these forty-six buildings were stored 4,500 tons of grain, while four other groups of *golas* in the same circle received as much as 1,700 tons more. The officers of the Government transport service rode up and down the lines of route, doing their best to smooth difficulties, to urge on laggards, and to expedite the service. As many as 5,000 carts at a time would sometimes be assembled round a *gola* enclosure. The roads were choked with the traffic, and the scene at evening, when all the coolies were working as hard as possible to get the bags under cover before nightfall, everyone shouting at the top of his voice, was wild and stirring. At night each carman lit one or more fires by his cart, and the effect under the ruddy glow was highly picturesque. Apprehensions of fire, however, were naturally

entertained by the superintendent; wells were sunk in each enclosure, and earthen vessels, full of water, were ranged around the golas. Every gola enclosure had a police guard; but only one instance of attempted theft, when the delinquent was caught in the act, is recorded to have been discovered. The arrangement is said to have answered extremely well for the preservation of the grain.

One main difficulty, so far as can be ascertained from a dispassionate review of such a story as we have before us, in the organisation of a vast and novel system such as that of the Bengal Relief, seems to lie in the doubt how far details should be prescribed by the central authority, and how far they should be left to the initiation of the responsible local officers. This difficulty, in fact, is ever recurrent in any complex political organisation; although there are many circumstances in the condition of our Indian rule which render it unusually perplexing in that region. Often it may be the case that an intelligent officer becomes aware that the minute and positive instructions to which he has to conform his movements, are given in forgetfulness, or in ignorance, of some main feature of the case, the import of which only becomes manifest to the actual executive. This appears to have been not unfrequently the case with regard to the administration of relief in Bengal; and although it is possible that, as a rule, not only prompt obedience, but absence of remonstrance or of attempted correction of the views of superiors, may be the chief virtue of the different grades of the Civil Service, such a rule presupposes that not only the most intelligent, but the most minutely informed men, will always be found in the highest ranks. In the case now under notice a remarkable fact became apparent somewhat too late. A bag of rice was supposed to contain 160-lbs. of grain. So it did, we may perhaps assume, when it came into the hands of the Government. As such, it was entered and handed over to the respective goladars. But no steps, it appears, were taken, to verify the latter fact. During the whole transit from the ghat or the station to the gola, a distance sometimes of from 50 to 100 miles, the edible contents of these bags presented a constant temptation to the carmen. It was more easy to submit to, than to resist, the temptation. The bags were woven of coarse materials; and the point of a stick, judiciously inserted and worked a little about, would be followed, on its withdrawal, by a silver stream of falling rice, from which the daily food of the carrier, and of any dependent on him, could be almost instantaneously collected. It followed that, in point of fact, neither the central nor the local administration knew

what quantity of food was actually in any store at any given time. The number of bags were duly receipted; but as the packages were not weighed on their delivery, no check as to thieving was possible. As it was, the supply was more than abundant. But in any case, when demand pressed closely upon resources, the neglect of so obvious a precaution might have caused the whole system unexpectedly to break down.

One of the regulations which look so well upon paper, but of which the actual working depends mainly on elements—such as questions of race, of locality, or of personal character—which it is not easy to calculate, was the weekly assemblage of a Relief Committee. The members were to be the officials and chief landlords of the district. In March and April 1874, three of these committees were actually held in the circle we are describing. A carpet was laid down in the verandah of the house of the principal English resident, and a double row of chairs was set facing one another. At the end was a table, round which the officials grouped themselves. When all was ready the zemindars, who arrived on their elephants, entered in a body and sat down, and their admiring followers sat outside. One official then addressed these gentlemen in bad Hindostani, which no one understood. A second followed, using the vernacular, which was unintelligible to every Englishman present but himself. The zemindars always agreed to anything that was said, and voted as they were told, so that the whole affair went along with great harmony. When the business was thus over, the zemindars mounted their elephants or got into their palkis and returned to their homes; and the visible result of the meeting was the loss of a certain portion of valuable time.

The first active duty of a relief superintendent consisted in making the tour of his circle, in order to ascertain, with his own eyes, the nature of his work. The view thus obtained was depressing. Each of the ninety-one villages before mentioned consisted of at least two hamlets, often a mile apart, and in one or two cases there were six or seven outlying hamlets, called 'tolas.' In each of these every house had to be visited. The head man of the village accompanied the native assistant of the relieving officer, and a list was made of the names of those who needed either total or partial relief. This was calculated to last for a month; and was to be given, either in money, at the rate of 1 rupee 8 annas (three shillings) per head, or in the form of 18 seers (36 lbs.) of rice. A day or two after the relief superintendent visited the village with his assistant; inspected the people, struck off what names he

thought fit, and gave to the other applicants either the money fixed, or a ticket giving an order on the grain store. From March 30 to April 21, the gentleman whose steps we are tracing distributed, in sixty-seven villages, 826 rupees among 1,757 persons ; losing, as usually happens, a good deal of money himself, from the difficulty of keeping a perfectly correct account. The tickets were not ready for distribution till late in April, and the first dole of rice was given on the 26th of that month.

It soon became evident that many among the lowest classes were suffering from absolute want ; and that unless works were speedily opened, those who were still able to labour would be too much reduced to do so. With few noble exceptions, of men who dug for weeks and weeks in little plots of ground day and night, gaining a small return for an incredible amount of labour, the attitude of the population was that of dogged despair. They had sown thrice, they said, and no rain had fallen on their seed. The gods were manifestly angry : it was not only hopeless but impious to fight against the gods. They would do no more. They would attempt nothing to save themselves. If Government would help them, well and good. If not, they could die. Such was the disheartening state of feeling which the relief superintendent had to combat.

During April distress kept creeping on quietly, secretly, and dishearteningly. An unseen enemy is always the hardest to fight, and this enemy was invisible. Persons dreadfully emaciated, almost too weak to drag their limbs along, kept appearing in the most unexpected manner. It was a great thing that, when the month closed, the result of working day and night by the superintendent and his assistant was, that they believed that the distress was not getting further ahead. Large numbers of the people resorted to the dry beds of the tanks and ponds to dig up the roots of the water lily, of which they made a kind of bread. Ever and anon some wretched skeleton was met wandering along the road, who had contrived to be absent when his house was visited. As soon as the villages of the west part of the circle were finished, the same work had to be begun on the central portion. Meantime, the superintendent rode north, and found things much worse than he had expected, many of the villages there proving to be among the most distressed of the circle. In the south the zemindars were exerting themselves. Then came news of dreadful cases of distress in the east, the only part of the district as to which the superintendent felt at ease. A village watchman came in and reported that eight persons were actually dying of starvation ;

but it was proved that they had received relief in money only a week before.

We should exceed all the space at our command if we were to follow, step by step, the list of this meritorious officer during eight weary months. In April the heat was 90° in the shade; and the repetition of such daily work as we have seen, interspersed with rides of from twenty to thirty miles on an elephant, kept up without pause or intermission, was enough to test to the utmost every energy, both of mind and of body. The noon-day sun burnt the feet through the boots. Myriads of flies enveloped the traveller in a whizzing cloud. The bridle-hand became blistered and scorched by the sun; and the eyes suffered so much from the glare that they could not even be closed without pain. In some of the large villages a bird's-eye view of the crowd could be commanded by the superintendent from his elephant. All castes and ages thronged around the avenue. There were old women with white hair, who mumbled inarticulate petitions, and threw themselves on the ground with their heads in the dust; old men leaning on their bamboo staffs for support; men of middle age reduced by sickness and privation to mere skeletons; mothers lifting their children to the very knees of the superintendent; children with the weird look of suffering monkeys. As a rule, the Moslems appeared to suffer more than the Hindoos.

The establishment of relief centres, and the subsequently adopted plan of distributing relief tickets by monthly visits from house to house, by no means exhausted the expedients adopted by the Government for the mitigation of distress. As the price of grain rose, it was announced that the Government would sell at twelve seers to the rupee (or 1*d.* per lb.), as soon as the market price rose above ten seers to the rupee. The effect of the announcement was to keep the market price just below that rate. It seems inexplicable why Government should not, having once determined to sell at a fixed price, have announced their readiness so to do unconditionally. Experience would seem to show that this course would have cheapened food to the people by one-sixth more than was actually the case. The ordinary price of rice in Bengal in April is from twenty-five to thirty-two seers per rupee. The golas were so besieged by the people when the sales commenced, that the original limit of 200 maunds per diem had to be abandoned; and twice that quantity was sold daily for about eight weeks. Commissioners, called 'Moodies,' were also appointed to sell in the bazaars limited quantities of rice at the Government rates.

Another measure of relief appears to have been attended with remarkable advantage. Government purchased a certain quantity of cotton, which was stored in the golas, and given out to destitute women who could spin. The price of the cotton was about twenty rupees per maund (or 6*d.* per lb.). One seer was given to each applicant, for which she was bound to return within three weeks 14½ chittacks of thread, allowing 1½ chittacks for waste. (It is curious to remark how exactly the Indian scales of wages and of value are in accordance with the Babylonian system, which is far more ancient than any Grecian or Roman tables of measures, and of which traces, in Spain and Italy, are no doubt due to Phenician intercourse. Sixteen chittacks make one seer.) For the thread brought back, the spinner was paid according to its fineness, the division being into four classes. Of these, 16½*d.* was paid for a seer of the first class, 13½*d.* for the second, 10½*d.* for the third, and 7½*d.* for the fourth. The majority spun was of the second class. If less than $\frac{2}{3}$ nds. of the wool furnished was returned, the woman was debited with the difference. By making the taking of cotton a preliminary to obtaining relief in grain an impetus was given to this domestic industry which never flagged.

As the thread thus produced accumulated in the golas, it was issued, in quantities of five seers (10lbs.), to the weavers, to be made into cloth. The weavers were paid 12*d.* per seer for the cloth they brought back. After this system was fairly understood, the demand for both cotton and thread exceeded the supply.

The execution of what are called light labour works, which were chiefly either tanks or roads, was another and a most valuable expedient for at once feeding and employing the people. Economically regarded, it is probable that works on which a large number of unskilled labourers are crowded will be anything but cheap; but the moral effect on the people, both of the actual occupation, and of the sense that they are returning some value for what they received, is of the highest value. As many as 5,000 persons have been set to work on one tank. For able-bodied labourers work was provided on the Government roads and tanks; but the light labour works were under the exclusive charge of the relief superintendents, and were intended for women and children, and for such men as were unable to earn a livelihood on the Government works. In the circle which we have been describing, out of from 45,000 to 50,000 light labour workers, only from 800 to 1,000 were men, or rather big boys, in a sickly condition. The work.

executed was measured daily, and the estimated price was distributed among the workers in grain. At first, the women were very troublesome, as before that year no woman had been known even to help her husband in his agricultural work; but they flocked to the spot, and soon became efficient workers. Many became so strong that they rebelled against feeding lazy husbands, and in some cases actually turned them out of their houses to go and work for themselves. The number of children employed was considerable: they used to carry off the baskets which the women filled with earth. A little teaching made them excellent performers; and they are said to have levelled, dressed, and turfed the banks of their tanks in better style than that of the professional diggers on the Government works.

A more questionable measure was the advance of seed corn to the ryots. The month of June opened with cloudy weather, and when three inches of rain fell on the third of that month, it became evident that the intensity of the danger was over. Large stores of rice were still in the golas, and one superintendent alone gave away as much as 120,000 maunds, equal in value to 4,600*l.*, to be used as seed. The change which came over the natives as the showers came on and continued, was as great as that which came over the face of the country. The aspect of the people had been sad and despairing—that of the country burnt and brown. Now all the labourers put on joyful looks, and proceeded to plough their fields and transplant their rice crop right and left. The brown plains put on a green garment, the fields were rapidly filled with young rice plants, the trees and bushes shook off their dust and burst into leaf. The people now ran to do that to which they had formerly to be driven. Nor was the joy at the rain confined to the human population. The cattle, which in many parts had suffered from scanty water and still scantier pasture, could now eat and drink their fill; and their condition visibly improved. Butterflies of all colours began to swarm under the trees—the great black and yellow swallow-tail, a purple-winged creature with one large violet eye on each wing, and a sky-blue species, being among the most beautiful. Frogs awoke, in joyous chorus, in the marshes; and by night great bullfrogs wandered into the houses in search of flies and mosquitos. Other, and still more objectionable, visitors shared in the new-born activity of nature; great centipedes, eight inches long, of a fleshy red colour with black bars, which appeared to pay no attention to the accident of being cut in pieces. Beetles, toads, gigantic spiders, mos-

quitos in absolute clouds, were attracted by the lamp at night. Last, but not least unpleasant, were the snakes. The cobra is rare in Bengal; but there is a small snake, seldom more than two feet in length, called the 'karait,' of which the poison is as deadly as that of the cobra. This creature is of the colour of an eel on the back, and of a chocolate colour, ending in white, on the breast. Light, which attracts other torments, happily scares the snakes.

The question of the preventive measures which may be adopted in order to diminish the evil effects of those recurrent seasons of drought which we must expect to be by no means unfrequent in the future, is one so large that to discuss it exhaustively would be to write a treatise on the art of Government in India. The more profoundly the subject is studied, the more certain is it that no heroic measures, or provisions of universal utility, can be suggested by any competent adviser. We have seen that the first causes of scarcity are climatic, and thus to a great extent beyond the direct control of man. But considerations of other orders complicate the question. The ethnological element is one of extreme importance. All the authorities on the subject agree that the energy with which drought is provided against by careful toil, or struggled with when the monsoons fail, is to a great extent dependent upon race. In Bengal, the Moslem are said, by the relief superintendent whose experience we have cited, to be always greater sufferers from famine than the Hindoos. 'Race and its influences,' says Colonel Baird Smith, 'constantly modify physical conditions; for isolated estates held by Jats, Ameers, or proprietors of other good tribes, in the very heart of a bad tract'—he is speaking of the famine of 1860-61—'will constantly be found in tolerable cultivation, and at least the utmost made of their poor resources that human industry could make of them.' On comparing the local intensity of distress with the status of proprietary occupation in the famine tract—a task that is facilitated by a chart showing, by different colours, the class of such occupiers, which has been reproduced from Sir H. Elliot's map, and appended to Colonel Baird Smith's report—the lands in the possession of Goojars, Rangurs, some tribes of Brahmins, certain clans of Rajput descent, Kyats, and the like, are found to be in the darkest tract of the famine, 'as might have been expected from the turbulence, the indolence, or the incompetence of their possessors.' Thus, while a district of high surface level, where the subsoil water (in the slopes above the great parallel catch-water line formed by the valley of the Ganges), at the foot of

the Himalayan range, lies at some depth, will be unproductive in dry seasons, if held by a badly cultivating tribe; the more industrious races will sink permanent or temporary wells, and avail themselves of a supply of water which in those regions never altogether fails. These wells, sunk to the water-bearing strata, vary from 30 to 3 feet in diameter, and the ground irrigated may be averaged at 9 acres from a permanent, and 3 acres from a temporary well, throughout the year. In the North-western Provinces, in 1849, there were 137,337 permanent wells, lined with masonry, in use, supplying water to upwards of 15,000,000 acres of cultivated land. Yet not only the use of wells, but even recourse to the great irrigation works of which we have given some account on a former occasion,* whether those of construction of tanks, of diversion of river supplies through permanent canals, or of utilisation of flood-water by delta dams and overflow canals, is narrowly limited by the degree of the eagerness with which one tribe will seek, and of the pertinacity with which another will refuse, the supply of water which is brought to their very doors.

Irrigation, of course, is the first means of checking the worst effect of drought; and in spite of the various obstacles to its spread and its cultivation, an immense amount of work has been done, and is annually being carried on, by the Government of India, for this end. Nearly a million and a quarter of acres are now irrigated by the Punjab canals. The area irrigated from the Orissa and from the Midhapore canals was more than doubled in the year 1874-5. Ten canals, with an aggregate length of 213 miles, were constructed, and 100,000 acres watered, in the space of a few months, in the Ferozepore district (through the energy of Colonel Grey, the deputy commissioner,) by the district establishments, without any cost to the State. $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling had been spent on irrigation works in operation in the North-west Provinces up to the end of 1874-5—a capital which has yielded profits, direct and indirect, varying from 5·29 to 25·39 per cent. on the different works. 303,000*l.* was laid out on the Lower Ganges Canal in the same year.

‘The famines of 1837-8 and 1860-1 in the North-west Provinces, and of 1865 in Orissa,’ says Mr. Markham,† ‘had shown the urgent necessity of securing the country, wherever it was possible to do so, by

* Edin. Rev., No. 243, p. 123.

† Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India, 1872-3, p. 73.

the provision of irrigation works; and in 1867 the Secretary of State fully accepted the principles advocated by Lord Lawrence in 1864. These were, that the State should undertake directly all the irrigation works that it could practically carry out, instead of intrusting them to public Companies, and that it should borrow the money to do so. In order to give the greatest possible efficiency to the action of the Government in relation to the spread of irrigation, an Inspector-General of irrigation works was appointed, and in 1867 Royal Engineer Colonels were appointed as secretaries of irrigation in Bombay, the North-west Provinces, and the Punjab. Very great activity has been shown in the production of works of irrigation; existing works have been watchfully maintained and extended; numerous important projects have been matured and commenced; and efficient machinery exists for the continuous prosecution of these great undertakings.'

Important, however, as are these great public works for the storage and distribution of water of which we have spoken, there can be no doubt that even more weight must be attached to the efficiency of the communications of the country. The word is employed in its most comprehensive sense; including, on the one hand, the entire machinery, both personal and mechanical, by which the actual condition of every district of India may be at any moment ascertainable by the central authority; and, on the other hand, the mechanical means of transport, by which food can be promptly conveyed from places where it is cheap and abundant to places where it is wanting. Of what has already been done in this respect by the introduction of the electric telegraph and the railway system, it is not easy to exaggerate the importance. It is not too much to say that the difference between the distress caused by a total failure of crops in a district as remote from railway communication as Orissa was in 1860, when compared with the same misfortune in a district made as accessible as many parts of Bengal were in 1874, is the difference between irremediable and remediable calamity. The only limit of relief that could be administered, in the latter case, was that of the financial power of the Government. In such instances as the former, no outlay of money would adequately overcome the physical difficulty of conveying food to the starving population, when distress had attained a certain intensity. Nothing, says Colonel Baird Smith,* could exceed the disorganisation of the Grand Trunk Road between Cawnpore, Futteghur, and Allighur. What amount of additional traffic was thrown upon that line by the conveyance of grain is not absolutely known. But as the supply was divided between the road and the Ganges

Canal, it is estimated that about one million of maunds of grain may have passed over the road to Allighur, the greater share being concentrated in the months of January, February, and March. If we allow that nine-tenths of the total quantity was carried in those months, the average rate of delivery falls short of 360 tons per diem. By this moderate amount of cattle traffic the road was absolutely cut to pieces. 'It was worse than an ordinary earthen road.' The rate of transport by Government bullock-carts on a metalled road at that date, was 1 anna $\frac{1}{2}$ pie (or $1\frac{1}{16}d.$) per ton per mile. On an unmetalled road it was just three times that amount. By ordinary native carts over unmetalled roads, transport might be effected for 3*d.* per ton per mile. At these rates it is computed that the cost of transport of one million of maunds, from Cawnpore to Allighur, was enhanced by the bad condition of the Grand Trunk Road by rather more than 40,000*l.* But the question of cost, serious as it is, is far less grave than that of the physical limitation of carrying power. On the East India Railway, on the other hand, in 1875-6, 825 tons of merchandise were carried over each mile of the entire route daily throughout the year, besides more than 1,000 passengers. The average cost to the company of this conveyance is given by Mr. Rendell at a little less than one-third of a penny per ton per mile, and the average receipt at about three times the cost. But the limitation of the work done was not the capacity of the railway for traffic, but the amount of traffic that came upon the railway. The distance from Cawnpore to Allighur by railway is 192 miles, involving an actual cost of carriage of 5*s.* 4*d.* per ton, or 11,752*l.* for the quantity of 1,000,000 maunds. For a special service special rates may be arranged, but the chief point to note is that such an additional demand on its means of transport would be hardly felt by a well-organised railway company. Again, the transport of the daily quantity of 360 tons would have been accomplished in eight hours by the railway. By the Grand Trunk Road, before it was destroyed by pressure of traffic, it would have taken three weeks, and when matters got into confusion it would have been impossible to fix a limit of time.

It is thus, we think, evident that the Government of India has shown a just appreciation of those physical methods by which the services of the engineer can be best employed in preventing the unchecked ravages of famine; that it has created, for that end, a noble series of public works, many of which would have done honour to any State, or to any period of history; and that, with the aid of a specially trained and

highly competent body of men, it is annually devoting all the means at its command to the furtherance of this great object. Had we room here to give a summary of what has been effected in the public works of India since the date of our former article in 1864, not the shadow of doubt could remain as to this estimate of the action of the Government.

Together with, and to a very great degree controlling, physical causes of prevention or of relief, must, however, be considered the far more complex and difficult question of moral remedies. We have alluded to the influence of race. On soil of the very same character as that on which the failure of annual rain leaves the lands held by one tribe absolutely without vegetation, a moderate, if not a fair, crop is at the same time raised by the industry of another tribe of cultivators. Again, the effect of caste in producing hopeless despondency, in forbidding the acceptance of food, except under the very pangs of starvation, and in preventing the relief of an over-peopled district by a wholesome emigration to the well-watered lands of British Burmah and other districts, which are only sterile from lack of cultivators, is a permanent evil, which doubles, or perhaps rather decuples, the death-rate caused by local famine. The impoverishing cultivation of India, and the consumption, as fuel, of those materials which would restore vegetable nutriment to the soil, have also been dwelt upon. But this rather regards the average annual produce of the country than the special deficiency of years of drought. It is a subject almost beyond the competency of any but resident agriculturists to discuss; and, even so, a subject of varied importance under different circumstances, especially with regard to crops which require a supply of from 5,000 to 6,000 tons of water to the acre in the course of the season. More tangible, but more disputed as to its effect, is the influence of political institutions. The questions of tenure, and of the permanent or variable incidence of taxation, are numerous and grave, and the most opposite views on these subjects are advocated by very able men. The permanent settlement of the Bengal, effected by Lord Cornwallis in 1793, is extolled as the greatest benefit conferred by British rule on the one hand, and deprecated as the main cause of the helplessness of the ryots in face of the famine of 1874 on the other. With regard to questions of this nature, it is idle to attempt to treat them on an *à priori* theory. That a law which gives the cultivator a definite interest in the fruit of his toil, and which secures the product of extra industry to the man who bestows it, and not to the Government which looks on, is beneficial to the

State, may be admitted as a maxim. But it is no less true that no determination of the amount of a land tax rated in money can have a permanent equity. In England we well know how great a difference arises in the course of a few centuries between ancient settlements, regulated by a money payment, and those dependent on the produce of the soil. It is beyond the province of the legislator to foresee the changes which will occur in the relative value of money and of produce. As matter of history, we know that the purchasing power of any nominal sum of money has steadily declined since the mintage of the Attic drachma. It is urged, with some show of justice, that the effect of the permanent settlement in Bengal has been the enrichment of the intermediate class of the zemindars, to the detriment of the Government on the one hand, and of the ryot on the other; and that the State, now receiving far less than its just share of the produce of the soil, is unable to show that consideration for the ryot which the common welfare of the country demands. It would be unbecoming even to hint an opinion on subjects of such grave debate without a special study of the case. But it is highly important to recognise the fact that considerations of ethnological, moral, and political nature, of great magnitude, and of extreme complexity, have no less direct influence in aggravating or in mitigating the pressure due in the first instance to climatic irregularities, than have the more simple and palpable remedies which may be applied by the Civil Engineer. Fresh information is being annually collected and published. On every part of the horizon the veil of ignorance of fact, and consequent incertitude as to action, is being lifted or thrust back; and year by year the questions of measures for the improvement of India are passing from the regions of opinion, of doubt, and of controversy, to those illumined by science; and therefore brought within the grasp of the statesman.

ART. IV.—1. *Copernico e le vicende del Sistema Copernicano in Italia nella seconda metà del secolo XVI e nella prima del XVII.* Del Professore DOMENICO BERTI. Roma: 1876.

2. *I Precursori del Copernico nell' Antichità. Ricerche Storiche.* Di G. V. SCHIAPARELLI. Milano: 1873.

THE celebration at Thorn in 1873, of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Copernicus, was the occasion to which both the works before us owed their origin. Thus they belong to the large and increasing class which may be described as *centenary literature*. This category, indeed, includes many degrees of merit. The publication of Signor Schiaparelli, well known as the Director of the Brera Observatory at Milan, although slight in form, is admirable of its kind—clear, exhaustive, and unbiassed by preconceived opinions. That of Signor Berti, which has recently received considerable additions, is inferior in literary quality, but deserves praise for its painstaking accuracy of detail, and careful consultation of authorities. The purpose of the present article is not to sketch a biography of the great Polish astronomer, nor to put forward a theory as to the genesis of his system, but to point out some of the influences which he must have encountered on coming to Italy—then the intellectual hotbed of Europe—and to trace a few amongst the innumerable currents of thought which must have modified the development of his ideas during his residence at Italian universities.

Nicholas Copernicus was born on February 19, 1473, at Thorn, then part of the dominions of Casimir IV. King of Poland. Some controversy as to his nationality has been caused by the inconsistent terms in which contemporary writers mention him; some speaking of him as a Prussian, others as a Pole. The truth seems to be that he was of mixed descent. His father was apparently a Slav by race, as he was certainly a Bohemian by country; his mother, Barbara Wasselrode, was an undoubted German. Although early destined for an ecclesiastical career, the native promptings of the genius of Copernicus urged him towards astronomical studies, and we find him at the University of Cracow, where he resided from 1491 to 1495, collecting from the teachings of Albert Brudzewski all that was to be known of the system then in vogue. Through the influence of his uncle, Lucas Wasselrode, Bishop of Ermland, he was, at the early age of twenty-two, raised to the dignity of Canon of Frauenburg, and having completed the

obligatory year of residence, he obtained from the Chapter three years' leave of absence for the purpose of completing in Italy the course of study begun in his native country. Italy was then the best school for mathematics, and practically the only one for Greek; and Copernicus coveted the mastery of both as necessary instruments for perfecting himself in the science of his choice. Thus, towards the end of 1496, he was enrolled amongst the students at the University of Bologna, and early in the following year, the Ferrarese astronomer, Domenico Maria Novara, had already found in him a zealous assistant in his nightly observations.

Bologna at that time flourished under the outwardly beneficent tyranny of Giovanni Bentivoglio II. The tumults of communal factions and the turbulence of university riots had been alike quelled; the French cyclone had swept by on the other side of the Apennines; letters were fostered, the arts flourished, wealth increased. Whether these benefits were worth the price paid for them, we cannot now stop to inquire. Domenico Maria Novara combined the duties of Professor of Astronomy at the University with those of Astrologer in ordinary to the Prince of Bologna. Of the innumerable delusions to which mankind has been subject; judicial astrology was perhaps the most universally diffused, and it is difficult to determine whether it should be classed as a sporadic or an infectious disorder—whether it spread from one centre, or sprang up spontaneously at many points. Like all popular errors, too, it died hard. Only the most daring minds of the fifteenth century, such as Pico della Mirandola, ventured to assail its principles; and in the sixteenth and seventeenth, Girolamo Cardano, Giannantonio Magini, and other equally able men of science were slaves to its influence. If we could imagine Zadkiel's Almanac and Ephemeris edited by the Astronomer Royal, we should have a tolerably exact idea of the *Prognosticons* which Novara was, by virtue of his official position, bound to publish at the beginning of every year. To flatter the fortunes of the Bentivogli, and to save the orthodox doctrine of free-will while maintaining in full force the influence of the stars, by which it was felt to be compromised, was the somewhat complicated problem which the Court-astrologer of Bologna had to solve. His successor, Luca Gaurico, was a less prudent courtier, though a more skilful seer. He predicted the fall of the House of Bentivoglio in the beginning of the very year (1506) in which, by a singular coincidence, it actually took place, and received the usual reward of prophets of evil—imprisonment and torture. Novara was, however, also a diligent

labourer in the legitimate field of his profession, and an observation recorded by him in his *Prognosticon* for 1489, although he failed to read its meaning right, is remarkable enough to deserve mention.

The slow westerly movement which carries the equinoctial points backwards through all the zodiacal signs in a period of 25,868 years, although retrograde with regard to space, is called *precession* because it causes the equinoxes to *precede* their due time by twenty minutes and nineteen seconds—the amount of difference between the tropical and sidereal years. This gradual process of change was known to the Greeks from the time of Hipparchus, and the ancient Hindoo astronomers were able to estimate its annual value with a close approach to modern accuracy. But the corresponding motion of the earth's axis, the pole of which describes a circle round the pole of the ecliptic in the same long period, had not been recognised until Novara, comparing his observations with those of Ptolemy, found that the pole of the heavens—which is nothing more than the vanishing point of the earth's axis—had considerably changed its place among the stars. Both these variations in celestial relations—that of the equinoxes and that of the pole—are in truth but different manifestations of the same fact—the secular tilting of the earth in its orbit, caused by the action of the sun and moon on the protuberant mass at the equator. The error of Novara's inference from his observation—namely, that the celestial pole was slowly approaching the zenith—is now obvious enough; the stability of the earth's axis in the earth itself, and the consequent invariability of the distance between the pole of the heavens and the zenith, or representation in space of some given spot on the earth's surface, being considered one of the cardinal points in astronomical science.

The intimate relations then customary between master and pupil were maintained unbroken by Copernicus with Novara during the two and a half years of his residence at Bologna. He was sheltered by his roof, sate at his board, shared all his ideas, learned all his methods, and assisted him night after night in the laborious observations and calculations necessary for re-determining the positions of the 1,022 stars catalogued by Ptolemy, and estimating anew the inclination of the equator to the plane of the ecliptic. The cosmographical opinions of Novara are therefore of primary importance in endeavouring to estimate the influences within the reach of which Copernicus came during his stay in Italy. Two Ferrarese writers, Libanori and Barotti, assert, although without alleging any definite proof of their statement, that Novara first put forward

the theory afterwards adopted by Galileo, that the tides were caused by the earth's daily rotation; and the question has lately been raised whether his knowledge of the movement of the pole was compatible with a sincere adherence to Ptolemaic doctrines. This, in our opinion, hardly admits of a decisive answer. The crystal spheres of the celestial motions had been found capable of containing so many anomalies, that one additional fact would scarcely have sufficed to shatter them. Moreover, it was not to be expected that the first innovators on the existing system should be those whose emoluments and honours depended on its maintenance. We should be surprised to find railway directors engaged in promoting aeronautic science, or publicans active in the temperance movement; and astronomers who were also astrologers would have been equally disinterested if they had helped to revolutionise the science of the stars. However, there is a strong intrinsic probability that the private opinions of Novara were favourable to the theory of the earth's motion, just then beginning to be openly discussed in Italy; and a sentence of George Joachim Rhæticus, the devoted friend and disciple of Copernicus in his later years, stating that Novara was not only an able astronomer, but also 'followed the good method,' gives strength to that probability.

It is, perhaps, the most singular phenomenon in the history of science that a system founded on such a total ignorance of natural forces, and involving so much that is repugnant to common sense as the Ptolemaic cosmology, should have been universally received; and not only received, but studied, expounded and developed, during at least fourteen centuries. This anomaly becomes somewhat less perplexing on a little consideration of its origin and history. The temperament of the Greeks did not incline them to prolonged astronomical observations. As Diodorus remarks, they had too many other interests to distract their thoughts; and they wanted that secular patience, reaching from generation to generation, which enabled the Chaldeans to establish their *great year* of 600, and the Egyptians their Sothaic period of 1,461 years. Thus, up to the time of Hipparchus, the astronomy of the Greeks consisted of some more or less ingenious theories, founded on traditions imported by their philosophers from the East—fragments, perhaps, of an older and more perfect science, which, like the submerged continent of Lemuria, survived as broken islets of truth floating in a vast sea of error. This was the opinion of Bailly; and although no longer in favour with *savans*, it receives at least some countenance from the fact that in the Indian Tables certain of the recorded observations imply a

more advanced state of knowledge than the Brahmins have, within historical times, attained; such as that of the slow shifting in space of the perihelion of the earth's orbit, and the nearly exact determination of the yearly amount of precession. Anaximander, a disciple of Thales of Miletus, was the first among the Greeks to propound the theory of the earth's rotation on its axis, and the Pythagoreans, as long as they continued to have distinctive opinions, all held more or less explicitly the same doctrine. Heraclides of Pontus, after the middle of the fourth century B.C., made the first approach to the heliocentric theory of the planetary movements by making Mercury and Venus revolve round the sun—retaining, however, the central position of the earth with regard to the sun itself as well as the remaining planets. This doctrine, which Heraclides is supposed, on the authority of a doubtful passage in Macrobius, to have derived from the Egyptians, was carried out to its logical conclusion early in the following century by Aristarchus of Samos, to whom belongs the glory of having assigned to the earth its movement of translation as well as of rotation, and of having thus anticipated, in both its parts, the doctrine of Copernicus. This line of opinion, however, from Anaximander to Aristarchus, was but an isolated development of thought, unsupported by scientific proof, and repugnant to the *primâ facie* evidence of the senses. The overwhelming preponderance of ideas conformed itself to direct appearances.

Opinions have been hitherto equally divided as to which side of the question was reinforced by the august name of Plato. The real state of the case seems to be, as Signor Schiaparelli has pointed out with much learning and acumen, that the Platonic ideas on the subject were progressive; advancing from the mythological conception of a universe whirling on the spindle of Necessity,* to a clear grasp of the Pythagorean doctrine of the earth's rotation.† At an intermediate stage of his long development, he proposed to geometers the problem of accounting for the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies on the hypothesis of uniform circular motion round the earth as a centre. (It must be remembered that the Greeks carefully separated Astronomy from Physics; regarding the first as dealing only with mathematical possibilities, while Physics took exclusive cognisance of natural laws.) Plato's challenge produced the *homocentric* system, elaborated by the mathematicians Eudoxus and Calippus, which accounted for the apparent paths of the sun, moon, and planets, supposing them to be

* Republic, book x.

† Laws, book vii.

propelled by a series of spheres revolving with different velocities round the earth as a common centre. This hypothesis answered admirably for Jupiter and Saturn, but failed to explain the anomalies of Mars, Venus, and Mercury. It was consequently abandoned in favour of the system of *excentrics* and *epicycles*, as developed mathematically by Apollonius of Perge. Uniform circular motion, being pre-supposed as a necessary postulate, the accelerations and retardations of the celestial bodies were explained by supposing the earth to be more or less displaced from the central point of their orbits; while the planetary 'stations and retrogradations' were met by the theory of *epicycles*, or smaller spheres rotating on the circumference of each great sphere, which caught the planets in their revolution, and whirled them back over a portion of the paths already traversed. This ingenious system, adopted by Hipparchus, and fortified by the irresistible authority of Ptolemy, formed the basis of the only compact body of science, except geometry, organised by the labours of antiquity. It derived the almost impregnable strength of its position from this—that it was entrenched behind a mass of observations and calculations which had a false air of scientific truth. It explained phenomena in detail, although it outraged reason in principle. The fascinating superstitions of astrology, which were closely dependent on it, helped to give it efficacy and duration; for error is persistent, though truth be invincible.

A people fresh from the reveries of the desert, whose thirst for knowledge was only equalled by their thirst for conquest, collected the inheritance of the school of Alexandria, and transmitted it to Western Europe. 'Efface the Arabs from history,' says Libri,* 'and the renaissance of letters in Europe will be delayed for several centuries.' And in fact, the works of Aristotle, Euclid, and Ptolemy were, until the fifteenth century, only known in Italy by means of translations from the Arabic; while, during great part of the Middle Ages, Moorish universities were the centres of culture, and Moorish geometers and astronomers the arbiters of science in Europe. But as the genius of the Arabs was decorative rather than creative, so their intellect was ingenious rather than inventive. With all their laborious patience as commentators, and subtlety as interpreters, the Arabs laid down no new line of thought, and evolved no new truths out of the old materials. Thus knowledge made no single step forwards during the many centuries in which they were its custodians. The '*Almagest*,' as they called

* Hist. des Sciences Mathématiques, vol. i. p. 151.

Ptolemy's Syntax of Astronomy (from *al*, the Arabic article, combined with μέγιστος, greatest), was their astronomical Koran, and Ptolemy was to them as exclusively *the* Astronomer as Mahomet was *the* Prophet. It was not until the revival of letters in Italy enabled Christian Europe to form an independent judgment, that the imposing prestige of Ptolemy and his Arab commentators began gradually to decline. It was found possible to conceive a constitution of the universe different from that consecrated by the authority of the Alexandrian philosopher, when other ideas were found to have been entertained by sages of equal learning and a more venerable antiquity.

It was not, however, among astronomers by profession that innovating opinions began to spread during the fifteenth century; the prejudices as well as the interests of their caste were opposed to change. Purbach and Regiomontanus were as orthodox Ptolemaists as Isaac Aben Sid or Abdurrahman Sûphi. The very complications of the system made it dear to those whose lives had been devoted to mastering its intricate details, since we value most what we have acquired with the greatest difficulty, and our past labour becomes an intimate part of our present self-love. The theory of the earth's rotation was adopted by many lay thinkers on the subject before a single expert had declared in its favour, and Celio Calcagnini, the notary of Ferrara, spoke of the contrary opinion as an error manifest to all thoughtful men, long before Magini, the Bolognese astronomer, composed his twelve books on the *Primum Mobile*.

The first of these astronomical heretics was a German by birth, but an Italian by culture, a metaphysical cardinal and theologian, a dilettante in science, and one of the earliest of modern Platonic philosophers. Nicholas Krebs was the son of a poor fisherman, and was born in 1401, at Cues, on the banks of the Moselle. His remarkable talents procured for him the advantage of an education at the University of Padua, and afterwards raised him to the highest honours of the Church. His philosophical writings received much attention from the Italian prelates assembled at the Council of Basle, in the stormy discussions of which he took a prominent part; and his name would no doubt have become more widely famous, had not a premature death cut short his career at the comparatively early age of forty-seven. His ideas as to the constitution of the universe are contained in the singular treatise, 'De docta ignorantia.' They are founded on metaphysical, rather than on scientific considerations, the conception of

physical cause being as yet only dimly present to the minds of men. By a modification of the Platonic idea, Cardinal Cusa conceives the universe as a vast organism, whose life is the breath of God, having no material centre or circumference, but infinite as its Maker. He lays down as an axiom that motion can only be apprehended by comparison with what is fixed, and thence clearly deduces the motion of the earth: '*Ex his quidem manifestum est terram moveri.*' The details of his cosmical system are, it must be admitted, open to much doubt; but his design was rather to expose prevalent errors than to build up from the foundations a new structure. The point important to be held in mind is that, forty years before Copernicus was born, Cardinal Cusa clearly apprehended and pointed out, at least in principle, the difference between the real and apparent motions of the heavenly bodies. The same treatise contains some remarkable foreshadowings of subsequent discoveries, which, although conclusions drawn from false premisses, show a singular intuition of scientific truth. Until Kepler discovered his First Law, it was taken to be a necessary and fundamental principle of Nature, that the orbits of all the heavenly bodies were perfect circles. Even Copernicus did not venture to impugn the truth of this axiom, and was consequently compelled to impair the simple beauty of his system by retaining in it some of the rusty machinery of the Ptolemaic scheme. Cardinal Cusa, however, rejected not only uniform circular motion, but also perfect symmetry of figure as inconceivable and impossible in the existing order of things, and maintained that the figure of the earth, although closely approaching sphericity, was not that of a perfect sphere, as well as that its orbit departed to some extent from the perfectly circular form. Another passage shows a close approximation to modern ideas on the subject of the solar constitution:—

'To a spectator on the surface of the sun,' he says, 'the splendour which appears to us would be invisible, since it contains, as it were, an earth for its central mass, with a circumferential envelope of light and heat, and between the two an atmosphere of water and clouds and of ambient air.'

A somewhat obscure passage which has been generally considered to refer to the earth's orbital revolution seems to us to point rather to a proper motion of the entire solar system in space—or, as he describes it, round the poles of the world—inferred erroneously from the apparent movement of the stars really caused by precession. This curious book, which attracted much attention in Italy, was printed at Corte Maggiore

in 1502—two years, that is, before Copernicus finally returned to his native land. It is therefore in the highest degree improbable that it escaped the notice of one whose faculties were, there is little doubt, already beginning to concentrate themselves on the subjects mooted by the philosophical Cardinal.

There is abundant evidence that the doctrine of the earth's rotation was extensively prevalent in Italy when Copernicus took up his abode there, and Signor Berti has done good service in pointing out this interesting, and hitherto almost ignored fact in the history of science. Girolamo Tagliavia, a Calabrese poet, propounded the theory in unequivocal terms towards the close of the fifteenth century; although the assertion of Zavarrone that Copernicus not only saw the poem in which these ideas were expressed, but borrowed from it its precise words, rests on no sufficient evidence, and cannot therefore be admitted to form part of history. In Bologna itself, however, during the residence of Copernicus, the subject was one of common discussion. We hear, for instance, that Codrus Urceus, Professor of Greek and Latin Letters at the University—an eccentric character, who prided himself on the poignancy of his sallies and the piquancy of his wit—was accustomed to treat those who believed in the earth's motion as favourite butts for his satire.

Somewhat later, probably about 1510, Leonardo da Vinci included the notion in his theory of Falling Bodies, rather as one already admitted than as needing special proof. Some of the opinions, indeed, of this miracle of genius are so far in advance of those of his contemporaries as to seem inspirations of prescience far more than inferences of ordinary reason, and can therefore hardly be treated as evidence of the common standard of thought in his time. Finally, while Copernicus, in the solitude of Frauenburg, was slowly and laboriously completing his new cosmical system, another ecclesiastic was revolving similar thoughts at the brilliant Court of Ferrara. Celio Calcagnini died in 1541—two years before the great work of Copernicus saw the light—and his treatise, '*Quod Cœlum stet, Terra autem moveatur*,' seems to have been written some years earlier. It is possible, although it does not appear, that some rumours of impending innovations in astronomical science may have reached him from Rome, where, in 1533, Widmenstadt expounded the doctrines of Copernicus with much applause to Clement VII. and his Court. Calcagnini, at any rate, maintains his opinion stoutly, declaring the immobility of the earth to be the doctrine most repugnant to reason of any ever taught by philosophers, and citing sundry ancient

authorities—Hicetas of Syracuse, Heraclides and Ecphantus—in support of his view. He gives no hint, however, of the earth's orbital motion. Another man, of far higher genius than the Apostolic Protonotary of Ferrara, was busy at the same time with another scheme for reforming the constitution of the universe. A Milanese physician named Girolamo Fracastoro, ignorant of the work being done at Frauenburg, devoted his extraordinary abilities to the ungrateful task of repairing and setting on its legs again the discarded system of homocentric spheres, which had always been a favourite with the Peripatetics, and which Dante had chosen as the framework of his wonderful Cosmos. It is evident that the time was ripe for change.

The interval between the first coming of Copernicus to Italy and his final departure from it was of eight years—from the end of 1496 to that of 1504. But his sojourn was interrupted by two homeward journeys for the purpose mainly of obtaining renewed leave of absence from the Chapter of Frauenburg. The first was in 1499, after the University of Bologna had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws—*Decretorum Doctor*. Later in the same year, he returned to Bologna accompanied by his brother Andrew; but, finding themselves in extremely necessitous circumstances—probably because the pittance which had been bread for one was starvation for two—the brothers repaired to Rome in the Jubilee year, 1500. There, for about ten months, Nicholas taught mathematics amid the plaudits of thronging audiences, and, abstracted from the calamities and crimes of the nether world, he lost himself in the contemplation of that

‘Paradise of golden lights,’

which Night opens,

‘Deep, immeasurable, vast!’

above the Capitoline ruins and palaces. One perceives that he had made good use of his time in Bologna, and had profited abundantly by the teachings of Scipione del Ferro, professor of mathematics in that school. There is little or no doubt that to Del Ferro rightly belongs the discovery of the formula for solving cubic equations which goes by the name of Girolamo Cardano—a discovery, by which modern Europe made its first great scientific stride, leaving, all at once, both Greeks and Arabs at an immeasurable and increasing distance.

Again in 1501, both Nicholas and Andrew Copernicus were in Poland, and this time the Chapter of Frauenburg granted them a more prolonged leave for the purpose of studying at

Padua. The permission, we are told, was granted the more willingly, because Nicholas promised to devote himself to medicine! Thus, when after three years' further study, he finally returned to his native land, he was a doctor in two faculties, as well as a competent classical scholar, a rare mathematician, and the astronomer all the world knows of. The remainder of his life, which reached out to seventy years, was spent in laborious and unbroken solitude. Like Dante, he lived in his book, and, like Dante, he died in giving birth to an immortal offspring. We learn from his prefatory letter to Pope Paul III. that he began the great work in which he gave permanent form to the patient convictions of his genius—'De Revolutionibus Orbium cœlestium'—in 1507, and worked at it without intermission up to the year of its publication, 1543, which was also that of the death of its author.

The evolution of ideas in the minds of men of genius is always a more or less obscure process, difficult to be traced even by the thinkers themselves, who are usually but imperfectly conscious of the successive steps by which they advance from intuition to intuition. Thought is a winged courser, whose race has neither starting-point nor goal—an apparition out of the mists of Time. The account given by Copernicus himself (in the above-mentioned letter to Paul III.) of the incubation of his new ideas is therefore not to be taken as exhaustive. The letter in question, moreover, was evidently written with a purpose. He desired to prove that the system which he advocated was, not an innovation, but a revival of opinions already sanctioned by antiquity—the *sacro-sancta antiquitas* of the Renaissance.

'He began to be weary,' he says, 'of the unstable theories taught in the schools as to the constitution of a machine built by the most perfect, and most systematic of Artificers, and he therefore undertook the task of re-perusing all that philosophers had written on the subject.'

This project, the very conception of which implies a considerable acquaintance with classical literature, must have been undertaken and carried out in Italy. First, because Copernicus, until he came thither, knew little Latin and no Greek; next, because in Italy only could he have access to a sufficiently extensive collection of ancient authors to make the scheme useful or feasible. In all probability, his thoughts were first directed to the subject by the conversations which he heard carried on around him at Bologna, where the question, *An terra moveatur?* was a moot-point for discussion. Two things forcibly strike us in the apology of Copernicus

for his doctrine. This contained a double innovation ; it made the earth rotate on its own axis, and it made the earth revolve in an orbit round the sun. But, in quoting the opinions of the ancients, he carefully slurs over the heliocentric portion of his scheme with an ambiguous phrase. 'Philolaus the 'Pythagorean,' he writes, 'attributed to the earth *divers* 'motions, and classed it among the stars.' Now the cosmical scheme of Philolaus was in its essence geocentric, since the 'Central Fire,' round which it made the earth as well as the sun and other luminaries revolve, although not contained within the substance of the earth, was supposed to exist immediately outside it—that is, within the small circle of its daily rotation. Next, while alleging in support of his views the opinions of Hicetas, Heraclides, and Ecphantus, as well as of Philolaus, Copernicus omits all mention of the only one among the Greeks who attained to a clear conception of the true solar system—Aristarchus of Samos. Nor can it be supposed that he was ignorant of his views, since he quotes from the identical treatise by Plutarch (or some other unknown author), in which the following remarkable passage occurs: 'Aristarchus numbers the sun amongst the fixed stars, makes 'the earth move in the solar circle' (the ecliptic), 'and says 'that the shadows fall on it proportionately to its inclinations.'* (A sufficiently clear account of the changes of the seasons.) Only one explanation occurs to us to account for this marked neglect of so decisive an authority—namely, the faint suspicion of impiety attaching to the name of Aristarchus. Cleanthes the Stoic had imputed it to him as an offence against religion that he had 'disturbed the repose of Hestia,' and the accusation was not without success in imposing silence upon the truth. In the sixteenth century, antiquity was still vital, and its reminiscences not ineffective. Copernicus feared lest a second Aristarchus might meet with a second Cleanthes.

Although the publication of his book was promoted by a cardinal (Schonberg), and its dedication accepted by a pope, Copernicus well knew that a great mass of prejudice remained to be overcome, before his system could be finally received as the only rational interpretation of celestial phenomena. And, in fact, astronomers and mathematicians admired it as a beautiful hypothesis, but continued to take the 'Almagest' for their text-book, and to make the Tables of Alfonso the basis of their calculations ; while Giordano Bruno, although grasping

* Plutarch, 'De Placitis Philosophorum,' lib. ii. cap. 24, quoted by Schiaparelli. Appendix, xl.

its truth with the intuition of genius, by using it as a weapon against revealed religion, excited the alarm of the simple, and prepared the tribulations of Galileo.

Although he has no claim to be ranked amongst the great discoverers in astronomical and mathematical science, Giordano Bruno must be placed with Galileo, and before Galileo, in the foremost rank of the champions and martyrs of scientific truth. The comprehensive audacity of his genius seized at once the bearing of the Copernican system on the whole range of human thought, no longer concentrated around the destinies of this terrestrial ball, but expanded and expanding into space, and revolving round an orb, which is but one of the luminous centres of the creation. There is nothing in language finer than some of the flashes of eloquence in which Bruno describes the effect of this illumination of his mind. But with his enthusiasm was combined a singular gift of playfulness and humour. Among other miscellaneous topics—the qualities of binaries, the hopeless dulness of the Peripatetics, the Stygian condition of London streets, and the Tartarean manners of London citizens—he discussed the Copernican philosophy in a remarkable and entertaining series of Dialogues, called the ‘Cena de le Ceneri.’ The scene of this fictitious Ash Wednesday supper is laid in ‘the honoured dwelling of the most noble and high-bred Signor Folco Griavello’ (Fulke Greville). Time, the spring of 1584—the twenty-sixth year of Elizabeth—when Bruno was the guest in London of Mauvissière, the French Ambassador, occupying, as he tells us, not without rancour, ‘a most eminent place under the roof.’ The purpose of the debate was to prove the truth of Copernican doctrines to the satisfaction of Greville and his friends, in the teeth of two ‘mad barbarians’—Doctors Nundinio and Torquato. England, Bruno informs us, was fertile of such fruit—doctors fit rather to follow the plough than to adduce learned arguments; proud of refusing to believe what Aristotle was ignorant of, and not ashamed to be ignorant of all that Aristotle knew; pedants, before whose obstinate and presumptuous ignorance combined with rustic incivility, Job’s patience itself must have given way.

As we read, we cease to wonder that Giordano Bruno had to fly from Paris before the rising storm of Peripatetic wrath, and that he spent his life a wanderer on the face of the earth. His sarcasms were too keen to be readily forgiven. His sneers were too constant to be lightly ignored. His very gratitude carried with it a sting, and his eulogy was dogged by a mocking shade of irony. Our English self-love suffers considerable

mortification at his hands. He dipped his pen in gall when he wrote of that 'happy land,' guarded by Arcturus, the Bearward, under the influence of the constellation Boötes. The picture he draws of London apprentices and London roughs reminds us of the concise answer given by an African explorer of the last century, when requested to describe the manners and customs of the tribe he had visited: 'Manners they have 'none, and their customs, sir, are very beastly.' In the midst of the hustling, jeering crowd of draymen, porters, and serving-men, armed with pikes, halberds, or spits, conjured up before us by Bruno's vivid words, we seem to see his slight Southern figure, trembling with rage as he feels for the handle of his Neapolitan stiletto, and faces the 'grim English giants' with those sad, indomitable eyes which might be thought to hold a foreshadowing of his tragical fate.

Although an ardent advocate of the Copernican theory in its main principles, Giordano Bruno was so on grounds of his own choosing. He pleaded the same cause, but held a different brief. He boasted of seeing with his own eyes, not with those of either Copernicus or Ptolemy; and in point of intellectual descent, he seems more closely related to the 'divine Cusa,' whose works he had attentively studied, than to the sober astronomer of Thorn, or the successful charlatan of Alexandria. The metaphysical flaw of the Middle Ages still lay at the root of Bruno's cosmical conceptions. He was no mathematician; indeed, he could hardly describe a simple geometrical figure without betraying his helplessness in this respect; and his mind was so constituted as to lead him to despise what he did not possess. 'Mere mathematicians' served by their observations and calculations to prepare the way for those, like himself, gifted with deeper insight into the mighty meanings of celestial phenomena; they were translators of strange words, but without the faculty of interpreting their higher sense.

The idea of a central force, ruling the motions of the planetary bodies, which had been entertained in an imperfect form by Copernicus, and which it was reserved for a still greater mind to raise to the dignity of a law, was rejected by the philosopher of Nola in one of his incisive, scornful sentences. It was to him inconceivable that force should act upon matter save by direct contact, and the difficulty of Bruno was shared by Newton, who endeavoured to meet it with the untenable hypothesis of an inward pressure of space-pervading ether. The difficulty is in truth unanswerable; unless we suppose that impalpable substance called 'ether,' which we know to be diffused between star and star, as well as between atom and

atom, to be the medium through which all material forces whatever, from the attraction of gravitation to chemical affinity, exert their energy. Force acting through an absolute vacuum is as inconceivable to us as it was to Giordano Bruno; and the attempt to realise it encounters a repugnance in our mental constitutions as strong as that which prohibits our conceiving an effect without a cause; but the inconceivability does not vanish with the use of the word 'contact.' *Contact* is only a rude method of describing a balance of forces. We say two bodies are in contact, when the mutually attractive energy of their masses is counteracted by the repulsive energy of the particles forming their surfaces. But inter-atomic action without a conveying medium is precisely as unimaginable as the compelling action of the sun upon the earth exerted across ninety-two millions of miles of blank space; and the thousandth part of an inch, unbridged, is as metaphysically impassable as the awful gulf which separates us from the farthest nebula. Space has a relative, not an absolute existence; the measure of all things, it has itself no measure. Thus the objection urged by Bruno against the dawning theory of gravitation applies equally to all the forces which hold together the visible frame of Nature; and, reaching deeper than he himself suspected, can only be proved to be invalid by being shown to be universal.

It was Giordano Bruno's pride to have broken down the barriers of heaven, and, like the 'little old woman' on her broomstick in the nursery rhyme, to have 'cleared the cobwebs 'out of the sky,' in the shape of the last vestiges of cycles, epicycles, and rotating spheres. Space—immense, ethereal, illimitable—lay open before him; peopled with shining spheres—the 'Divine Animals' of Plato—consciously rejoicing as they swept through their voluntary, majestic orbits; 'constellated 'suns unshaken,' differing from our sun in species, not in genus; 'infinitely infinite' in number; nourishing in their bosoms an endless variety of sentient beings; renovated by partial change, subsisting in an Eternal Cause.' Their motions he conceived to be imperceptible to us, not because they were 'fixed,' but because their revolutions, by reason of their inconceivable distance from the earth, could only be apprehended by a careful series of observations. Now, the moving principle of observation is the belief that the thing to be observed is at least possible, and the motions of the stars had hitherto been believed to be impossible; therefore, they had remained unobserved. His daring prescience multiplied even the traditional seven planets of the solar system, which, in the increas-

ing family of the planetoids alone, have, by the latest discovery of Borelly, grown to the imposing number of 172.

But with all this poetic fervour of genius, which sometimes missed its mark, and sometimes anticipated the result of much later discoveries, Giordano Bruno has left us one of the grandest and most weighty tributes to the character and genius of Copernicus himself. We shall quote the passage as a remarkable example of the great Italian style of that age:—

‘He was a man of grave and cultivated mind, of rapid and mature intelligence; inferior to no preceding astronomer, unless in order of succession and time; a man, who in natural ability was far superior to Ptolemy, Hipparchus, Eudoxus, and all those others who followed in their footsteps. What he was, he became through having liberated himself from certain false axioms of the common and vulgar philosophy—I will not say blindness. Nevertheless, he did not depart far from them; because, studying mathematics rather than Nature, he failed to penetrate and dig deep enough altogether to cut away the roots of incongruous and vain principles, and thus, removing perfectly all opposing difficulties, free himself and others from so many empty investigations into things obvious and unchangeable. In spite of all this, who can sufficiently praise the magnanimity of this German, who, having little regard to the foolish multitude, stood firm against the torrent of contrary opinion, and, although well-nigh unarmed with living arguments, resuming those rusty and neglected fragments which antiquity had transmitted to him, polished, repaired, and put them together with reasonings more mathematical than philosophical; and so rendered that cause formerly condemned and contemptible, honourable, estimable, more probable than its rival, and certainly convenient and expeditious for purposes of theory and calculation? Thus this Teuton, although with means insufficient to vanquish, overthrow, and suppress falsehood, as well as resist it, nevertheless resolutely determined in his own mind, and openly confessed this final and necessary conclusion: that it is more possible that this globe should move with regard to the universe, than that the innumerable multitude of bodies, many of which are known to be greater and more magnificent than our earth, should be compelled, in spite of Nature and reason, which, by means of motions evident to the senses, proclaim the contrary, to acknowledge this globe as the centre and base of their revolutions and influences. Who then will be so churlish and discourteous towards the efforts of this man, as to cover with oblivion all he has done, by being ordained of the Gods as an Aurora which was to precede the rising of this Sun of the true, ancient philosophy, buried during so many centuries in the tenebrous caverns of blind, malignant, froward, envious ignorance; and, taking note only of what he failed to accomplish, rank him amongst the number of the herded multitude, which discourses, guides itself, precipitates to destruction, according to the oral sense of a brutal and ignoble belief, rather than amongst those who, by the use of right reason, have been able to rise up, and resume the true course under the faithful guidance of the eye of divine intelligence.’

And for this cause Giordano died. He was burnt at the stake at Rome in 1600, more, we believe, for his defence of the Copernican system than for his loose life and visionary philosophy. Had Galileo not retracted, he might have shared Bruno's fate.

For himself Copernicus had nothing to fear. While his book was still in the hands of the printers of Nuremberg, he had already

‘Outsoared the shadow of our night,’

and attained to the region of perfect truth—truth complete on every side. The story so often repeated, of his having died with the first printed copy of his book in his hand, must be consigned, however reluctantly, to the limbo which holds so many appropriate fables. Truth does not round off its outlines so neatly as fiction, and real life leaves many a finishing touch to be desired. Few men, indeed, have done their day's work so well as Nicholas Copernicus. He brought man a step nearer to the truth, and therefore to the Author of all truth; and the name of the obscure Canon of Frauenburg will be for ever memorable as that of him who placed (to use his own stately language) ‘the light of the world—the orb which governs the planets in their circulation—upon a royal throne, in the midst of the Temple of Nature.’

ART. V.—1. *Life of a Scotch Naturalist—Thomas Edward, Associate of the Linneæan Society.* By SAMUEL SMILES, author of ‘Lives of the Engineers,’ &c. London: 1877.

2. *Sport and Natural History in the Scottish Highlands.* By JOHN COLQUHOUN, author of ‘The Moor and Loch,’ &c. London and Edinburgh: 1876.

3. *Natural History and Sport in Moray.* Collected from the Journals and Letters of the late CHARLES ST. JOHN, author of ‘Wild Sports of the Highlands,’ &c. Edinburgh: 1863.

THE love of natural history is one of the happiest tastes with which any human being can be gifted. Should circumstances foster the feeling, it generally grows till it becomes a passion, and then one's leisure moments become a long recreation, awakening lively interests that go on increasing, with memories and associations that brighten life's labours. Your genuine naturalist is almost invariably an enthusiast. If his lines were cast in congenial places, as a boy he was always to be found in the company of the keepers and foresters. Even

as a child he would be hanging on to the skirts of shooting parties, undutifully regardless, as we are sorry to be compelled to say, of the natural anxieties of a tender mother. Ten to one he sought the sport chiefly because it took him into those haunts of the wild creatures which had a mysterious fascination for him. For his pleasure was independent of times and seasons; when the various game birds were under the protection of the statutes, and the hares were looking after their leverets, he would be quite as happy trudging after the keeper who was out on the war-path after winged and ground vermin. With an ardour that had more in it than mere boyish delight in bird-nesting, he would risk neck or limb in 'swarming' up the branchless stem in quest of the eggs of hawk or hooded crow. With tremulous rapture he would watch the water-hen in the lonely pool from under the friendly cover of the alders, or flounder knee-deep through treacherous ooze among the sedges that sheltered her hiding-place, to the woeful detriment of his garments. Or, if he were of humbler degree, he would be but the keener in his pursuit for the obstacles unfriendly fortune opposed to him. When the opening days of the spring brought a flush of green over the landscape, he would play truant from the village school, 'discounting' the inevitable chastisement, which became more and more severe for the hardened offender. He was far from a model boy according to popular notions. He struck up compromising friendships with most questionable characters. He was the sworn ally of rabbit-catchers, rat-catchers, mole-catchers, and *id genus omne*—nay, he had more than a speaking acquaintance with individuals who were in the habit of making themselves as much at home in the squire's preserves as his keepers, and whose pockets, had they been strictly searched, would have been found stuffed with snares and night-lines. Somehow, however, he seldom came to much harm; indeed, the chances were that he turned out as well in the end as his steadier companions who had always stuck to their books. For he was absorbed in the volume of Nature, and the lessons he learned there he laid to his heart. In his love for Nature's beauties and wonders he carried a charm with him that saved him from the contamination of his company; and though he might be incapable of analysing his feelings philosophically, yet he found that they preserved their freshness and purity. It might well be that circumstances proved too strong for his tastes. He might be torn from his early attachments, and condemned to the dull treadmill of routine in some city prison-house of bricks and mortar. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, thanks to the grave distractions or the constraints

of society, he would become a mere *dilettante* naturalist and observer, making rough occasional notes and collecting stray specimens, but digesting no experiences that were worth imparting. Every now and then, however, some irrepressible young naturalist would become the father of the man. Irresistible genius, profiting by opportunities or stimulated by obstacles, would insist upon following its natural bent. He would feel himself impelled to write, and discover the vivid descriptive power that comes of unaffected interest in one's subject, and the enthusiastic fidelity that is a pseudo-inspiration. Then we have had one of those rare books whose fresh and vigorous simplicity makes them the delight of generations of readers.

For although the ordinary Englishman, whether he live in the country or the town, may be profoundly ignorant of natural history, yet he has generally a latent liking for it, which only needs to be awakened. Whatever the modern fashion of lowland *battues* may seem to argue to the contrary, we believe it is seldom for the sheer pleasure of butchery that the man of the South pays a fancy rent for his moor or his highland deer-forest. Often he may be scarcely conscious of the varied sources of his enjoyment, but it is the sights and sounds of the forest and the hill that contribute to it as much as the hope of slaughter. It would be dreary work without them, that heavy tramping through the rank heather-roots, or that patient stalk among the rocks and morasses. But his spirits are fluttered into unwonted buoyancy, and he forgets the fatigues that will follow his toil, as he sees the hawks, or possibly even the eagle, circling and soaring overhead; as he listens to the harsh croak of the raven or the whir of the heavy wing of the blackcock; as he hears the crow of the grouse, though it may carry the alarm to the deer. Nay, even the cheerful twitter of the small moor-birds, the chirp and hum of the insects that swarm in the sunny heather, make a symphony that unconsciously soothes or excites him. So it is with the hardworking man, who has his couple or so of holidays in the course of the summer. He may sometimes scandalise the advocates of temperance and come home in more uproarious mood than he went out. But with the public-house over the way and the gin-palace round the corner, it was not merely to change the scene of a drinking bout that he has been saving assiduously through many weeks, and renounced the luxury of a lazy morning to be up and about with the early sparrows. Memory has been reviving exaggerated pleasures of anticipation, as he recalls the fresh fragrance of the fields and commons; the freedom of those zoological gardens where there are neither trim walks nor iron dens—the

bramble-brakes of Epping, the breezy downs of Boxhill, the banks of the winding Thames between Richmond and Hampton. Even the unhallowed trade of the bird-catcher points the same way; for it would never be worth his while to clear the copses and the hedgerows were it not that there was a market for those sweet songsters in many a court and grimy alley, where the country, hardly known save by hearsay, is symbolised by the sod of turf at the bottom of the tiny cage.

It is to that English sympathy with country tastes that we attribute the comparative richness of our literature in pleasant books by practical naturalists. We know that the Continent can boast of some of the greatest lights of the science. But a Linnæus deep in systematic classification; a Buffon sitting down to solemn composition in court costume and lace ruffles; a Cuvier overcharged from his learned researches in state libraries and elaborate collections, is no writer for the people, even had there been a people among their countrymen to write for. Our own Yarrells and Jennings are only known to a few as invaluable books of reference. Even the most spirited narratives of those adventurous naturalists who have braved death and hardship in an infinity of shapes that they might study the marvels of the tropical fauna, excite but an ephemeral and limited interest. Narratives like those of Bates's '*Voyage up the Amazon*,' or Wallace's chases after butterflies in the balmy groves of the Spice Islands, are the books of a season, to be forgotten too soon. Yet nothing can be more intoxicating than those gorgeous pictures of tropical Nature in her most lavish luxuriance and her gayest garb, which it is well-nigh impossible to overcharge. We are transported for the time to an earthly paradise, where the barriers that fenced its prototype are thrown down, and free admission is given to ferocious monsters. We are among trees of giant growth and foliage, locked in the embrace of mammoth parasites, and festooned with the wealth of hanging creepers that fall in flowery curtains and floating veils. There are thickets interwoven of the primeval undergrowth, impervious to anything but the muscular reptiles that worm their way among the roots. There are quiet forest sanctuaries in natural clearings, where beneath the dense masses of the umbrella-like leaves is a chill that sends a shiver to the marrow and the darkness that may almost be felt. Yet overhead the sun is glowing like an orb of fire, in a sky that for weeks or months has been scarcely flecked by the semblance of a cloud. There are black slimy pools, the haunts of the alligator and watersnakes; while in the open the landscape is alive with forms of grace and

beauty, and brilliant with the most fantastic specimens of animal and vegetable life. There are flights of gaily-plumaged birds, and troops of chattering monkeys, the changes in their voices warning you from time to time that some savage skulker of the forest is passing below them on the prowl. Groups of delicately-tinted waders stand fishing in the shallows and on the spits of land that fringe the course of the mighty rivers. Sensation of one kind or another waits upon every step of the hardy explorer. It is at the peril of his life that he plunges into those jungles for the ferns that dwarf and nearly stifle him. He may be crushed in the coils of the anaconda, or caught in the spring of the jaguar. Venomous things whose sting is mortal lie hidden among the moss and stones he is scrambling over. In many places there is a fair chance of a flight of poisoned arrows from an ambush. And above all, there is the omnipresence of the fatal climate, where a drenching may mean an attack of ague; where the changes of temperature are swift and sudden, and where you may have to choose your camping ground when the body is wearied out, in the very shrine of the demon of fever.

Such narratives are rich with the materials of romance, and address themselves to one's natural love of the marvellous. But just because it is all so strangely unfamiliar, it makes a passing impression and nothing more. It is the 'Arabian Nights' to a plain English story. We have been carried away in the spirit to the land of the genii, but when we have gazed and wondered, it is a relief to come home again. How different it is with such a book as White's 'Selborne'! There we have an unpretending volume of English parochial history, whose homeliness has been its universal recommendation. It is the matter more than the manner that makes its charm, yet there must be far more in that unpretending style than easily explains itself to critical reflection. Otherwise it would have never laid such lasting hold on the affections of innumerable ardent admirers. You made fast friends with the author as a boy; through your life you retained your kindly remembrance of him, although the urgency of engagements may have kept you apart; but should you retire to the country in your declining years, you naturally slip back into the old intimacy. White has done to perfection what he urges others to undertake. He handled the popular subject in which he was thoroughly at home, in language that is always easy and often spirited or quaint. He has the delicate feelings of a poet with the eye and touch of an artist, and the result was those easy-flowing idylls of rural life and nature. We like him the more

that he is but roughly scientific and makes no parade of being technically instructive. He knew little or nothing of geology; it is not the origin or formation of his favourite Sussex Downs he is thinking about, as he leisurely jogs on his hackney over 'that magnificent range of mountains,' admiring the distant views or observing the habits of the choughs or wheatears. He has the delightful knack of repeating himself with no impression of monotony. So that at the last we are almost as familiar as himself with the aspect and the scenery of his parish and its neighbourhood; with the Hanger, and the deep worn lanes, their banks watered with perennial landsprings; with the cliffs that, according to his favourite theory, sheltered the hibernating swallows; with the venerable trees on the village green and the old church tower with its colony of swifts. He had the secret of success of the local naturalist, in living so entirely in his own little world, although he kept his mind open by intercourse with accomplished correspondents like Pennant and Barrington, or by the purchase of such foreign books as Scopoli's 'Birds of Carinthia.' His strong personal interests were bounded by the circle of his rides, but beyond the boundaries of his roughly cultivated parish, lay the wild and thinly-settled country that gives the romance to his quiet volume. When there were no railways and few decent inns off the highroads, Alice Holt and Woolmer forests were practically as far removed from the Londoner as the Tyrol or the Norwegian Fjelds nowadays. The black game had disappeared from them a generation or two before, and they had ceased to shelter the red deer which had gone out with the 'Waltham Blacks.' But the swamps and solitary pools in these sandy wood-grown wastes were still the favourite resorts of a great variety of waterfowl; and every now and then in the winter there would come an event in the arrival of some less common visitor.

Gilbert White is still *facile princeps* in his own field and style, and the reason partly is that few English naturalists of our time can enjoy similar opportunities. It pleased him to use his eyes and brush up his faculties as few country gentlemen had done before him, and consequently almost everything that he had to tell was new. But he and some of those who took after him set people thinking and noting, so that future observers could no longer provoke curiosity by dwelling on the ordinary habits of mice, and sparrows, and swallows. Then cultivation made steady progress with the new generation of scientific agriculturists. Landowners learned to fence and drain, burdening their rentrolls to extend their operations when they found that the work of reclamation repaid them.

The fowls of the air and the birds of the field had warnings to quit their immemorial haunts; birds of passage that had paid their visits regularly, avoided the resorts where they used to seek a resting place, and the old single barrels went out of date, and flint guns were replaced by percussion locks. All the gunners in a parish were up in arms when the advent of a bustard was signalled on the downs, or that of a bittern in the neighbouring fens. The coasts were picketed in the time of probable flights by loungers on the watch for anything that would fetch its price for museums. The hoopoe or the golden oriole had but a poor chance of penetrating to sequestered places of refuge in the interior; and, in short, the pursuits of the English naturalist became gradually more tame, if not unprofitable. We have had charming books on the country by such graceful writers as Howitt, Jesse, and Miller; but these later authors have dealt chiefly in those descriptions of scenery which are ever fresh, and have only touched incidentally on wild creatures except when they had curious anecdotes to tell.

In Scotland, as might be expected, the case has been somewhat different. The northern part of the island, with its mountains, moors and morasses, with its lakes and long arms of the sea, with its precipitous inland peaks and its inaccessible cliffs on the sea-bound coast, always remains a great natural preserve. Much of the country can best be turned to account by being retained as sheep walks, deer forests, and grouse moors. The shy birds that are driven from the lowlands by high farming would only have to shift their quarters were they left undisturbed. But even in Scotland the work of destruction or extermination has been going on apace. The enormous rise in the value of shootings has encouraged an extensive system of preservation, and glens where the appearance of a man with a gun was once a phenomenon are now regularly patrolled by armed keepers and gillies. Everywhere out of the deer forests, in which it is an object to keep down the game, the *mot d'ordre* is to give no quarter to anything that goes by the name of vermin. It may be a question whether eagles or falcons do much appreciable harm to shootings that swarm with mountain hares; it is certain they do excellent service occasionally in killing off the diseased game birds that might otherwise infect the coveys; but at all events their impending extinction is deeply to be regretted from the picturesque point of view. What can be more graceful than their circling flight, as they float seemingly without an effort against the sky or the cloud-drift; or their powerful swoop when with rushing pinions, they shoot swiftly down on their

prey in the heather? But skilled keepers make it their study to circumvent them, while naturalists and proprietors of museums offer fancy prices for their eggs. No doubt they are wild and wary. When they are fasting or out upon the hunt with all their faculties on the alert, it is difficult indeed to approach them unobserved. But on the other hand, they often fall victims to their voracity or rash impetuosity. We have ourselves felt the 'sough' of the eagle's wing on our cheek, as he swept past our shoulder in a mist on the mountain top in hot pursuit of a flying ptarmigan; and when he has gorged himself to repletion on the carcass of some sheep that has come to an untimely end by flood or by accident, he crumples himself up in a ball of ruffled feathers that may be knocked over by a shepherd boy with a stick. As for the peregrine and the nobler breeds of falcons, their haughty instincts often bring them to an untimely end. Like the mountain sheep, the *mouflon*, the chamois, and other inhabitants of the high places of the earth, they assume that they command creation from their pride of place, nor dream of danger descending on them from above. So the peregrine as he perches on the splintered pinnacle, sweeping sea and land with his far-reaching glance, may be ambushed from some crag that dominates his resting place, and tumbled over with a quiet shot. Their breeding places ought to be comparatively secure, since they for the most part are in some shelving recess protected from above by some natural cornice. But to men who are used to risking their necks, where there is a will there is generally a way; and with the prospect of gaining a guinea or two by the escalade, the odds are on the cragsman against the birds.

An excellent authority on the changes that have come about in course of the last half century or so in the *feræ naturæ* of the north of this island, is Mr. Colquhoun, the author of the 'Moor and Loch,' and other well-known books on sport. Some years ago Mr. Colquhoun delivered a lecture on the subject in Edinburgh, which has since been published, and which contains the pith of the matter in a very few pages. No man knows better what he is writing about, for he shot as a boy over his father's extensive Dumbartonshire property on the confines of highlands and lowlands, which since then has of course been greatly improved. What he has to say about ground game and ground vermin is especially worth noting. When he was a schoolboy the henroosts of the chief of the Colquhouns and his tenants were plundered nightly by wild cats or pine martins. Since then the coverts that harboured

these plunderers have been very generally cleared away, and with the exception of the foxes which are to be found everywhere, they have left nothing more formidable than polecats to represent them. Both martin and wild cat, according to Mr. Colquhoun, are easily killed down on our hills. Unlike most of their congeners in foreign countries, they are so bold and greedy that they will rush upon the bait utterly regardless of the snare. When a good dog comes upon their strong scent, they are quickly 'tree'd' or run to earth. And if they have taken refuge, as they are apt to do, in a hole in the rocks, the application of smoke will speedily bolt them. So it will only be fulfilling its obvious destiny, should the emblem of the Clan Chattan soon be seldom met with out of collections of stuffed animals. For our own part we shall regret him, savage, morose skulker as he is. For nothing could chime in better with the solemn impressions of a Highland landscape by moonlight than his long melancholy wail from some lonely cairn by the lake-bank, or out of the deep gloom of some dark pine wood. Badgers also are fast diminishing in numbers, although their stealthy nocturnal habits are in their favour, and they are by no means in the way of walking blindly into traps. Both the badger and the otter have a wonderfully quick apprehension of danger and an extraordinary instinct for secreting their young. As Mr. Colquhoun remarks, it is owing partly to his being protected for sporting purposes, partly to his cunning and the secluded life he leads, that the otter is still so universally distributed over the island. But even in Scotland the otters have been greatly thinned down, especially as they are inveterate enemies of the fishermen. For the otter will not be content with watching the shallows and killing and devouring his salmon. Though something of a glutton he is more of a *gourmet*, and if 'fish' are plentiful, after having taken a bite from the shoulder, he will leave his first victim to go in search of others. On the other hand, there are other animals that have been multiplying rapidly. The red deer for example, now that so much of the mountain grazing ground has been turned into still more lucrative 'forest,' and that the forests for the most part are overstocked. Unhappily it is but rarely at present that you come on the superb heads of former days, for the breed is dwarfed as the ground is overcrowded, and the improvements in the rifle are fatal to the deer that carries a 'head of ten' and horns of mark. Thanks to his craft and wind, and the wild character of the country where he haunts, the mountain fox with his spare and sinewy frame can hold his own against his enemies. Nor need

he hazard himself in the lowlands in search of prey, now that the hills are overrun with the mountain hare and in many places with the rabbit. Mr. Colquhoun can remember how in 1822 he saw the first stray specimen of the mountain hare. He was shooting ptarmigan on the summit of Ben Voirla, a near neighbour of the more famous Ben Lomond, when 'a large blue hare rose out of reach and cantered leisurely round the rocks. Now,' he goes on, 'like locusts they swarm in Glenfalloch and Corrynge, have descended in force on Arrochar and Glen Douglas, are numerous in Glen Luss and Glen Fruin, disputing possession with their red rivals even to the very verge of the Highland Line.' So in 1830 the apparition of a squirrel made as great a sensation among the men of Dumbartonshire, as if a flight of flying foxes had descended in the Kentish hop gardens. Since then a migration of squirrels has been setting steadily northwards; the Perthshire woods have long been peopled by them, and as we know personally, within the last twenty years, they have made their way across the Don in Aberdeenshire. The roe must of course increase with the spread of plantations; and rabbits swarm to the sorrow of the farmer, where a century ago they were as unknown as the musk-rat. So the capercailzies have taken very kindly to the Perthshire woods, where they were introduced by the late Marquis of Breadalbane. Mr. Colquhoun has to tell too of the expulsion of the old Scotch black rat by the grey Norwegian invader, who, as he believes, is likewise responsible for the destruction of the black water-vole. And he adds that stoats and weasels have increased with the general increase of rats and rabbits, and he comments on the disturbance of the balance of nature by those artificial laws of proscription that are ruthlessly carried out by the myrmidons of the game preserves.

Mr. Colquhoun's sketch of the changes he has witnessed is merely in outline, though it roughly embraces England as well as Scotland. In the two other books which we have taken for the subjects of our article, the authors have confined themselves to limited districts, and go into far more minute details. Both were enthusiastic practical naturalists, chiefly self-taught, but there the resemblance between them ends. Charles St. John was a man of high connexions and fairly easy means, though it was for economy we fancy, as much as from the love of sport, that he first settled in the North of Scotland. For St. John was a keen sportsman, and it was rather to kill the time that hung heavy on his hands, that he first went in systematically for the pursuit that subsequently

engrossed so much of his attention. While Thomas Edward was a hard-working man who had to support a wife and family; but of his very remarkable story we shall have more to say hereafter. But both lovers of nature relied for their facts almost entirely on personal observation, taking extreme care to make special mention when anything had been brought under their notice at second hand.

The habitual beats of the one may be said to have bordered on those of the other. Edward pursued his trade as a shoemaker in the small provincial town of Banff, on the south side of the Moray Frith. St. John, when he wrote his 'Natural History and Sport in Moray,' had taken up his residence at Invererne, near Forres; and subsequently he shifted to a house that stood almost in the suburbs of Elgin. Perhaps he could hardly have hit upon happier head-quarters for his favourite objects. The county of Moray is half highland and half lowland; and he was on terms of intimacy with most of his country neighbours, so that he could range very much where he pleased. From hills whose stone-strewn summits were the haunt of the ptarmigan, and whose slopes and sheltered corries were grazed by the red deer, or sprinkled by the grouse and the black game, swift salmon streams come shooting and tumbling between walls of rock over beds of boulders to the broad cultivated straths through which they flow to the ocean. The hanging woods that clothe their precipitous banks, and the great fir woods that cover the watersheds between them, are the favourite breeding-ground of an infinite variety of birds. Even the herons had a settlement between Darnaway and Altyre, before they were driven away by pilfering jackdaws. The low ground between the hills and the sea—that country of Moray where 'all men used to take their prey' in the old raiding times—enjoys a wonderfully genial climate for those northern latitudes. Many species of delicate migrants are tempted to make a temporary sojourn there; the creeks and the winding bays along the shore are crowded in the season with all sorts of sea-fowl, ducks, divers, and waders; while such inland lakes as the loch of Spynie used to be peopled with swans and geese before these strangers were persecuted beyond endurance. The shootings St. John rented at Invererne was the paradise of a naturalist and of a sportsman who preferred variety to quantity, with its covers and sheltered home-paddocks, and its stretch of weather-beaten wilderness behind the sand hills, where the furze was gnawed by the rabbits into all manner of fantastic forms, and the foxes grew to be like wolves in size and strength. While the gardens of his house at Elgin, with the overgrown

shrubberies and the old walls covered with fruit-trees, being strictly preserved against all comers as a sanctuary, became a natural aviary.

It was the late Mr. Cosmo Innes, sheriff of the county and Clerk of the Court of Session, who came forward as a literary sponsor to St. John, casting some of his rough notes into shape for an article in the *Quarterly*. But the ice once broken, and encouraged by the cordiality with which the article was received, St. John was persuaded to try the pen on his own account; and his '*Wild Sports and Natural History in the Highlands*' was followed by his volume on Moray, and the narrative of a tour in Sutherland. He had the usual success of a man who writes with knowledge and feeling on pursuits to which he is devoted. His books breathe the air of the country: they are full of curious and instructive facts told in a natural and lively fashion; though so far as method goes, his only guides are the direction of his strolls with gun or walking stick, the courses of the seasons or the changes of the weather. We have no intention of dwelling on them, since they have been long before the public, and should be familiar to all whose fancy lies that way. But we should be glad if other country gentlemen, who have leisure like him with good powers of observation, could be induced in some measure to follow his example; and we are tempted to give an idea of the pleasures of his quiet life, and the variety of information he collected in the course of it. Here we have a fair specimen of his style, in a description of the county of his adoption:—

'A more strikingly varied drive can scarcely be taken, than from the Spey at Grantown down to Forres on the sea-side, near the mouth of the Findhorn river. After emerging from the woods at Castle Grant in the immediate vicinity of the Spey, and that curiously built place Grantown, with its wide street of houses almost wholly inhabited by Grants, the traveller comes out on the extended flats and moors of the district round Brae Moray, where there is scarcely a sign of life, animal or human; except when a grouse rises from the edge of the road, or runs with head and comb erect a few yards into the heather, and then crouches till the intruder has passed by. There is, to be sure, a turnpike house here, but it is a wretched-looking affair, and its tenant must live a life as solitary as a lighthouse keeper. After several miles of this most dreary though not very elevated range, the road, leaving the first view of the Frith and Cromarty Bay, enters the woods and for a long distance passes through a succession or rather one continued tract of fine pine trees. It goes through the beautiful woods of Altyre and along the banks of the most picturesque part of the Findhorn, and gradually descending, it opens upon the rich fields of Moray and the broad Moray Frith, with the mountains of Ross, Caithness, and

Sutherland—a glorious range—in the distance: a great and most pleasing change from the dreary brown muirland near Brae Moray. Having passed through the long and varied tract of woodland, the road suddenly emerges into the rich open corn-land of the most fertile district in Scotland, near the bay of Findhorn, where the river, as if tired by its long and rapid course, gradually and slowly mixes itself with the salt water of the Moray Frith. By crossing the river near this spot, another very different kind of country is reached,—the strange sand hills of Findhorn or Culbin. Thus in a very few hours' drive, as great a variety of country is passed through as could be found in any part of the island, each portion of which is characteristic and interesting.'

The near vicinity of the sea gave him constant opportunities of observing the habits of the aquatic birds. Some species of ducks like the mallard and the teal bred regularly in the country, occasionally making their nests in places apparently the most opposed to their instincts. Marshy land in the neighbourhood of pools or running streams is where their nests are naturally to be looked for. But St. John says that it is by no means uncommon to find them appropriating a crow's nest at some distance from the ground; while they not unfrequently hatch out their eggs in places where the young must be carried to the water. The widgeons and sheldrakes, on the other hand, are never known to breed in Scotland: the stray birds he has met with in the course of the summer he believes to have been wounded and so prevented from migrating. Some of the rarer species, such as the Golden Eye, used to make their appearance in pairs, using their individual discretion as to the times. Now and then—for instance, in February, which is the coldest month in these parts—a Golden Eye, or a brace of them, would come flying in from the bay when the ground was buried in snow and the river was half locked in ice. Then they would pitch in an open spot of water, only to be driven away by the drifting 'pack.' But the arrival of most of them, as of the geese and swans, could generally be foretold to within a day or two. They had a double visit from those that did not pass the winter with them,—in the autumn and in spring, though the former was commonly but a brief one. Mr. St. John enumerates half-a-dozen varieties of geese with which he became familiar; and the habits of all are singularly interesting. They are almost as difficult of approach as the red deer, being gifted with extraordinarily keen scent and sight, feeding in flocks in the open country, and setting pickets and regular sentinels. He tells with a sportsman's pride how one of his little boys dragged himself and a gun nearly as heavy, through rushes and

overgrown ditches that would have been impracticable to a full-grown man, till getting within range of a flock, he made a brilliant 'right and left among them.' It was strange that the advance parties of the bean geese always flew into the bay simultaneously with the sowing of the first oats in the flat plains where they found safe feeding. Thereafter they gathered in daily in fresh flocks, floating through the dark hours on the surface of the bay, and flying inland with the early dawn. 'After feeding in the fields in the morning, the geese either retire to the bay or to some quiet hillside or marsh where they wash or rest themselves. About three o'clock they again feed, and towards dark all return to the bay, often coming many miles.' The brent geese again delight in sea-weed: in the winter they fish up the roots of the floating *algæ*: in spring they collect in the submerged pastures that have been left bare by the reflux of the tide.

The noblest of all the marine visitors was the wild swan, of which there were two kinds—the Hooper and Bewick's. In old times the swan could pay his visits with comparative impunity. Even if an enemy succeeded in getting within shot, the charge of shot from the old-fashioned gun rattled almost harmlessly on the strong sheathing of his quills and down. But since the invention of cartridges and the improvement in rifle practice, their numbers have been rapidly diminishing; indeed many years ago the decrease had been painfully conspicuous to St. John's great regret. 'No birds,' he says, 'offer so striking and beautiful a sight as a numerous flock of large swans on wing, while their musical cries sound more like the notes produced by some wild-toned musical instrument than the voice of a bird.' He writes in October:—

'The first flock of swans which I have seen this season are just arriving in a long, undulating line. As they come over the sands, where they will probably rest for the night, the whole company sets up a simultaneous concert of trumpet-like cries; and after one or two wheels round the place, light down on the sand, and immediately commence pluming themselves, and putting their feathers in order after their long and weary flight from the wild morasses of the North. After a short dressing of feathers and resting a few minutes, the whole beautiful flock stretch their wings again, and rise gradually into the air, but to no great height, their pinions sounding loud as they flap along the shallow water before getting well on wing. They then fly off, led by instinct or the experience of former years, to where a small spring runs into the bay, and where its waters have not yet mingled with the salt sea. There they alight and drink and splash about to their hearts' content. This done, they waddle out of the stream, and after a little stretching of wings and arranging of plumage, standing in

a long row, dispose themselves to rest, every bird with head and long neck laid on its back, with the exception of one unfortunate individual, who, by a well-understood arrangement, stands with erect neck and watchful eye to guard his sleeping companions. They have, however, a proper sense of justice, and relieve guard regularly like a well-disciplined garrison.'

Brought up from boyhood to carry a gun, St. John was a sportsman by instinct and training. He sighs at the impossibility of getting within shot of the flight of swans, whose graceful movements he has been watching with so much pleasure; he feels remorse at the expiring glance of the roe he has just knocked over, and then, like the rest of us who are given over to shooting, he makes a fresh start after the beagles, all anxiety to have a shot at another. Nay, his enthusiasm as a naturalist sometimes makes him guilty of what seems to us almost as wanton bloodshed as the murder of the albatross by the Ancient Mariner; and he shoots ospreys and peregrine falcons for his own collections or those of his friends, although lamenting that these beautiful birds are far more scarce than they used to be. But the bloodthirstiness of the mere sportsman is quickly sated, while the curiosity of the naturalist and admirer of nature is always on the *qui vive* and getting the upper hand. Standing at his post in a battue—one of those north-country battues where great woods with a comparative sprinkling of mixed game are driven by a scattered line of beaters—he neglects the chances of the sport or reserves his fire, to observe anything that happens to interest him. The antics of a wily polecat, for example, that tries to sidle up to an excited but suspicious blackcock; or the identity of some bird but dimly distinguished, as it goes fluttering and twittering under the screen of the foliage. He is always eager for a day's bird-nesting with his boys, that he may study the instincts that teach the art of concealment, and the science of ornithological architecture. And from those constant researches and observations extending over so many years, he has noted down a great mass of information in the most unaffected style, and compiled an invaluable and most enjoyable guide to those who are treading in his footsteps. We may say of him, as we have said of Gilbert White, that though he repeatedly goes over the same ground, we have no feeling of monotony. He interests us heartily in his objects and adventures. He tells, for instance—we select some illustrations at haphazard—how he had hunted in vain through many seasons for the nests of the curious crossbill in the beautiful woods of Dulsie, until we have a personal sense of disappointment when we hear that he never found any;

and we are proportionately relieved when we learn from a note that at last he had the inexpressible gratification of receiving a nest and eggs from a Rosshire keeper. He hears a bird singing in his garden, and fancies he recognises 'the full rich song 'of the blackcap.' For days he keeps on the watch, while the shyness of his little warbler baffles him, but at last he can tell in triumph that he has succeeded in identifying it. One memorable day he catches a glimpse of the wryneck; he had never before or since heard of its being visible in that country. Again he is delighted by lighting upon a shoveller's nest; 'eleven eggs, in a very wet grassy place; the bottom of the 'nest quite wet—not a great deal of down—but what down 'there was was very black.' On the next day he makes an assault on the breeding place of the peregrines at Covesea, and carries off the young from under the maternal wing, 'just 'about the right size for taking.' And all that light and lively but exact narrative is interspersed with touches of the picturesque and romantic; as when he pauses in a moonlight walk to speculate on the vivid play of the 'Merry Dancers,' or *Aurora Borealis*, or listens dreamily after nightfall to the plaintive whistle of the otter; or looks after the spectre-like forms of the rooting badgers, or of the owls floating noiselessly down the glades among the pines.

Thomas Edward, the Banffshire naturalist, must have been a still more remarkable man, and almost as good company in his way, though born in a very different station of life. St. John was an enthusiast like every born naturalist, but the enthusiasm of Edward verged on monomania. Mr. Smiles' book necessarily loses by being in the shape of biography instead of autobiography, but it is freely interspersed by autobiographical passages, and we may add that the literary work has been excellently done. We know something of the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, and have had opportunities of making acquaintance with the humbler classes there; so that we can appreciate the felicity with which Mr. Smiles has identified himself with their habits of thought and the fidelity with which he borrows their phraseology. Edward was the son of a veteran pensioner, and was apprenticed as a boy to the trade of a shoemaker, by which he afterwards maintained his wife and family. We can recall no more striking example of an irrepressible bent in a particular direction; and yet his sense of duty and his family affections were so strong, that they constrained him to reconcile them with the indulgence of his genius. So far as what we call success in life has been concerned, his has been hitherto a melancholy story; and yet we

may doubt whether, after all, his life has not been an exceptionally happy one. At least it is an illustration of the remarks with which we began our article, and as a child and a boy his pronounced tastes made him a sore trouble to his respectable parents. But he only followed his fancy at the cost of self-imposed privations and the imminent peril of his limbs; and was merely a scapegrace, not a scamp. Later in life, with a household dependent on him, he was in a position where most men would have been driven to choose between earning a respectable livelihood or becoming a vagrant and possibly a poacher. Edward decided that without interfering with his hours of work he would devote his leisure to his favourite pursuits; and that meant systematically sacrificing his sleep and frequently stinting himself in his meals. His health gave way in the end under the terrible double strain imposed on it, and his body was shattered and battered by the incidents his habits invited. Nothing short of an iron frame with a most indomitable spirit could have carried him on so far and so cheerfully. When he tried to better his condition by his scientific labours, he was baffled by disappointment on disappointment; and repeatedly he had to part with his cherished collections to avert the many troubles that threatened to overwhelm him. Such friends as he made seem either to have had little in their power or to have been lukewarm. The scientific gentlemen whose acquaintance he formed through his publications in technical periodicals either never knew that their correspondent was a poor working man, or else chose to ignore the fact. Some would-be local patrons actually went the length of entertaining him at a banquet, where one of them, in a rare outburst of economical philanthropy, gave him as much praise as he could comfortably swallow, winding up with the singularly practical peroration:— ‘ Assist and encourage him by all the means in your power, ‘ but ’—here he paused and all eyes were turned upon him,— ‘ but,’ he continued, ‘ give him no money ’—(loud cheers). ‘ I ‘ know him, as you all do, to be no drunkard, no idler, but a ‘ sober hard-working man. But still I again say, give him no ‘ money. Give him *books*; provide him with the means of ‘ reading, and he is just the man to make money for himself.’ It is charitable to believe that the animated orator had as little conception of Edward’s experiences as of the impossibility of realising a competency by writing between days of toil and nights of roving. As matter of fact, the poor shoemaker did not even receive the books that would have been a treasure to him; his health had gone and things were looking very hopeless, when Mr. Smiles came to the rescue. We may believe

that the welcome given to the volume we are reviewing must have brought him very sensible relief, and seldom has a pension been more suitably bestowed than that for which he has since been recommended by the Premier.

There is one feature in these open-air studies of his that gives them an altogether exceptional value and piquancy. He made his excursions almost invariably at night, or at least between evening and morning. And in those nocturnal wanderings he developed many of the faculties that are in perfection in the beasts and birds of the night. His ear acquired extraordinary delicacy—his eye could distinguish objects in the dusk that would have been vague or imperceptible to ordinary mortals. He had an inexhaustible store of patience at his service; and would watch hour after hour, night after night, to satisfy himself as to anything that puzzled him. He became well-nigh regardless of weather—cold, wet, and wind were alike indifferent to him, till at last nothing seems to have kept him at home except the accumulation of almost impracticable snow-drifts. Like the foxes and the otters he had his lairs and places of retreat. There were clefts in the rocks and caves in the woods where he would turn in to refresh himself with a nap of an hour or two. Now he would be creeping for shelter from a thunder-storm under the broad flag of a tombstone in a lonely churchyard, or he would be making himself as comfortable as circumstances admitted of in the dungeon-vault of some solitary ruin. And from his ambushes in these extemporised bivouacs he not only had the opportunity of witnessing many very wonderful incidents, but on more than one occasion he tested the extraordinary audacity of animals emboldened by the darkness. Indeed, some of the facts he recounts are so strange that we might well have some hesitation in accepting them, were it not that the whole of his life and the truthfulness of his manner of writing may be taken as satisfactory guarantees for his honesty. Moreover, among his natural gifts, we see no reason to reckon a lively imagination; and we know besides that the field of natural history, though it has been so carefully reaped and gleaned by so many willing workers, is full of sensational surprises to reward the investigations of explorers.

We have long been familiar with the districts which were the scene of Edward's researches. Unlike the range of St. John's beats in Moray, they scarcely embrace anything that can be called strictly highlands, although the grand Cairngorum chain is at no great distance; but they present a great variety of distinct characteristics. Along the northern bend of the

Aberdeenshire coast is some of the finest rock scenery in Eastern Scotland, whilst elsewhere the coast-line sinks into flat sands divided by storm-heaped sand hills or 'bents,' from broad stretches of links that are fringed by thickets of furze. The shallows, the creeks, the estuaries of the rivers offer extraordinary attractions to sea-birds, waders, and divers. The farms inland are carefully cultivated by industrious tenants on nineteen years' leases; they are fenced by 'dykes' of loose stone, in the conspicuous absence of hedges and hedge-row timber, and often show magnificent root-crops, notwithstanding the poverty of the soil and the inclemency of the climate, for the district of Buchan is one of the bleakest in Scotland. Swept by winds blowing straight from the Pole, the rare plantations of spruce and larch, bent down by the head and painfully distorted, have generally a strong set from the seaward. But then there are densely-wooded glens, the more pleasing by contrast, where half-hidden brooks go murmuring in the depths of the hollows under a dense overgrowth of thriving hardwood, and which are alive with birds at all times and vocal with their song in the spring. While on the Banffshire side the soil and vegetation change with the far more genial climate, and along the banks of the Deveron, fondly known to the dwellers on it as Deveronside, there are woods, and park-like fields, and gentlemen's seats among their ancestral trees, that remind you of countries far to the southward.

The maxim that the child is father of the man generally holds good with the naturalist, and assuredly it was never more the case than with Edward. The biographers of most remarkable men have detected signs of the future destiny of their heroes in the prattle and the amusements of their earliest infancy; but we are told that Edward took to hunting blue-bottles on the window-panes when a four months' baby in his mother's arms. As soon as he was able to walk alone he struck up friendships with the pigs and poultry; and it is certain that while he was a mere child he went to work at zoology in earnest. Like many scientific geniuses whose zeal is untempered by discretion, he became an intolerable nuisance to his unfortunate neighbours. His parents were then residing in the town of Aberdeen, and having to make the two ends meet on a small pension, they naturally occupied but a room or two in a crowded block of houses; so that when the young collector used to come home in triumph with adders, tadpoles, toads, frogs, &c. in a high state of animation, there were repeated *émeutes* on the subject in the quarter. It was hard to reproach his parents, who were more nearly interested than

anybody else. Threats and scoldings, short commons, and corporal punishment were alike ineffectual; for the Ethiopian could not change his skin, and the boy obeyed an imperious volition. At school he carried his tastes to such lengths that he succeeded in alienating the sympathies of his schoolfellows, who might have been supposed to have welcomed such distractions as he provided for them. So far as they were concerned, and whatever might be the sentiments of the master, it might be all very well to have broods of young nestlings fluttering about the school-room, to the interruption of the lessons; but it was a different thing when in their turn their equanimity was disturbed by a plague of roving horse-leeches which had escaped from the amateur's repositories.

Expulsions, and even castigations that were positively brutal, had no sort of effect; and all this time the irreclaimable young naturalist was only six years old. His father, who was a highly respectable man, feared that his troublesome boy would turn out a hopeless 'ne'er-do-well.' So he resolved to put Thomas to a business at once, and the boy began to work for his living at that very early age. Two years later he obtained his parents' consent to engaging himself at a cotton-mill in the neighbourhood of the city. It is true that it was two miles distant from his home; but he had his own ideas on that subject; for although troops of factory hands were employed at the mill, it was situated in a delightfully rural situation. Nothing can be more picturesque in their way than the banks and haughs of the Don, where it winds down among scarped braces and hanging woods to the famous old Brig o' Balgownie. Edward kept hours, as he was obliged to do; but during his meal times, when the others were resting or idling, he was hunting after birds, insects, and wildflowers in the woods and the hedgerows. A couple of miles to and fro seemed a long enough walk for his young limbs; but in the fine season he would always prolong it indefinitely. Either he made a *détour* inland by the rough uplands that lead on to the granite quarries of Rubislaw, the property of Mr. Skene, the friend of Sir Walter Scott; or else he bent his devious steps homewards by the links which extend between the Don and the Dee, where he was sure of finding objects of interest in abundance. In short, before he was finally apprenticed to shoemaking, the habits were already formed which he persevered in until his health broke down; but once fairly in harness, he recognised the grave responsibilities of life. If he chose to work double tides, he seldom let natural history interfere with his business. He always earned tolerable wages; and his conduct was so

steady, and his workmanship so good, that his employers were fain to put up with his eccentricities.

Passing over many intervening years, we find him established as a journeyman shoemaker in the town of Banff, and married to a woman in his own rank of life who understood him and thoroughly sympathised with him. Those practical studies he had commenced so early had begun to bear their fruits. For it must be remembered that he was almost entirely self-educated, and had left school before learning to write. He had enjoyed none of the advantages of men who have access to libraries and scientific periodicals, or who have even the means of procuring popular handbooks. He had made himself familiar with many species, while it was by slow degrees that he became acquainted with their names. And it was only after he had made himself a certain local reputation that he found himself in a position to make a fresh start. Then he had formed acquaintance with some neighbouring clergymen who kindly helped him to books; and was in correspondence with naturalists at a distance who named and classified what he sent them. When he had married and settled in a home of his own he began to think seriously of collecting. But it was only by strict economy, systematic privations, and a variety of very ingenious devices that he could provide himself with the indispensable implements. His was one of those genuine instances of self-help which Mr. Smiles has glorified elsewhere. His gun he had bought for four and sixpence, and as he had to lash the venerable breech to the rickety stock, it must have needed strong nerves to handle it. Many were the catastrophes it shared with its master in the course of his scrambling exploits among the rocks. His powder he carried in a horn, using the bowl of a tobacco pipe for a charger, and his shot was wrapped up in a brown paper parcel. But he made it a rule never to waste a charge, even though he had to capture some biting or scratching animal at the cost of serious lacerations. His coat was mined and countermined with pockets; bags of various stuffs and sizes were slung about his person, and there was a bundle of small chip boxes which he bought cheap from the chemists, for stowing away rare and delicate insects. His plants he pressed under chests filled with earth, and he knocked up his own cases for his specimens. But more than once in the absence of suitable accommodation, he had to lament heart-breaking losses. Thus he had laid aside nearly a thousand insects in a garret, and had brought down the cases to re-arrange their contents. Opening one after another, he found every one had been emptied.

The mice had spared nothing, and not a few of the specimens were unique. 'His wife, on seeing the empty cases, asked him what he was to do next.' "Well," said he, "it's 'an awfu' disappointment, but I think the best thing will be 'to set to work and fill them up again.'" As philosophically as Sir Isaac Newton when Diamond upset the lamp among his manuscripts.

As to his habits, his neighbours used to say of him, 'It is 'a stormy night that keeps that man Edward in the house.' Naturally they were entirely mystified as to his proceedings, and regarded him at first with no little suspicion.

'He went out in fine starlight nights, in moonlight nights, and in cold and drizzling nights. Weather never daunted him. When it rained, he would look out for a hole in a bank and thrust himself into it, feet foremost. He knew of two such holes, both in sand banks and both in woods which he frequently frequented. They were foxes' or badgers' dens. If any of these gentry were inside when he took up his position, they did not venture to disturb him. If they were not they did the same, except on one occasion, when a badger endeavoured to dislodge him, showing his teeth. He was obliged to shoot it. He could often have shot deer or hares, which came close up to where he was, but they were forbidden animals and he resisted the temptation. He shot owls and polecats from his ambuscades. Numbers of moths came dancing about him, and many of these he secured and boxed, sending them to their long sleep with a little drop of chloroform. When it rained heavily, he drew in his head and his gun, and slept until the first streaks of light appeared on the horizon; and then he came out of his hole and proceeded with his operations.

'At other times he would take up his quarters for the night in some disused buildings—in a barn, a ruined castle, or a church-yard. He usually obtained better shelter in such cases than if he were seated by the side of a stone, a bush, or a wall. His principal objection to them was, that he had a greater number of visitors there than elsewhere—such as polecats, weasels, bats, rats, and mice, not to speak of herds of night-wandering insects such as molluscs, beetles, slaters, and centipedes.'

More than once, as we have said, he had unpleasant proofs of the audacity and ferocity of the smaller night-prowlers. One morning, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, he had fallen fast asleep under the shelter of a dyke. As it chanced, some small birds he had shot were wrapped in wadding and deposited in his hat. He was awakened by something cold pressing against his forehead. Throwing up his hand, he seized a weasel which he tossed aside into the grass. Again he went to sleep, and again and again the weasel returned. He moved some hundred yards away; his indefatigable assailant followed him, to be finally seized and strangled, though not without severe

bites. On another occasion, when he had taken up his quarter in a ruined threshing mill, a couple of hungry rats made repeated onslaughts upon the wallet he was using as a pillow. But the most exciting and the most startling of these nocturnal encounters was one with a fumart or polecat. It sounds so strange, and we might have added so improbable, had it not been for our firm faith in him, that we are inclined to let him partly tell it in his own words. He had taken up his night quarters in the ruined castle of the Boyne which was used as a pen for cattle. As he was dozing on the ground, he was roused by something pattering over his legs. When he raised himself, the animal beat a retreat, but when he had laid down again, it returned after a few minutes. Mechanically he swept his hand across his chest, and he knew by the shriek that the intruder was a polecat. This time it was the scent of a water hen buttoned up in one of his breast pockets that was the attraction. He shifted his position, so as to make his assailant visible by bringing the open doorway between him and the sky.

‘Well, just as I hoped and expected, in about twenty minutes I observed the fellow entering the vault, looking straight in my direction. He was very cautious at first. He halted and looked behind him. He turned and looked out. I could easily have shot him now, but that would have spoiled the sport; besides, I never wasted my powder and shot upon anything that I could take with my hands. Having stood for a few seconds, he slowly advanced, keeping his nose on the ground. On he came. He put his fore-feet on my legs and stared me full in the face for about a minute. When satisfied with his look at my face, he dropped his feet and ran out of the vault. I was a good deal disappointed; and I feared that my look had frightened him. By no means. I was soon reassured by hearing the well-known and ominous *squeak-squeak* of the tribe. It seemed to me that I was about to be assaulted by a legion of polecats, and that it might be best to beat a retreat.’

The story goes on very dramatically, considering the scene and the circumstances. The polecat came back deliberately, repeatedly throwing looks over his shoulder as if he expected reinforcements in strength, again leaped on Edward, then once more ran back to the door and shrieked out another summons. Finally he again dragged himself over Edward’s chest towards the coveted prey.

‘I lay as still as death, but being forced to breathe, the movement of my chest made the brute raise his head, and at that moment I gript him by the throat. I sprang instantly to my feet and held on. But I actually thought that he would have torn my hands to pieces with his claws. I endeavoured to get him turned round, so as to get my hand

to the back of his neck. Even then I had enough to do to hold him fast. How he screamed and yelled! What an unearthly noise in the dead of the night! The vault rang with his howlings! And then, what an awful stench he emitted during his struggles! The very jack-daws in the upper storeys began to caw.'

Even Edward's muscular hands failed to choke the polecat. But at last he forced open the creature's jaws, and thrust an ounce of chloroform down its throat. Then the struggles became feebler, and the polecat was crushed; but the fight had lasted for a couple of hours, and Edward's hands were so bitten and torn that for long they continued inflamed and painful. However, as he characteristically remarks, the prey was well worth the struggle, and 'all the more valuable as I succeeded' 'in taking him without the slightest injury to his skin.'

By way of showing the dangers he courted, we may select another of his adventures, more thrilling, if scarcely so singular. He had left his home in Banff to pass New Year's Day with some hospitable friends in the neighbouring fishing village of Gardenstown. Naturally he followed the path along the cliffs, in the hope of making some precious additions to his collection. At Gamrie Head, the highest of the promontories, the screaming of a gathering of birds coming up from the beach below attracted his attention. He peered over, and distinguished among the rest a pair of Iceland gulls which he coveted; so he resolved to descend the almost perpendicular rocks, following a scrambling track that had clearly been made by something. The track led down to the brink of a precipice, but a jutting point below tempted him to swing himself downwards. Landed on that lower ledge, he would have given much to have retraced his steps; he had made his way to a fox's lair, from which there was no visible egress. He heard a low growl like that of a rabid dog, and saw a couple of snarling foxes crouching at the other end of the shelf. There was no possibility of climbing back, and the only conceivable way lay downwards.

'Such being the case, was I not in a pretty fix? If there were any means of escape, it was from the point near where the foxes were. But how could I dislodge them to get at that point? The space on which we stood was only from two and a half to one foot broad, and about nine feet long, projecting to some distance over the cliff beneath. To have shot them and rid myself of their presence in that fashion, was, from my position, utterly impossible.

'At length a thought struck me, and with the view of putting it in execution, I laid down my gun close to the back of the shelving, out of harm's way; then crouching down with my feet towards my shaggy friends, who kept up a constant chattering of their teeth during the whole time, and pushing myself backwards until I reached the nearest,

I gave him a kick with my foot in the hind quarters, which produced the desired effect; for I had no sooner done so, than I felt the feet of first one and then the other passing lightly along my back, and before I had time to lift my head, they had bolted up the precipice and disappeared.'

Even then his adventure was barely begun. We hear circumstantially how he swayed and scrambled between earth and heaven, from difficulty to difficulty, battered by falling stones that nearly knocked him into the abyss, until, almost helpless from bruises and exhaustion, he found himself panting on an isolated rock, with fifty feet of almost sheer cliff beneath him. In vain he signalled some passing boats; the early winter night was just closing in around him, and he seemed likely to have to choose between different forms of death. At that moment a peregrine with a partridge in its claws settled upon a shelf hard by, and proceeded to tear its prey in pieces. As it happened, it was the first time he had ever seen one of those noble birds in a state of nature, and nothing can show the man more thoroughly than that he became so absorbed in its proceedings as entirely to forget himself. When the falcon saw him and took to flight, in mingled rage and fright, he was brought back abruptly to the recollection of his position. He let his gun slip down, swathed the napkins round his head that had served as gun-slings, and then followed the gun himself, holding his breath and trusting in Providence. He was brought up below stunned and senseless, bleeding freely from the nose and ears. He recovered from his swoon to find no bones broken, though his spine was so sore that he had to resume a reclining posture. When he made a second attempt, reeling like a drunken man, *he actually loaded his gun, with extreme difficulty, with the idea of obtaining one of the Icelanders which had been the cause of all his sorrows.* But though he contrived to load the gun, he could not bring it to his shoulder, and so the birds escaped. 'I was vexed at this,' he adds naïvely, 'for both came several times within easy shot.' However, he sought consolation in an examination of the object which had attracted them, and was rewarded by discovering it to be a spinous shark. And having taken minute mental notes of its peculiarities, it occurred to him at last that he might be the better for repose and refreshment. Even then the tide had nearly surprised him, and dragging himself painfully over a huge rock, he had an escape something in the manner of the Wardours and Edie Ochiltree in the 'Anti-quary.' So ended an eventful day—as we can believe—'so deeply stamped upon my body and mind that it will not easily,

‘if ever, be obliterated from either.’ But it was but one of many of a similar kind, which made a wreck of his once powerful frame, and laid the foundation of aches and weaknesses for his old age.

To borrow the expression of Gilbert White, Edward became literally ‘a spy’ on the night animals. Even in the stillest and darkest hours, from time to time he heard strange voices of the night which at first greatly mystified him, but which he gradually learned to recognise. It was not without the expenditure of time and patience, with a great deal of insidious strategy, that he traced the bark of the wandering roebuck and the *bleak-bleak* of the feeding hare. The rabbit, he found, roamed but little, although it was not unfrequently visible by moonlight; he never heard it cry, but frequently he distinguished a tapping sound, which for long he could not explain. He resolved to watch the burrows, and at length his curiosity was gratified. A buck was ‘thud-thudding’ at hole after hole, and apparently the thud was meant for a challenge; for another rabbit rushed forth, tumbled the first headlong down the hill, where, after rolling head over heels, they rose simultaneously and fought it out in rabbit fashion, jumping over each others’ heads, striking out viciously with their hind feet in passing. The fox has a bark like the roebuck, which resembles that of the poodle, and is repeated at intervals of from six to eighteen minutes. Besides badgers and otters, Edward came across great numbers of the weasel family, of hedgehogs, rats, mice, and ‘such small deer,’ which, like himself, were never kept at home by the worst and wildest weather. The bats preyed chiefly on the belated day insects that were about in the twilight. As for the night birds, though his nerves were strong, at first he was occasionally scared by the screech of the long-eared night-owl, which is common enough in these parts. One of them once made an actual descent on him, tugging at him with portentous yells and screams. He had gone to sleep as usual, having tethered a live field-mouse by a long string to his wrist, and he found that the owl carried off its game, leaving only the skin of the tail. Among other birds he used to hear the cries of the heron, the wild duck, the sandpiper, grouse, plover, curlew, and snipe, besides the notes of the multifarious waders which came down from their breeding grounds to feed upon the shore. The only songster he heard through the darkness was the sedge-warbler. The rooks are excessively wakeful and suspicious during the building time and when they are rearing their hungry broods, and next to them the skylark is stirring; sometimes he is in

the full volume of his song before there is a glimpse of dawn on the horizon.

‘Among the sylvan choristers, the blackbird is the foremost in wakening the grove to melody, and he is also among the latest to retire at night. As soon as the first streaks of grey begin to tinge the sky, and break in through the branches amid which he nestles, the blackbird is up and from the topmost bough of the tree, he salutes the new-born day. And when all the rest of the birds have ended their daily service of song and retired to rest, he still continues to tune his mellow throat, until darkness has fairly settled down upon the earth.

‘After the skylark and the blackbird have heralded the coming day, the thrush rises from her couch and pours out her melodious notes. The chaffinch, the willow-wren, and all the lesser songsters then join the choir and swell the chorus of universal praise.’

The passage we have quoted shows, clearly, that though Edward has the inclination of a clever but somewhat illiterate man towards the use of fine language, yet that he writes with real feeling, and under the inspiration of a genuine sense of poetry.

As for his persistency and ardour, the instances of these are endless. The only occasions on which he neglected his work, knowing well that he must labour to make up for lost time, were when the apparition of some extraordinary bird touched his brain and carried him off his balance. He sees a couple of rare geese on the sands near Banff, and devotes the best part of a week, to hunting them down. Again, a little stint, a lilliputian species of sandpiper, cost him two days and a night. While following up the flock of sandpipers with which it was keeping company, ‘every limb shook like an aspen leaf or a cock’s tail ‘on a windy day.’ As he had neither eaten nor slept for these two days, his strength began to fail him, when a most blessed chance brought the assembly within shot, and he bagged the bird he so eagerly coveted. So he went regular rounds to inspect the traps he had set and baited for all kinds of insects. They were set in fields and woods, in holes and in trees, in streams and in stagnant pools. Some of them had to be visited daily, some weekly, others only once in the month. He had his regular moth hunts, on the moors and in the woods, in graveyards and about dilapidated buildings. Later in his life when his breaking health compelled him to spare his enfeebled constitution, he fell back on such quieter studies as the investigation of shell-mounds, and the examination of those organic forms that were to be picked up by the sea-shore.

All the time, although his life was one of great enjoyment in many ways, yet it was one of perpetual disappointment. It

was his earnest desire to get rid of the drudgery of shoemaking, that he might devote himself exclusively to the pursuits for which he was so eminently fitted. But that modest ambition was continually being baulked, though latterly he found well-wishers willing to help him. While as yet he was in full health and strength, he decided to play a bold stroke. He took the collections that were the cherished fruits of his labours for exhibition in the city of Aberdeen, hoping to bring himself into notice and to realise a handsome profit as well. The speculation ended in bitter disappointment. He was scarcely noticed either by *savants* or the paying public; he was forced to sell his collections to pay his debts, and had to fall back in despondency on his lapstone in Banff, leaving his valued treasures behind him. Nor was that his last experience of the sort. His daily wage barely sufficed for his family expenses; and when he had to call in the doctor and run up bills with the chemist, he had to draw again, as Mr. Smiles expresses it, on his only savings bank. Forty cases of birds, with many precious specimens of mosses and marine plants, were disposed of, as we may suppose, for a comparative trifle. At Aberdeen, the intensity of his disappointment, and his gloomy apprehensions of the future, got the better for once of his manly nature. For the first and last time that we hear of, despair had nearly turned his brain. He rushed out of his wretched lodging, hesitating between drowning himself in the sea or the river. It is touching to think of the heart-broken man, after a life of almost suicidal application, rushing across the links and sands where he had so often amused himself as a boy, with the single thought of putting an end to his sufferings. Strangely enough, he was saved by the love of nature that was the immediate cause of his misery. He had actually stripped off coat and waistcoat, when a flock of sanderlings pitched hard by. Mechanically he looked at them, and his attention was arrested by a bird in the company that was altogether strange to him. The ruling passion immediately asserted itself. Like the monk Felix in the Golden Legend, though with a different purpose, he rushed up and down after the stranger, while the excitement of the pursuit entirely absorbed him. When the chase was over, he was in his right mind again; he quietly went back to resume his clothes, persuading himself that that remarkable bird had been sent as the special messenger of Providence.

As we have not regarded his work in its scientific aspects, we need not follow him as he pushed his discoveries among

crustaceæ, zoophytes, molluscs; and fishes, to say nothing of kitchen-middens and more modern objects of antiquity. Although made curator of a local museum at an insignificant salary, Edward was never a prophet in his own country, and after raising himself to a certain height by sheer bodily strength, when strength had failed with years and illness, he slipped back on the shoemaker's bench. There Mr. Smiles found him; and Mr. Smiles has good reason for congratulating himself that he has been the means of assisting a very worthy man. We can only hope that relief from pecuniary anxiety, and from the necessity for every-day labour, may give a fresh lease of life to a naturalist who has made himself an honourable name in a life-long struggle with difficulties.

ART. VI.—1. *Metropolitan Medical Relief*; being a Paper read by Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN, Bart., K.C.B., on the 17th of April, 1877, at a Conference convened by the Charity Organization Society. London: 1877.

2. *On Hospital Organization, with special reference to the Organization of Hospitals for Children*. By CHARLES WEST, M.D. Late Physician to the Hospital for Sick Children. London: 1877.

3. *Eighth Annual Report of the Council of the Society for organizing Charitable Relief and repressing Mendicity*. London: 1877.

4. *Report of the Manchester and Salford Provident Dispensaries Association*. Manchester: 1876.

MEDICAL relief in the metropolis is administered from two sources. First, there is the medical relief which is provided by the Poor Law, which is paid for out of the rates, and which is granted alike to all who obtain an order from the relieving officer of the parish. And, secondly, there is the medical relief which is provided by the richer part of the community for the poorer as a matter of charity, the money being voluntarily subscribed, and the various institutions from which it is dispensed being placed under such regulations as may seem good to the subscribers.

The medical relief provided by the Poor Law, being regulated by Act of Parliament, is much the same in every parish. The medical relief which is supplied by voluntary associations varies in almost every institution, according to the particular

objects which the subscribers have in view. In order to bring about a change in the former, appeal must be made to Parliament; but in order to bring about a change in the latter, appeal must be made to the judgment of the subscribers and governors.

Some ten or twelve years ago the attention of the public was strongly called to the condition of the sick paupers in our workhouse infirmaries, and, more generally, to the whole system of medical relief under the Poor Law. The movement originated in a Commission appointed by 'The Lancet,' and in the reports of the Commissioners which appeared in that journal. In consequence of the light which was thus thrown upon the subject an influential association was formed, and the pressure which this association was able to put upon the Government led to a revision of that portion of the Poor Law of 1834 which referred to the sick and infirm paupers in the metropolis. Mr Gathorne Hardy, the then President of the Poor Law Board, introduced a Bill into the House of Commons in 1867. All parties in the House lent their aid, and the measure speedily passed into law. It is known as *The Metropolitan Poor Act*, 1867. Its main object is to give facilities for classifying the sick paupers, and for providing for each class appropriate and skilful treatment. With this view, the Poor Law Board (now the Local Government Board) was empowered to order the erection of such infirmaries, asylums, and other buildings as it might deem necessary, and to group the various parishes and unions into such districts as it thought most convenient for the use and maintenance of the said infirmaries and asylums. In like manner the Poor Law Board was authorised to require that a suitable dispensary, or dispensaries, should be provided in each parish or union for the purposes of out-door medical relief, and clauses were inserted in order to make sure that the relief administered at these dispensaries should be good and liberal. The asylum districts were placed under a body of managers, who are partly elected by the guardians of the several parishes and unions forming the district, and partly nominated by the Poor Law Board. The dispensaries are managed by a special committee of the guardians.

During the ten years that have elapsed since this Act was passed much has been accomplished. Six unions have been grouped in sick asylum districts. In fourteen parishes separate infirmaries have been opened, and orders have been issued for their management under medical superintendence. In four other parishes similar separate infirmaries are in course

of erection. While there are only six unions or parishes in which the sick are still retained in mixed workhouses.

Not only has the amount of accommodation for the in-door treatment of the sick paupers been much increased, but a still greater change has taken place in the character and quality of it. The sick asylums which have been built are magnificent institutions with every appliance which modern medicine demands, with a resident medical officer and a staff of trained nurses. Take, for example, the Central London Sick Asylum, which stands on the slope of Highgate Hill, one of the finest and most healthy situations in the immediate neighbourhood of London. Here there is an extensive range of buildings, sufficient to admit of the proper classification of the patients. The wards are large and spacious, well warmed and well ventilated: indeed, they contrast favourably with the wards in many of the charitable hospitals. There is a highly qualified medical officer, as well as an assistant medical officer, resident in the house; and the nurses are women in the prime of life, who have been trained under the Nightingale Fund. This institution contains 523 beds; and last year 3,000 individuals were received in it from the parishes of St. Pancras, St. Giles, the Strand Union, and the Westminster Union.

This is a specimen of the arrangements which are now made for those who are acutely sick, who require active and skilful treatment, and who, it is hoped, may with these advantages soon be restored to health and enabled to resume their work.

What a contrast this presents to the former state of things, when the sick, the infirm, and the imbecile were all huddled together in small and low rooms, the very smell of which was enough to aggravate disease; when the sole nurses were old crones selected from among the more respectable part of the female paupers, many of whom were not even able to read the directions on the medicine bottles, and administered mixtures and draughts in a happy-go-lucky way; when the diets offered the smallest round of gruel, broth, and pudding, which were served up in the most uninviting manner; when the medical officer had to treat all sorts of patients, and to pay for the drugs and the dispensing out of a salary of 100*l.* a year.

But now all this is changed. Under the present arrangements, while the acutely sick have been transferred to sick asylums, the chronic invalids are left in the workhouse infirmaries. But these also are no longer what they were. The old buildings have either been remodelled, or new wards have been built for the purpose; and, while this has been done,

proper attention has been paid to space, light and ventilation, so that the accommodation is all that could be expected. Though the pauper women are still employed as nurses, it is only in a subordinate capacity. A head nurse, a trained woman with an adequate salary, superintends the male, and another the female, side of the house. She accompanies the medical officers on their rounds, and is responsible both for the administration of medicine to the patients and for their dietary. The erection of these new wards has afforded more space, and has permitted the proper classification of the inmates, so that instead of all classes being mixed together without regard to the nature of their ailments, the infirm can be placed in one ward, the imbecile in another, while the insane and the idiotic are passed on to separate institutions, arranged and managed with a special view to the treatment they require.

Nor are the changes which have been introduced into the system of out-door medical relief less important. Forty-seven dispensaries have been opened in London. Indeed, this part of Mr. Gathorne Hardy's Act may be considered to have been fully carried out within the whole area of the metropolitan district. It is intended to meet the wants of that large number of cases in which the patient can either attend at the dispensary, or has to be visited at home and to send to the dispensary for medicine. Speaking of this system the report of the Local Government Board for 1875-6 says:—

‘The question of out-door medical relief in all its bearings, whether charitable or official, is one which has of late years received much attention. The Poor Law dispensary system, initiated by the legislation of 1867, borrowed certain of its administrative features from the analogous system which had been in working for twenty-five years in Ireland. The difference, however, between the Irish and the London system is fundamental. In Ireland, official medical relief is not considered as implying the pauperism of the recipient. In England, no distinction is made between medical and other kinds of relief. It is not necessary to refer at length to the various circumstances which have led to the establishment of an exceptional system in Ireland. It is enough to indicate the dangers which in this country would assuredly follow a relaxed rule in this respect.

‘The consideration which has been given recently to the organisation of charity in London has led to the conviction that the extreme facilities with which medical relief is obtained in the out-patient department of many of our public charities is an evil of great magnitude, and is often the first step in the downward progress towards pauperism.

‘In one or two instances this tendency has shown itself in the Metropolitan Poor Law Dispensaries. It has been found that relieving officers were giving orders for medical attendance to persons not in the

receipt of other relief, and evidently not destitute. The attention of the guardians was called to this subject, and a stricter administration was promptly substituted. It is obvious that the remedy in such cases must lie with the guardians themselves; and with the view of rendering their supervision more uniform and unfailing, it would be well if the practice, already adopted by some Boards of Guardians, were to become universal, of granting the medical relief order for a month only.

But these precautions being taken, there can be no doubt that the establishment of dispensaries has exercised a most beneficial influence on the administration of medical out-relief. It is an advantage to the patient, who is certain of obtaining his advice and medicine at a fixed hour. To the medical officer, who is no longer burdened with the duty of providing costly drugs from a slender salary, a fixed hour and a public office for the performance of his official duties is not less advantageous. The strictly medical duties of examining and prescribing for the patient are no longer complicated by the labour of dispensing drugs. And, finally, the guardians are enabled to keep this important branch of relief under control and inspection in a way which before was impossible.

These arrangements are so good, and are so well carried out, that no one need now hesitate to advise a poor person to apply for parochial medical relief under the impression that he would get scanty attention. On the contrary, the Poor Law medical officer, having it in his power to order 'medical comforts,' can often do more for a patient than the surgeon or physician of a charitable institution. The Poor Law of 1834, by bearing with equal harshness upon the sick paupers and upon the able-bodied and vagabond paupers, did much to create a prejudice against parochial medical relief; and this led to a most undesirable development of charitable hospitals and dispensaries. But these evils have been remedied by the Act of 1867, and sick and infirm paupers are now treated with the liberality and consideration which their case deserves, and which a national and rate-supported charity ought to bestow upon them.

Let us now turn to the second part of our subject. This is more complex, owing to the great variety of institutions which it embraces, and to the differences which exist in the methods upon which they are conducted. Amongst the hospitals and dispensaries which benevolent persons have set on foot may be found institutions for the treatment of sick people of all kinds, and in every stage of their malady. Some of these are absolutely free; a man has nothing to do but to walk in and ask to see the physician or surgeon, and he is admitted. Others require a governor's letter of recommendation; whilst some few demand a small payment.

The total number of these charitable institutions—exclusive of lunatic asylums, homes for the convalescent and the incurable, as well as a variety of private homes supported by individuals or by churches—may be set down at 126. Of these some—as, for example, the fever and the small-pox hospitals—may be said to meet the special exigencies of the poor; but the great majority are intended for the relief of ordinary sicknesses and accidents. If we set aside those institutions which are suited for special exigencies, there remain about 120 for ordinary cases. Of these 22 are general hospitals, 44 are general dispensaries, while 54 are special hospitals or dispensaries.

Of these medical charitable institutions by far the greater number have sprung up within the last forty years. In 1831 the total number of medical charities in London was 42; it is now, as we have seen, 126. The population of the metropolis was then 1,654,994; according to the last census (1871) it was 3,254,260. That is to say, it is rather more than two and a half times as great as it was in 1831. But the number of hospitals and dispensaries has increased in a still greater proportion. Nor do these figures convey an adequate idea of the development of the medical charities, because it must be borne in mind that many of those which were in existence forty years ago have been much enlarged since that date. For example, prior to 1831, the Charing Cross Hospital existed only as a dispensary. It was in that year that the foundation-stone of the hospital was laid; now it has 180 beds. Forty years ago the London Hospital provided accommodation for 360 in-patients; now it can accommodate 790. At the same date St. George's made up 209 beds: now it has 353. Every Londoner knows how splendidly St. Thomas's Hospital has lately been rebuilt, whereby the number of beds has been increased from 457 to 573. In like manner, if we were to go through the list of hospitals and dispensaries which were in existence in 1831, we should find that they had all been enlarged; and the development of the out-patient departments is still more striking than the increase in the in-patient accommodation.

It would seem, therefore, that we are not wrong in supposing, as we have already hinted, that the Poor Law of 1834 was one of the causes of this disproportionate growth of charity. But it may be said, What harm is there in this state of things? Why should we not welcome the charity which has led to the foundation of these numerous institutions? We reply: The evil which we deprecate is the same which exists wherever charity, no matter of what kind it be, is scattered broadcast. There springs up a crop of weeds—deception, begging, impro-

vidence, and pauperisation. Medical charity, like all other charity, needs to be administered with discrimination. This may appear a truism, but it is one which is often forgotten. When poor people are ill, a benevolent instinct prompts us to help them in the shortest and easiest way, without weighing the various forms of relief which present themselves, and selecting that which is best adapted to the case in point, and which will be the most permanently beneficial to the patient.

After the passing of the Poor Law of 1834 it was felt that many respectable poor persons who were struck down by illness deserved kinder and more considerate treatment than that which the workhouse infirmaries then afforded. Hence charitable hospitals were founded for 'the really poor,' 'the destitute poor.' Such phrases as these, which are still in use, indicate the particular class for whom hospitals were intended, and the limitations under which they were at first conducted. In a similar way charitable dispensaries were opened as a set-off to the out-door medical relief provided by the Poor Law.

But these benevolent institutions, having the same aim as the great endowed hospitals, which had been in existence for many years, and provided, like them, with a staff of distinguished physicians and surgeons, soon came to be sought after by a class above that for which they were originally intended; and, as their wards were always full, their waiting-rooms always crowded, other, and yet other, similar institutions were established, until with the growth of London, the number of general hospitals and dispensaries has reached the high figure mentioned above.

But during this same period there has been an enormous development of scientific study, and a proportionate progress in the healing art. Many branches of medical knowledge may almost be said to have come into existence within the last forty years. Special studies have led to the foundation of special hospitals. These special hospitals were, like the general hospitals, originally founded for the benefit of a particular class, and they are still professedly carried on for that class. But, as a matter of fact, they are frequented by many who belong to a higher grade. Nor can we wonder at this. On the list of their medical or surgical staff we often find names of European celebrity for their skill in the treatment of particular maladies. All applicants are welcome. No inquiries are made. Why should not those who are much above the 'really destitute' or the 'necessitous poor' avail themselves of the advice and medicine which are so freely offered?

The way in which this has come to pass is well stated by

Dr. West, and the length of his experience at the Children's Hospital gives weight to his words. He says:—

'The impression, and that not altogether a mistaken one, that the advice obtained at a hospital is that of more skilled or more specially experienced persons than those who are the ordinary medical attendants of himself and family; the temptation, too, to get what he believes to be a superior article without paying for it, are to many almost irresistible. The belief, too, that these institutions are wealthy, and that their officers are highly paid, takes away that sense of honour which would make the working man shrink from appropriating to himself the food, or the clothing, or the alms destined for the poor. The temptation, too, to avoid doctor's bills, or to get for nothing the opinion of some eminent man to whom it might not be quite convenient to pay his guinea, have affected a class far above that of the well-to-do artisan, and have thus led to an intolerable abuse of the out-patient department of our hospitals. . . . Shopkeepers, and others of the middle class, are not ashamed to put on shabby clothes and to present themselves as candidates for that succour on which they have no claim.'

Again, in consequence of the great number of medical charities which have sprung up of late years, and which are all 'supported by voluntary contributions' it has been found necessary to advertise them widely; and in order to touch the hearts and open the purses of the benevolent the numbers who have applied for relief during the past year are set forth in startling figures. Thus, these rival institutions are, as it were, bidding for the patronage of the poor, and using it as a means of drawing donations from the rich.

Such being the number, and such the position, of the charitable medical institutions, what is the sum total of individuals who avail themselves of the relief which they offer? There is no difficulty in estimating it, for the reports of the different hospitals and dispensaries give prominence to the number of their applicants. If we make a list of the medical charities which are intended for the relief of ordinary sickness, setting aside those which are meant for special exigencies, we find *that the total number of applicants in 1875 was 1,159,678.* This calculation may easily be made by anyone who will take the trouble to study the 'Medical Directory,' or the 'Classified Directory of Metropolitan Charities.' It has repeatedly been made by different individuals during the last few years, and the result has always been much the same. Now it may be said that the same person may possibly attend two or three hospitals at the same time, and we know that some, who 'enjoy 'bad health,' actually do this: or the same individual may be enrolled twice during the year at the same institution. This is perfectly true, and ought to be fully admitted. But, after-

making all reasonable deductions, there will still remain a total of something like a million. It is startling to find that in our wealthy metropolis, in spite of the excellent system of rate-supported medical relief administered under the Poor Law, there should be anything like this number of persons who rely upon charitable aid in time of sickness, and who make no provision for their own medical necessities.

If we analyse the particulars given in the last census, and make a proportionate allowance for the increase of the population during the last five years, we arrive at the conclusion that the lower and lower-middle classes in London amount to about 1,856,109.* If we are right in estimating them at this number, and if those who annually resort to charitable institutions amount to one million, the consideration of these figures alone would go far to prove that the hospitals and dispensaries must be used to no small extent by individuals for whom they were never intended.

But when we speak of the misuse of charity, and make suggestions for its amendment, we must be understood to refer solely to the out-patient departments. In addition to the 1,159,678 mentioned above, there were last year 54,694 in-patients treated in the metropolitan hospitals. But it is not our intention to make any comments upon in-patient medical relief. The number of individuals who receive it is comparatively small, their cases are severe, often very severe; and we believe that it is, on the whole, admirably administered.

If anyone is inclined to think the statements which we have made with regard to the out-patient departments incredible, there is no lack of evidence which we might adduce

* This number is made up of

Male workers	696,147
Female workers	461,529
Children	574,693

1,732,369

as indicated by the last census.

In order to bring the calculation up to the present date we ought to add at least one-fourteenth (123,740) for increase of population since 1871. This would make a total of 1,856,109.

If we allow 30s. a week for the average wages of the male workers, and 10s. a week for those of the female workers, it would give an idea of the earnings of the industrial class. At this rate the weekly wages of the males would amount to 1,044,221*l.*, and those of the females to 230,764*l.*; or an annual total of more than 66,000,000*l.* Of course, the figures under both heads are only an approximation to the truth. In such calculations it is impossible to be exact.

in order to confirm them. Let us give a single example. At Liverpool attention was lately called to the misuse of medical charity, and a sub-committee of the Medical Institute was appointed to inquire into the subject. By statistics which have recently been published, it appears that 172,594 out-patients attended at the various hospitals and dispensaries in the town during the year 1876, exclusive of 15,882 sick paupers who were treated by the Poor Law medical officers. The population of Liverpool is estimated at 521,544; so that considerably more than a quarter of the entire population are annually relieved at the medical charities.

Having now arrived at the fact that something like a million of persons annually apply for relief at the metropolitan medical charities, the next question that arises is, to what class do these individuals belong? One of the appendices to Sir Charles Trevelyan's paper gives the best materials at our disposal for framing an answer. We refer to the 'Report by the Administrative Committee of the Charity Organization Society on an Inquiry into the Social Position of the Out-patients at the 'Royal Free Hospital.' This inquiry was made in October 1874, and the report gives a detailed account of an investigation into the circumstances of 641 out-patients. Care was taken to secure a fair sample of the applicants, and the standards by which they were judged were purposely made low, and each individual case was carefully scrutinised upon its own merits, allowance being made for exceptional circumstances. The result was that the whole number were classified in the following manner:—

1. Number who could afford to pay a private practitioner	12
2. Number who could afford to subscribe to a provident dispensary	231
3. Proper applicants	169
4. Parish cases	57
5. Number who gave false addresses	103
6. Number about whom sufficient information was not obtained	69
Total	641

'From these figures it results that, after excluding the 172 contained in the two last classes, $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the remainder were considered suitable for private practitioners, 49 per cent. for provident institutions, and 12 per cent. for parish assistance, whilst 36 per cent. are classed as proper applicants.'

Neither the first nor the fifth class are those whom the charitable public desire to help by their donations. The 'parish cases' may, as we have shown, be very well left to the

care of the parochial medical officers. But for the second class, which is so numerous and which includes so many skilled artisans, it is most desirable that some better arrangement should be made.

Other evidence of a like kind is furnished by the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. At this institution an arrangement has been in operation for two years whereby all applicants for out-patient relief are, after the first visit, referred to the district office of the Charity Organization Society for investigation; and unless their letters are stamped, which means that the circumstances of the patient have been found to be such as to render him a fit object for charitable relief, they are refused further attendance. Referring to this system the last report of the Charity Organization Society (March 1877) contains these words:—'It appeared that the action of the society had produced two results. It had gradually separated the eligible from those who were ineligible for gratuitous medical relief; but it had also deterred a large number of persons from applying who would have been ready to pay according to their means.' Sir Charles Trevelyan, alluding to the same subject, says:—'It soon became apparent that more than one half (of the out-patients) belonged to the large intermediate class between those who can pay the usual professional fees and the necessitous poor; and that, although willing to make a moderate payment according to their means, they did not like to be treated as objects of charity, or to incur the inconvenience and loss of time caused by inquiries into their circumstances.'

The actual working of the system during the year is shown by the following statistics which are given in the last report of the Charity Organization Society:—

'By comparing the returns of the Ormond Street Children's Hospital with those of the District Committees of the Society, it appears that in the course of the year 8,798 cases were *sent to* the Society, while only 4,574 or 51 per cent. were *received by* the Society. Of these 4,574, according to the returns of the Society, the letters of 786 were either "not stamped," or "not called for." This involves a further deduction of 786, and leaves as the total of those who become permanent out-patients, 3,788, or 43 per cent. out of the 8,798, the total number of cases *sent by* the Hospital to the Society—that is, only 3,788, or 34 per cent. of the 10,797 who (exclusive of infectious cases) attended the Hospital as out-patients, and received medical relief once, became permanent out-patients at the Hospital or attended a second time.'

From these facts—and they are drawn, be it observed, from a large general, and from a large special, hospital—it appears

that something like half the out-patients are above the level of charity, and in a position to contribute a small sum towards their own medical relief. This is so large a proportion—so large a proportion, moreover, of a class whom it is most important to keep from falling into mendicant habits—that it is worth while for philanthropists, and even for statesmen, to ask what better arrangements can be made?

To this question the attention of the Council of the Charity Organization Society has long been directed. Soon after its formation it came to the conclusion that the medical charities were fruitful in pauperising influences, and that important changes ought to be introduced into the administration of the out-patient departments. But of what nature should these changes be?

Before we reply, let us examine the conditions of the problem. A large number of persons who can well afford to pay a small sum, though only a small sum, for themselves, have to be provided with medical treatment for the ordinary ailments of life. The advice must be good, and the drugs must be of the best, so that the poor man may feel that his health is restored with the least possible delay. How is all this to be accomplished? To treat them by private charity, or to hand them over to the Local Government Board, would be neither beneficial to themselves nor fair upon others. True, when unusual sickness or severe accident comes upon them, and they require in-patient treatment, then charity may well extend to them her gentle hand; or if, by reason of such sickness, they are reduced in circumstances, then they have a claim upon the rate-supported system of medical relief. But for all ordinary ailments they ought to be encouraged and assisted to help themselves.

How is this to be done? The Council of the Charity Organization Society answers: By developing the system of Provident Medical Societies, which, under the name of Sick Clubs, are already familiar to the working classes. Where a sick club is liberally and fairly managed, and at the same time numerously supported, it may be taken as a type of the institution which the Council of the Charity Organization Society wishes to see multiplied. It must be liberally managed, so that its benefits may extend not merely to *men*, but to the wives and families of the members as well. It must be fairly managed, so that the doctor may receive a reasonable fee for his services, and have no cause to complain that persons are admitted to the benefits of the club who could afford his ordinary charges. And it must be numerously supported, so that

the committee may have money in hand to carry out the objects of the club efficiently. Such a club as this—self-supporting, and managed by the working men themselves, in such a way as to secure the services of high-class medical practitioners, and to do the very best that the healing art can do for the sick members—such a club as this seems to be what Sir Charles Trevelyan sets up as his model, and what he desires to see multiplied in the metropolis. Certainly, many will agree with him in thinking that if the Council of the Hospital Saturday Fund had bent their energies towards this mark, they would have adopted a wiser course than that which they have hitherto taken in subsidising the existing charitable hospitals and dispensaries.

A few such Sick Clubs as we have described may perhaps be found scattered throughout the country, but the great majority do not fulfil the conditions we have indicated. Certainly they seem to do little or nothing, at least in our great cities, to check the pauperising influence of the medical charities. If, therefore, Sir Charles Trevelyan's model is the remedy for the evils we have pointed out, there is great need that philanthropists, and the wealthier classes generally, should lend the working people their aid in establishing provident medical institutions upon a wise and sound basis.

About forty years ago some far-seeing gentlemen—foremost among whom was Mr. Smith of Southam—set on foot what they termed 'Provident Dispensaries' as a means of enabling the working classes to furnish themselves with medical attendance and medicine in time of need. These dispensaries offered the same facilities as the charitable dispensaries. They were open every day; patients could be visited at their own homes, if necessary; and medicines were supplied. But the benefits were restricted to those who enrolled themselves as members, and paid a subscription of a penny or three-halfpence a week. All were welcome to join—men, women, and young persons alike; children were admitted along with their parents on very easy terms; and no one was excluded because his trade was fraught with peculiar dangers to life and limb. In part these provident dispensaries were self-supporting; in part they were aided by the subscriptions of the benevolent. At the time of which we are speaking many such dispensaries were set on foot. Some of them—such as those at Coventry and Derby—have maintained their ground ever since: others, such as the Marylebone Provident Dispensary, have been run down by the competition of the free medical charities. But within the last few years public attention has been recalled to the subject.

Since the amendment of the Poor Law in 1867 it has been felt that the working classes, who have during these forty years made such enormous social and political progress, not only might fairly be, but ought to be, required to provide for themselves in a matter of such importance as health. Accordingly, the provident dispensary has again come to the front. The institutions at Derby, Coventry, and elsewhere, have been studied; and the Council of the Charity Organization Society recommends the multiplication of such provident dispensaries not only in London, but also in the provincial towns and in the rural districts. To borrow Sir Charles Trevelyan's words, 'The increase of such dispensaries, in due proportion to the population, is the key to the solution of the complex problem before us.'

Another of the appendices to Sir Charles's paper gives in a statistical form a complete view of the provident dispensaries at present at work within the London Police District; and it shows that the attention which has lately been called to the subject has not been without its effect. It appears that the number of these institutions is twenty-six. Of these seven have been converted from free to provident dispensaries since 1870, and eight have been established since that date. The number of members is not stated in all cases, but we should probably not be far wrong in setting down the total at about 40,000. As good examples of what these institutions are doing we may point to the Camberwell Provident Dispensary, which was founded in 1863, and has now 8,314 members—to that at Haverstock Hill, which dates from 1865, and has 3,396 members; and to that at Battersea, which was remodelled last year upon the provident principle, and has already enrolled 3,634 members.

But what are twenty-six provident medical institutions among the 1,856,109, who, according to our estimate, form the industrial population of London at the present time?

The Haverstock Provident Dispensary, to which we have just alluded, is a successful institution. It is doing a great deal of work; it has secured the services of first-rate medical practitioners, and it gives them an adequate fee. Yet it has not quite 4,000 members. Let us say, for the sake of argument, that a provident dispensary, in order to be efficiently worked, and to be at the same time self-supporting, needs 10,000 members, and that only half the industrial class are capable of contributing to them; then there ought to be 86 instead of 26; and these 86 would be vigorous and prosperous institutions, which cannot be said of all the existing

provident dispensaries, even with the aid of their honorary subscribers. But if this system became general there can be no doubt the terms of subscription would be so reduced that all who were above the level of parochial relief could afford to join them; and then there ought to be 173 provident dispensaries in the metropolis instead of only 26.

Even if we allow that some Benefit Societies are doing the same work as the provident dispensaries, this cannot be said of them all. It is to be feared that, at least in the large cities, they have yielded to the temptation which the medical charities have put in their way. Of course, it is much cheaper for them to send their members to the hospitals and dispensaries than to retain a doctor of their own. Why should they bear a burden which the benevolent are willing to take off their shoulders?

The amount of money which is annually expended upon the medical charities of the metropolis cannot be far short of 600,000*l.* If a twentieth part of this sum, saved by the curtailment of the out-patient departments, were employed in the formation of provident dispensaries, it would be used to much better purpose than it now is. The money thus diverted from the hospitals would still be devoted to a charitable object, for there is no greater charity than to help the poor to help themselves; and, although our aim ought to be to make provident dispensaries self-supporting, there are expenses at the outset to which the benevolent public may well be asked to contribute. It is stated in the first report of the Hospital Saturday Council (as quoted in the paper before us) that, on a moderate computation of the working population of London, a subscription of a halfpenny a week from the males, and a halfpenny a month from the females, would produce 69,530*l.* per annum; and double or treble these charges would be a very light burden upon the industrial classes. With such sums at command a system of provident medical institutions might be created which would be an unmingled benefit to the working classes and to the nation at large.

But what hinders the development of such a system? If there are great evils connected with the present administration of out-patient relief—a point which seems to be generally admitted—and if these evils could be remedied by aiding in the formation of provident dispensaries, what impedes this desirable reform?

The answer is, the natural unwillingness of the free hospitals and dispensaries to put any restraint upon the exercise of their charity. Before provident dispensaries or sick clubs

can flourish in any numbers, at least in the central parts of the metropolis, it is absolutely necessary that the free hospitals and dispensaries should decline to help those who are in a position to help themselves. And when we speak of artisans who can help themselves in time of sickness, it implies that their earnings are good and that their maladies are not very severe. But in order to sift the applicants, in order to distinguish between those who ought to be assisted and those who may fairly be left to their own resources, it is absolutely necessary that there should be some system of inquiry like that which has been in operation for the last two years at the Children's Hospital. As one of the documents given by Sir Charles Trevelyan in his Appendix says, 'At all hospitals and dispensaries there should be, as a primary and integral part of their machinery, some system whereby an effectual inquiry may be made into the social condition of the applicants, and their ability or non-ability to pay something for themselves.' Of course, this would require self-denial on the part of the free hospitals and dispensaries; and, as corporate bodies are said to have no conscience, it is difficult to persuade them to this duty. Such a system of inquiry would entail some trouble and some expense; but, above all, it would reduce the numbers attending the out-patient departments, and would transfer the applicants to other institutions.

Dr. West tells us that at the Children's Hospital the out-patients have been reduced from 13,000 in 1874 to 9,000 in 1876. To expect that the governing bodies of our great charitable hospitals will pass a 'self-denying ordinance,' and make these changes forthwith, is to expect what we are not likely to find in human nature. The evils and the remedies must be clearly set forth. Public opinion must be instructed. The subscribers at large must be convinced that the charity they are exercising is capable of great improvement; and then they will elect as managers those who are prepared to introduce the necessary reforms.

Though we are now concerned only with metropolitan medical relief, we cannot forbear mentioning what has been done in Manchester, for it is the most vigorous and the most effectual attempt which has yet been made to grapple with the evils arising out of the medical charities. About four years ago some influential gentlemen formed the Manchester and Salford Provident Dispensaries Association, the object of which was to open a provident dispensary in each district, and, by friendly co-operation with the medical charitable institutions, to draft suitable cases into the dispensaries. Five of the medical cha-

rities in the town entered into alliance with the association, and undertook to send daily lists of their applicants for investigation and classification by the officers of the association. From the last report it appears that six such dispensaries have been opened in different districts. At the close of last year there were on their books 13,759 members, and the amount which they subscribed during the year was 2,880*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* One of these dispensaries has been self-supporting for the last six months, and the managers have undertaken to relieve the central council of all pecuniary liability in respect to it for the current year. The other five still require more or less help from a fund which the council have raised by voluntary contributions.

Of those individuals who were referred for investigation 25 per cent. were found to be in a position to become members of the provident dispensaries, and were accordingly refused further charitable relief. It is, moreover, worthy of notice that the total number of applicants at the medical charities has diminished considerably. The patients at the five institutions, which are in alliance with the Association, have decreased 41 per cent. since 1872. 'It would seem, therefore,' says the Report, 'that a great many persons abstained altogether from applying for charitable relief, either because they were unwilling to have their right to charity investigated, or because the sentiment is gaining ground amongst them, that it is better to rely upon their own exertions than upon the help of the rich.' At the same time we are told that the provident dispensaries 'are distinctly growing in favour with the class for whose benefit they were established.' If only all the medical charities of Manchester and Salford would co-operate heartily with the Association, the working men of the North would soon give a fresh proof that they are foremost in every reform which affects the industrial classes.

What is now being done in Manchester affords an indication of what might be accomplished in London, if all the free medical charities were to unite in an effort to put an end to the evils of indiscriminate medical relief; and we may hope also that it is preparing the way for such a change.

Those members of the Charity Organization Society who reported upon the social position of the out-patients at the Royal Free Hospital, after suggesting that the out-patient department itself should be placed upon the provident footing (which has been done with success at the Royal Albert Hospital, Devonport), or that the hospital should enter into alliance with a provident dispensary in the neighbourhood, added:

‘If some such action were generally adopted by the medical charities, and the present rivalries exchanged for a friendly co-operation, the scale of provident payments might be brought down to a very low figure, while the resources of the hospitals would be increased, the field of experience now open to the medical men would be in no way diminished, and their laborious services would receive a reasonable pecuniary acknowledgment. Above all, the medical requirements of the weekly wage-earning class would be better supplied, and would be made a means of elevating them by promoting provident habits rather than of demoralising and pauperising them.’

But if changes such as these were introduced, would they be acceptable to the medical profession? In his Appendix, Sir Charles Trevelyan gives various extracts from medical periodicals which show that the hospital physicians and surgeons would welcome them gladly; and certainly the discussion which followed the reading of Sir Charles’s paper at the Society of Arts goes far to prove that many of the leading men in the profession are of opinion that there is great need of reform. As Dr. Acland, of Oxford, pointed out, it is not a question of altering ancient institutions, or of disturbing arrangements which have long existed. The difficulties of the case are of quite recent origin, and have all sprung up within the memory of persons now living. Sir William Gull said he believed the out-patient department of Guy’s Hospital was not fifty years old. Yet last year 75,804 persons resorted to it.

Indeed, so rapid has been the development of medical charity that the out-patient departments of some of the hospitals are quite overwhelmed. When we are told that applicants are ‘seen’ at the rate of one per minute; and that, with every facility for dispensing, it takes longer to serve out the medicines than it does to examine and prescribe for the patients, can we wonder that men who have the credit of their profession at heart should wish to see alterations introduced? Such off-hand work as much of that which is now done in the out-patient rooms cannot be satisfactory to any of the parties concerned. To quote Dr. West’s words:—‘The whole system of out-patient attendance has been reduced to an absurdity by the numbers of applicants exceeding all human power to attend to properly. When patients are seen, as they sometimes are, at the rate of nearly sixty in an hour, the highest aim of the doctor must needs be limited to the endeavour to do no harm. Of doing good it is clear that there can be no question.’

But, it may be asked, What effect would these changes have upon the schools of medicine? This is a question which ought

not to be overlooked, because it is of the utmost importance that medical education should be maintained at a high level. To this subject Mr. Timothy Holmes alluded at the Society of Arts, and pointed out that the provident dispensaries and the Poor Law dispensaries might easily be affiliated to the hospitals in such a way that, while the latter were relieved of all ordinary cases, a constant succession of acute, difficult, and instructive cases might be sent to them for consultation in the out-patient room, if not for admission into the wards. In this way the materials for clinical teaching would be improved, while the physicians and surgeons would have more time to devote to the instruction of their pupils than they now have.

That a more discriminating system would be advantageous to the poor themselves we have no doubt. Dr. Ford Anderson has shown, by comparing the wages of the members of the Haverstock Hill Provident Dispensary with those of the patients at the Holloway Free Dispensary, that there is very little difference as to income between the patients at provident and at free dispensaries; and that many persons earning so small a sum as 15s. 6d. a week find it for their advantage to join provident dispensaries, the penny a week which they pay being of less value to them than the time spent in begging for a subscriber's letter, or in waiting in the out-patient rooms till their case is called.

In a moral point of view, there can be no doubt about the advantages which would arise from the reforms advocated by Sir Charles Trevelyan, not merely to the poor themselves, but also to the nation at large. To exchange a system which tends constantly towards begging and dependence for one which tends constantly towards self-reliance and forethought, would be an obvious benefit, even if it affected only a single trade or industry. But when we consider that the alteration would affect the whole lower-middle and lower classes of the metropolis; and when we reflect further that a reform of this kind, once fairly established in London, would rapidly spread to the provincial towns, to the rural districts, and even to the colonies, the matter becomes one of national importance.

And it rests with the nation itself to make these changes. They do not require an Act of Parliament, such as was necessary before the Poor Law could be amended. The governors and subscribers, in whose hands are the purse-strings, have the power to effect them. Our appeal is to the middle and upper classes, by whose generosity the free hospitals and dispensaries are supported. If they are satisfied that the evils we have pointed out are real and serious, and that the remedies

we have proposed are trustworthy, their representatives upon the managing committees will not be slow to give expression to their wishes.

The investigations and discussions—and we may add also the changes which have already been made in some few hospitals and dispensaries—have removed obstacles, and thrown light upon the path. A forward movement might now safely be made along the whole line of the medical charities—a movement in which they would carry with them all that large share of their work which is truly beneficent, and leave behind only that by which they are themselves over-weighted, and which is a stumbling-block in the way of those who resort to them.

ART. VII.—1. *La Vie d'un Patricien de Venise au seizième siècle, d'après les papiers d'Etat des Archives de Venise.* Par CHARLES YRIARTE. Paris: 1874.

2. *Monumenti per servire alla Storia del Palazzo Ducale di Venezia, ovvero serie di atti pubblici dal 1253 al 1797; che variamente lo riguardano, tratti dai Veneti Archivi, e coordinati da GIAMBATTISTA LORENZI, coadjutore della Biblioteca Marciana.* Parte I. dal 1251 al 1600. Venezia: 1868.

3. *Discorsi sulla Veneta, cioè, rettificazione di alcuni equivoci nella Storia di Venezia del Signor DARU, del Conte DOMENICO TIEPOLO, Patrizio Veneto.* Udine: 1828.

4. *Venezia e le sue Lagune.* Tre Volumi. Venezia: nell'I. R. privil.: Stabilimento Antonelli. 1847.

THE rank of a man in this life is determined by his power of making things better than he finds them—of smoothing the rough, reclaiming the waste, of improving, transforming, and even creating the conditions around him. The art of the Painter, as addressed to the eye, consists in converting the flat surface of his canvas into depth and space; that of the Sculptor, his inflexible material into a substance yielding apparently as human flesh. The same wrestling and conquering process is applicable to all things. Difficulties are the natural education to which we are born, but these, once mastered, open the door to all facilities. For the power that has braved opposing currents is not spent when they are passed, but has, on the contrary, acquired an impetus which sends the conqueror forward over fields of easy and delightful success. He who has subdued one thing will probably be

master of many, but the people who have subdued the elements themselves are pretty sure to become the masters of all.

It would be difficult to name a part of the globe presenting fewer materials of hope and use to the skill of man than that which lies in a region, neither sea nor land, but a combination of the least promising elements of both, at the North-west corner of the Adriatic. Whatever the cause that drove an unwilling colony to dispute with the sea-fowl the possession of a tract of shallow salt marshes and low sandy islands, swept by rising and falling tides, their prospects must have daunted the stoutest hearts. With no materials at hand, either of wood or stone, it was much that they should have contrived to rear on such foundations even the humblest lacustrine settlements. But who shall limit the energy of a race destined to found the Republic of Venice! In proportion as they subdued the peculiar Nature around them did she turn and do them homage. As the ancient engineer declared that had he lever sufficient he could move the earth; so any philosopher at the beginning of the Christian era—and Venice is believed to have been founded in the fifth century—viewing from some lofty galley the conformation of the Lagunes, might have exclaimed, ‘If a city could possibly be built here, her inhabitants would command the seas!’ And that possibility, as chimerical apparently as the lever of Archimedes, did come to pass, and Venice commanded the seas and all that the seas could bring, from her own ‘Castello’ to the Euxine; and explored them from Greenland to Japan.

There is no doubt that the Italian people, and notably those of Northern Italy, were—as they still in great measure are—a race of peculiar hardiness. Starting from a union of some of the strongest human elements—northern and southern, the Goth and the Roman—the open-air conditions of their existence have permitted, or rather invited, habits of sobriety, and even of abstinence, unknown and perhaps impossible in the less favoured lands across the Alps. A curious fact is recorded by a Venetian envoy to England in the fifteenth century.* Too good a son of St. Mark to see any advantage in our trial by jury, he nevertheless records one which touched him closely. And this was on the occasion of the trial of any Italian in England, when the superior hardiness of the race enabled them to hold out under circumstances of fasting and privation much longer than their English fellow-jurymen, and thus to turn the verdict in favour of their own countryman.

"Nor have the intervening centuries of dependence and degradation robbed the northern Italians of this Spartan quality: It is well known that on the occasion which tried the strength and powers of endurance of strong men in an intenser degree than any other recorded in modern history—namely the retreat from Moscow—the Italian soldiers suffered the least. The stamp of these frugal habits may be said to be still physically embodied in the people. The Northern Italians are a lean and wiry race; small eaters, hard workers, and defiant of cold; the very reverse of the Southern German, who is flabby and lymphatic, hungry and thirsty from morning to night, and living in an atmosphere as foul as it is hot. The Italians are consequently fast superseding the Germans, especially in the Tyrol, in all domestic service; while in the formation of railroads they may be said to have almost entirely taken their place; the German lines, as well as the Swiss, being chiefly built by Italians, who push upward through German territory till met and stopped by the Belgian navy. It may be doubted indeed whether the reproach of the '*dolce far niente*' was ever applicable to the frugal and hard-working people of the north and middle of Italy. At all events, as said by General La Marmora, and repeated indignantly by other late writers, it is now, and has been for centuries, '*una calunnia atroce*.'*

The material foundations of Venice—namely the erection of buildings calculated to stand on such a site—were doubtless at the beginning a matter of gradual experiment. Under exceptional conditions, exceptional devices have to be applied. But at whatever period we place the first solid erections the sub-structure in point of stability must have been much the same as now. No economy of material, labour, and time could be practised in a place where forests of wood and mountains of stone have to be buried before a safe wall can rise. The present plan is therefore no modern one, but has doubtless continued nearly the same since Venice imported timber from the spurs of the Alps, and stone from the Istrian quarries. A sketch of the process pursued in preparing the foundations of a Venetian building may interest the reader. Some site on the corner of an island being obtained, surrounded possibly on two or even three sides with water, the proposed form of the structure is outlined by a closely placed and deeply sunk double row of squared piles, set parallel, at about three feet apart; the space between them being cleared of mud to the

* Episodio del Risorgimento Italiano.

depth of the contiguous canals. Each row is then lined within by a boarding of stout planks fastened firmly. The narrow passage between the two rows of piles, thus made as far as possible water-tight, is now filled with an impervious cement. The outer framework being thus built, the internal space over which the house is destined to stand is dug out, such water as soaks through being ejected by pump or human labour. This part of the operation is generally tedious and expensive, for water in most cases filters through. When pronounced to be sufficiently dry a forest of unhewn stakes of oak or larch about four to five metres long is driven in, and if the bed be soft and unresisting their length is increased. About nine of these stakes are allotted to a square metre, being driven in by the heavy mechanical means in use among the Venetians, till they resist further pressure, when the vertical spaces between them are filled with fragments and chippings of the hard Istrian stone or marble. Thus far may be considered the foundation of the foundation, which latter consists in a platform, called the '*Zutterone*,' or large raft, composed of a double layer of larch planks, filled up with cement. On this base are raised the walls, starting from a depth of from two to four metres below the mean level of the tide. If the wall be exposed to the action of the water—as in all structures facing a canal—the lower part is built of Istrian stone, strongly cemented by a volcanic earth from the little island of Santorino. The bricks used for the upper part, and in many cases faced with marble, are of a fine quality of clay also from one of the Venetian islands, and peculiarly calculated to resist the saline atmosphere.

But before habitations for man, or rather, as in Venice, fit not only for Princes, but designed apparently for giants, were constructed, other needs quite as urgent had to be provided; that especially, first and foremost, in the calculations of a founder whether of a house or a city, the need for a provision of fresh water. At first this staple of life was doubtless furnished from the mainland. But a great and growing city could not depend solely on such a contingency. Robinson Crusoe set his gourd shell to catch rain water, and in Venice all were Robinson Crusoes in this respect. Few things are more interesting, because more simple, than the device the Venetians adopted to secure their main supply. They piously followed the teaching of Nature, imitating the process by which on dry land the common well is produced. This, as we know, roughly speaking, consists of an impervious bed below, with a stratum of lighter and pervious earth above. The water from the rainfall, or streams from hills, spreading

over the surface and filtering through, is arrested by the impervious pan, a vertical hole dug down to which and walled round by human labour becomes a well for the use of man. The cisterns of Venice, of which the numerous ancient and beautiful stone wells—as we must call them—are the outward and visible signs, are framed on the same laws. A large cavity is dug, lined below and all round with an impervious cement; its top level with the surrounding earth. In the centre of this cavity an upright cylinder is constructed; the space between that and the sides of the cavity is filled with pure sand, on to which the rainfall from the roofs of surrounding buildings is conducted; which, filtering through, enters the cylinder by pipes below, and rises up in the form of the coolest and purest '*acqua potabile*.' The engineers of Venice needed hardly to refer to the mainland for their lesson in this respect. Among the insulated tongues of land called '*Lido*,' natural wells exist; some of them perhaps not more ancient than the artificial '*pozzi*' in the city. For the constant action of tides and meeting currents, always going on in the lagunes—the main causes of the formation of the islands which stud them—has furnished some of them with a gradually formed and naturally impervious lower stratum, over which the winds have accumulated sufficient masses of sand, and through which the skies shed sufficient streams of rain water for all purposes of natural supply. This furnishes also the reason why in some few of the seventy-two islands on which Venice stands, fresh water is occasionally known to surge up in accidental excavations. It also goes far to explain why Torcello, Malamocco, and other distant islands were peopled before Venice herself. Natural wells have existed and still exist in Torcello, and doubtless did also in the other early colonies. It must also be supposed that the existence of some fresh-water supply on the island of Rialto—though none is known there now—first justified the removal of the seat of government thither in the ninth century, from which time the institution of the artificial wells may be dated. These, from the beginning, must have fallen under the care of so watchful a government, and in later more historic times were superintended by special magistrates. The earliest record of their public recognition appears in 1303* when the construction of the wells in the court of the Ducal

* In quoting the earliest record it must be understood as the earliest now existing; the French having destroyed and dispersed chief part of the curious documents belonging to the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries.

Palace was decreed—the first step doubtless to all the splendour that now surrounds them. The growth of the city was thus restricted by no fear of failure of water, for the more roofs were raised the greater the supply. The laws referring to wells were stringent, for he who built even the humblest dwelling was required to annex a cistern to it. In the courts of convents existing to this day these wells were a provision for the poor.

Thus far the ingenuity of man provided this exceptionally placed city with an indispensable condition of life, though never entirely keeping the population independent of the extra supply from the Seriola Canal on the nearest mainland, which is conveyed daily by a service of boats and emptied into the public cisterns. A second step in ingenuity, and one which may claim to be equally of Venetian origin*—the Artesian well—has been assayed of late years, calculated under favourable conditions to render Venice independent of her twofold enemies, drought and blockade. That reservoirs of fresh water would be found under the stratum of clay called '*Caranto*,' on which the waters of the Lagoon rest, no geologist had questioned, though the depth necessary to be attained could be only a matter of surmise. A contract was accordingly entered into by a company to make the experiment of perforation, and between August 1847 and October 1852 no less than seventeen wells were bored in different parts of the city. Curious phenomena followed, though far from unqualified success, either as to quality or quantity. The Artesian screw tapped a reservoir of water at the depth of 137 metres. The water, strongly impregnated with gas in some places, with iron in others, escaped on one occasion with such violence as to threaten the foundations of a church, throwing up to a great height masses of a peculiar clay, which made an excellent cement. These wells, though so strange in quality, were a great resource during the sixteen months' siege—1848-9—when a long drought brought the cisterns to their lowest ebb, and no

* In Marino Sanuto's Diary, July 8, 1533, an account is given of three *Proveditori del Commune*—Zorzi, Loredan, and Morosini—who had seen a well in the district of S. Agnese (Venice) which had been dug or gimleted ('*trivellata*') by two engineers, the one from Brescia, the other from Vicenza. These persons had dug out twelve '*passa*,' and gimleted four more, and found sweet water, when they stopped the boring ('*et hanno stoppà il buso*'). The engineer from Vicenza, Signor Arcangelo, had also obtained water elsewhere in Venice by the same process, which was taken to the '*Collegio*' where Marino Sanuto had himself tasted it. See also Tassini, '*Curiosità Veneziana*.'

supplies could pass from the mainland. They are now all closed, we believe, but two—one in S. Polo, the other in the Campo of S. Maria Formosa; the waters of the last named flaming up readily at the touch of a lighted match, as we can personally attest. That in S. Polo is strongly ferruginous, and much resorted to medicinally. Those who look forward with anxiety to the time when the salt waters of the Adriatic, the surface of which is known to rise so many inches in a century, will invade the existing cisterns—a contingency probably no more imminent than it was a thousand years ago—may find in a better development of this subaquean reservoir a way out of the dilemma.*

We have cited the cisterns as one of the devices consequent on the exceptional position of this city. The gondola is another. For though it required no ingenuity to discover the necessity of boats to navigate these water-streets, yet the kind of boat as well as boatman is what the peculiar conditions of Venice could alone have fashioned, educated, and joined in a species of matrimony together. For no servant and master (we repudiate any further allusion to man and wife) were ever

* It appears that the failure to obtain the pure element was owing to the comparatively shallow depth to which the screw was driven. The company had agreed to bore to the extent of 300 metres, but stopped short at 137 metres. The experiment has therefore not been fairly carried out. Calculating the incline of the Venetian basin, and supposing it to have existed prior to the diluvial period, the ancient formations beneath it have been reckoned to lie at a depth of above 400 metres. It is therefore now believed that water of the purity and quantity required would hardly be found nearer the surface than 600 metres—a depth still short of that which the Artesian screw has attained with perfect results elsewhere. As no city in the world is so interested in obtaining water, independent of the care of man and the changes of the seasons, it is to be hoped that future generations will see Venice supplied with an inexhaustible supply from her own bosom. Meanwhile, though plans and propositions for canals, tunnels, conduits, viaducts, &c. from the mainland, periodically crop up, and though it would be most desirable to supersede in some way the impure water fetched from the Seriola Canal, yet the government has hitherto warded off such expensive schemes by the shrewd conviction that were water to be thus conducted into the city, free of individual care, the cisterns, which require vigilance and expense in their maintenance, would be neglected; and thus in case of blockade Venice would incur great danger. At present the feeling of the local legislature inclines to a greater stringency in the maintenance of the existing cisterns, and even to adding to their number—at this time no less than 6,782, including good, bad, and indifferent—6,602 being attached to private houses, and 180 provided by the city for the use of the public.

more interdependent in their mutual duties and offices. The boat is required to draw but little water, to carry considerable weight, to shelter its passengers, to move lightly, stop instantly, turn as on a pivot, glide serpentlike out and in of any cranny, and, generally speaking, to obey not so much an order as a hint. The man is at once rower and steersman, coachman, manservant, and guide, with more than the cumulative intelligence of these combined functionaries; bound also to know every pile in the waters and every iron ring in the walls, and warranted not to take up more room than that he stands on. In short—for here the matrimonial idea again interferes—man and boat are in some sort one. If the form of the gondola has been as curiously adjusted to its purposes of swift obedience as that of a bird's wing, the skill of the man has been equally educated to propel, guide, and control. The gondolier is not an overtaxed son of Adam; his work is not so heavy as so dexterous. It is distributed equally through his muscular system, employing the whole frame, from the tip of the toe, as they express themselves, to that of the longest hair on the head. This distribution of labour consists in its division—arms and legs alternately taking the work, and even each leg alternately. The work is done by poise as much or more than by strength; the weight of the body as much as its effort gives the impulse. As the gondolier leans his whole person upon the water, the palm of the hand presses, instead of pulling the oar; as he retires back the fingers lightly hold it. Standing to his work, on the highest part of his boat, with one foot directly behind the other, he seems to taper to a point, and that point to rest, in a foreshortened view of the boat, on a speck; so that with arms outstretched the man appears to be skinning the surface. Nor is the general aspect devoid of the grace inseparable from all finely balanced action; the tall, slim gondolier—for there is not a fat gondolier to be seen—in full swing of his work, recalling nothing so closely as the eager figure of the classic charioteer urging his coursers in the antique race. We speak of the gondolier rightly in the singular number, for one man is strictly all that is needed; the second is for pomp and extra speed. It would be a grave slander on the boat if it needed, even when heavily laden, to serve more than one master, and this one, as he stands on the poop of his little vessel, overlooks that and all before him. For this purpose the '*felze*,' as the black cabin in the centre is called, must be low enough for him to see over it. His passengers enter by two steps at the prow end. The prow itself is terminated by a beak, or rather flat sheet of bright steel, of

curious shape, and towering to a considerable height—an ornament of ancient derivation, yet an ornament strictly subordinate to use. For by this *ferro*, as it is called, the gondolier steers, and under whatever bridge or cavern this passes, he knows that his *felze* will pass too. Another feature of the gondola, characteristic of a necessity contingent on tortuous windings, sudden turns, narrow canals, and crowded navigation—such as now happily prevails in Venice—is the ‘*forcola*,’ or crooked piece of tough walnut wood, against which the oar works. This is no rowlock, as with us, confining the instrument, and apt to break with its sudden and violent movement; the Venetian oar must be as free as he who wields it; ready to leap from its place, to reverse the action, or to spin the vessel round in a moment. We can conceive no greater astonishment to fill the human breast than that of a true Venetian gondolier, born and bred on the water, which is an almost indispensable condition, at the sight of an ‘Oxford eight’ at once in smooth water and strong labour, straining and pulling at their oars with an expenditure of strength which wrecks many a fine constitution. The reason that can induce strong men to be content in the first place to sit at their work, and that with their backs to the goal; to be driven backwards, and to all intents blindfold, they know not whither, at the mercy of a steersman, himself an extra weight, who can hardly see over their heads—the reason for all this apparent waste and misapplication of labour it would be hard to make ‘Toni’ understand.

We turn to another subject.—That commerce should become the chief occupation of a people thus situated was less matter of choice than of necessity. Venice produced nothing naturally but fish and salt—the last-named commodity, favoured by the nature of her lagunes, her earliest and most valuable article of exchange; but, excepting these, she had chiefly to buy before she could even feed her people, far less give them the power to sell. Neither the State nor any of its inhabitants possessed before the fourteenth century any landed property. Leaving, therefore, the cares of vast territory to the rulers on the mainland, she became that for which her position marked her out—viz., a middle-man or agent of exchange chiefly between the East and the West. She had two mighty neighbours—the Longobard Kingdom on the one hand, and the Empire of the East on the other—and these two were always in a state of contention by which she profited; for each wanted things from the other which she alone could purvey. From the Lombards she bought the homelier goods, woollen cloths,

and those '*fustagni*' whence our fustians to the present time; and in the markets of Constantinople and Alexandria costlier articles—silks, cloth of gold, cotton, and all variety of domestic spices, sugar, indigo, and even, it must be owned, slaves. For Shylock's retort, 'Ye have among you many a purchased slave,' is one of Shakspeare's touches of truth. The history of Venetian commerce is that of the Republic. Her laws, her policy, her friendships, her quarrels, her treaties and her treacheries, were all directed to the maintenance of the trade by which she flourished. It not only made her people richer than their neighbours, but more intelligent. While those neighbours, equally the Italian States as those more barbarous on the other side of the Alps, were comparatively ignorant of the arts of life, and fettered by feudal laws, she ruled unrivalled in that policy of freedom and power of self-enrichment which go hand in hand. From the first, and never so much as at first, did she know where her true interests lay, and these consisted primarily in a wise indifference to territorial possessions as such. Those which the '*Consoziacione*,' as the colony was called, before the name of Venetia appears, originally held in the mainland, were even abandoned as a source of perpetual weakness. The ample basin of the lagunes, protected by strips of insular land, provided her the safest harbour in the world, and her fleet only left it to seek commerce or to defend it. As long as they possessed the mouths of the Italian rivers, north and west, and with them free access to the interior, and so over the Rhætian and Julian Alps, the Venetians cared not who ruled the land. Their conquests of the coasts of Dalmatia, Croatia, Istria, and all along the gulf were directed to the same end; and so thoroughly did they achieve their purpose, that, while Venetian mariners could hardly land on Italian soil without being out of their own dominions, their way to the East was made so smooth that, between Venice and the Black Sea, there was not a day or night that their vessels could not take refuge in ports subject to her flag. Candia offered difficulties in her surrender, but they cut the knot by purchasing the island from Bonifazio Montferrat for hard money. Venice, in the phraseology of the time, was not the '*Capitale*' but the '*Dominante*;' and the strictness of her rule, however readily submitted to by a prosperous population, was nowhere more evident than in the law which prohibited a Venetian captain from proceeding from the port where he sold to that where he bought, but required him to end as he began every voyage at the port of Venice herself—thus returning, like the blood in the human body, to the central heart, and starting afresh from it.

But no laws, however strict, or enterprise, however daring, could have sufficed to secure the prosperity of the State, had she not been guarded against dangers more powerful and insidious than any that man can devise. We have spoken of the safety of the Venetian harbours and of the mouths of Italian rivers, but the ordinary visitor to Venice little guesses how great was the natural antagonism between these two, nor the extent of human thought and labour that has ensured the continued access to the lagunes, and preserved that purity of the saline waters which conduces to the long-famed salubrity of the city.* Nature gave a place of refuge to man, but she required his co-operation to maintain it. The natural effects of numerous and impetuous streams discharging their floods, and with them their sand and soil, into the waters of the Adriatic, above and below Venice, not only tended to dilute their saltness and pollute their clearness, but gradually to raise the bed of the sea, to obstruct the natural canals, and to disturb the action of the marine currents. Thus by a slow, but relentless progress, the peculiar area of the Lagunes was foredoomed to be finally snatched from the dominion of the sea, and converted into a brackish and unhealthy swamp. To obviate this and to preserve especially the lagune on which Venice stands — ‘the Lagune of the Lido’ as it is called — works of the most colossal character have been needed. There is scarcely a river which disgorged itself, either to the north or south of the city, which has not been diverted from its course, and compelled to betake its torrents to a safer distance. The River Gods must have been startled in their sedges at the liberties taken with their time-worn beds. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the rapid Piave, roaring from the Friulian hills, which had plunged into the Adriatic at Jesolo, was constrained to turn in a more westerly direction, and to find a new exit near Caorle. The periodical swellings of its waters, however, rebelled against the greater flatness of the new accommodation, and broke their bonds so often, that a century later a great rupture near Cortellazzo was wisely adopted for their permanent vent. Next, the little Sile, rising near Castelfranco and issuing by the port of the ‘*Tre Porti*,’ received its sentence, and, by means of a cut, has now long flowed contentedly through the forsaken channel of the Piave. Then the Businello and other minor mountain streams suffered the same

* The islands in the Lagunes, in many of which Roman remains are found, had such a reputation for salubrity that the Roman emperors sent gladiators thither to recover vigour.

violence, and forgetting their ancient courses calmly water new domains, and reflect other scenes. So much for these and other streams to the north of Venice. On the south, the Brenta, rising from the Italian Tyrol and traversing Venetian territory, had found its outlet in the neighbourhood of Chioggia. As early, however, as the twelfth century it was converted into a source of annoyance to the Republic by the Paduans, who so obstructed the waters as to throw them into the Venetian lagune. The remains of vast works which for a time obviated this injury are still perceptible towards Malamocco. Altogether the far-famed Brenta has undergone many changes. For a couple of centuries it was conducted through a new bed, called the Brentone, falling into the Porto di Brondolo towards the south, where it did great mischief to the adjacent country; nor, till the year 1840, does it seem to have found rest for its fretted waters by a new cut, back into the lagune of Chioggia. In the same way the Bachiglione—the ancient ‘*Medouco Minore*’—rising in the province of Vicenza; the Gorzone, from Vicenza and Verona, which bears for part of its course the significant name of ‘*La Rabbiosa* ;’ and finally the tremendous Adige, rising in the Tyrol and rushing through Verona, have all, by means of cuts, canals, and ‘*sostegni*,’ been made obedient to the will of him who was appointed to subdue the earth.

Much might be said of the tides which send their advancing and retreating pulsations through every artery and vein of the peculiar city—rising ordinarily about three feet; in time of *scirocco* (south-east wind) from five to six feet; and under the north wind not more than one foot; of the currents called ‘*partiacquo*,’ formed by opposing islands, which meet at certain parts of the lagunes and neutralise or excite each other; and of the peculiar force which sets round the shores of the Adriatic, rising from Corfù and expiring on the south-eastern shores of the Peninsula. Much also of the splendid ‘*Murazzi*’ or walls of white hewn marble which defy the waves from the low shores of Palestrina and Sotto Marina on the south—the greater one extending a length of 4,027 metres—or above two miles and a half—bearing the proud inscription, ‘*Ausu Romano, are Veneto*,’ works which may be called one of the wonders of the world, and which, executed by the Venetian Government in the last century, lift up their voices in strange contradiction to the degeneracy by which the State fell. But space forbids more digression in these directions, and we turn from the natural and primary causes which favoured

or threatened Venice, to those secondary ones by which she ruled and prospered.

No small proof of the practical ways adopted by the Venetians to facilitate what may be truly called their 'business,' is the fact unparalleled in mediæval history, that they coined the money of various barbarous lands and races in the East expressly for the convenience of traffic. Thus silver pieces were issued from the mint of Venice, the facsimile in value, size, and stamp with those current in the Levant, in Candia, Cyprus, Corfù, and other islands, which were prohibited all currency in the city, and exclusively destined for the use of the mercantile navy.* Such and other devices were the natural consequences of a range of colonies which carried the rule of the *Dominante* wherever they planted themselves. Even Constantinople itself became after its conquest by the Crusaders an outlying portion of the Republic; a considerable quarter of it being held by Venetian traders, who elected the Patriarch, held their '*Maggior Consiglio*,' received their own magistrates and *Podestà* straight from Venice, and governed only by Venetian laws. It is even historically stated that the Doge Pietro Ziani, 1205–1229, considering the expenses attendant on the peculiar position of Venice, and the benefits offered by that of Constantinople, proposed the transfer of the seat of government to the Byzantine capital. Whether fortunately or not for the good of mankind, and especially of unborn Turkish Christians, he was opposed in this by Angelo Faliero, a Procurator of St. Mark, who urged the advantages of their native lagunes, the memory of their ancient deeds, and the '*Carità della Patria*.' But the chronicler adds that little was wanting to carry the majority with the Doge.

While thus studying their own interests no people better observed the rule of giving as well as taking. For while none ever more systematically turned the ignorance and wants of others to account, they equally made way for those new ideas which other States resisted. Various were the races—Turks, Moors, Arabs, Germans, Greeks, and Jews—who had their own factories in Venice, their own '*fondachi*,' churches, cemeteries, and usages. Lutheran doctrines from the first

* *A propos* of Venetian coinage, the gold ducat, bearing the effigy of Christ blessing on the one side, and the Doge kneeling and receiving from St. Mark the standard of the Republic on the other, is a specimen of the continuity and longevity of Venetian institutions. First struck in 1284, it circulated unaltered till 1797, comprising a period of 513 years and the reigns of 73 Doges.

found here unmolested exercise ; scientific truths, in the person of Galileo, were nobly encouraged. The original history of these islands was repeated over and over again. Refugees from all countries, and, later, from the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, and the sack of Rome, found asylum here. No less also did deposits of merchandise from all parts of the world find storage, all contributing to the population, the activity, the wealth of the State, and the rising value of its limited area. The prosperity of Venice, like her tongues, and like her architecture, was an amalgam of the needs and habits, and forms of thought and expression of all lands. Accused of self-seeking and exclusiveness, she was the most liberal of all States to foreigners, for she had the sense to see that such was her best policy.

Various also were the means of self-enrichment, besides her actual trade, of which Venice took advantage. At the period when the ambition for relics—possessing at all events the miraculous power of attracting pilgrims—ruled supreme in Christendom ; when nations and individuals thought no violence or treachery too great for the acquisition of a tooth or a thorn, Venice may be said to have been foremost in such means for such an end. The successful abstraction of the supposed body of St. Mark by two of her daring sons, from a church in Alexandria in 827, was the grand turning point of her early history. The story up to a certain point bears few traces of probability. The jealous custody of the Evangelist's bones for many centuries in a church in the heart of Saracen intolerance ; the ready substitution for it of another Saint's body—that of S. Claudia ; the devices necessary for concealing the removal of the remains from infidel fanatics who must have had the utmost contempt for them—all these are points for the Faithful to settle. There seems no doubt, however, that a body, believed to be that of St. Mark, was brought from Alexandria to Venice at that time. And no body, dead or alive, was ever—according to the incontrovertible evidence of Tintoret's magnificent picture in the *Libreria Vecchia*—carried off more miraculously as well as dashingly. For a raging storm, providentially raised at the time, and which only those so piously engaged could brave, sent every infidel spy flying for shelter. Certainly no stolen goods ever brought such glory to the thieves, or such profit to the receivers. The abduction of St. Mark's bones was the most successful of commercial speculations. It had, however, well-nigh defeated its own object ; for owing to the competition with which this species of body-snatching was then carried on, the secret of its place of rest was kept so strictly,

that by the close of the eleventh century no one knew where the precious remains were. A miracle then brought to light the existence of a bronze case concealed within a pier—a miracle for which every lover of art is bound to be grateful; for round the revealed treasure has since risen that structure, unique in antiquarian interest, solemnity of effect, and gorgeousness of material—the Cathedral of St. Mark. Mr. Ruskin, it is to be hoped, has had some similar revelation granted to him in support of the title—‘St. Mark’s Rest’—given to his just commenced ‘History of Venice;’ otherwise it is hinted that the Patriarch himself might be puzzled to say in what part of St. Mark’s his ‘Rest’ is, or whether it be there at all.

Other treasures of the same kind assisted to swell the attractions of Venice. Sir Richard Guylforde, in his Pilgrimage to the Holy Land in 1506, dwells on the number of sacred bodies, as well as sacred parts of bodies, to which he and his lady paid their devotions. There was St. Helen, St. Barbara, St. Roch, St. Zacharias, St. Nicholas, parts of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, and a long list besides. ‘For many islands have abbeys’ and religious houses that stand in the sea,’ and every religious house possessed some relics.

Another grand commercial speculation under the garb of piety is also laid to the score of the Republic—namely, the part played by Venice in the conduct and promotion of the Crusades. Viewing, however, her peculiar history and position, it is but fair to regard the profits that accrued to her trade, and the lustre that reverted to her city, in great part as a natural and inevitable coincidence. No place was so favourable for a starting point for the Holy Land; no people so qualified to supply the pilgrims with correct data and ready material help. The Venetians represented at once the combined facilities of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, the information of Murray and Bäderer, and the organisation of Cook’s Tourists. And if it is not to be denied that they turned the needs and helplessness of these raw travellers to usurious profit in one way, they lost by the cause in another. For it is notorious that the Christian Princes who headed the movement failed to repay the sums they had borrowed. On the other hand, it is equally certain that the City of Waters shared to the utmost both in the enthusiasm and perils of the time, and more than all in material sacrifices. Venice had long been the resort and the stay of pilgrims. Before Peter the Hermit fired the train which kindled all Europe, she had had her special ‘*Hospices*’ on the Giudecca island, for the reception of travellers, bound not only for Jerusalem, but for Rome, Loreto,

and Compostella. If the devotees were wealthy, they found every convenience for awaiting a favourable wind ; if poor, they were lodged and forwarded gratuitously. When the Crusades fairly set in, the pious accommodations were greatly enlarged—one *Hospice* was opened on the island of S. Elena, another on that of S. Clemente, a third at the Castello. These were chiefly provided by the liberality of the citizens ; and if there was prudence as well as piety in thus applying her appanage of islands to such purposes, who could blame ? for devotees whom no one could turn away were apt to bring the plague, the leprosy, and other inconvenient evils.

The Crusades were no less a crisis for Venice than for the rest of semi-civilised Europe. Although, like their small modern parody, the late Conference, they failed to attain their end, yet their subsequent effects acted like a new birth upon the European and especially upon the Italian mind. Venice profited most at first, but least in the end. The possession of Constantinople was not only lost again in fifty-five years, but that pre-eminence in commercial knowledge and enterprise which had been her monopoly, passed away from her. The emancipation of ideas produced by the contact with other races, which had hitherto been her exclusive privilege, was now shared by her neighbours, and especially by those occupying a littoral position. Taught by the same modes that had taught her, they no longer needed her services in the same degree.

In this gradual leavening of northern and central Italy with the same aspirations for wealth and power by which Venice had risen, one cause, if not of decline, yet of great change, may be traced. Other causes followed, as inevitably as inexorably. The recovery of Constantinople by the Greeks, and the admission of the Genoese and the Pisans to similar commercial rights with herself, were severe blows ; the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks in 1452 a still severer one ; the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, in 1499, another. All these events gradually first disturbed, and then destroyed, the simplicity of her conditions. Elements of discord and danger intervened. The people she had once subjugated detested her ; those she had surpassed first envied, and then competed and warred with her ; and lastly and worst, the fall of Constantinople exposed her to the unceasing attacks of a strong and merciless race of barbarians ; hostile to every principle of commerce, humanity, and order ; of whom Marco Barbaro in his '*Relazione*' to the Senate on returning from his captivity in Turkey, says, '*Le bon plaisir, le vol, et la rapine règnent d'un bout à l'autre de l'Empire.*'

The fight by Venice against the elements had now to be directed against man; the struggle for her trade gradually turned into one for her existence. That supremacy which she had derived from her peculiar position she had now to seek from other causes, to create those causes mainly for herself, and to defend them with her blood and treasure when created. She developed them from three sources—the devotion of her citizens—the excellence of her navy, and the justice and jealousy of her government. Not, as it were, by rule and measure, like modern, mushroom constitutions, but by that process of healthful *growth* by which our own has flourished. At once conservative and reformative, rigid and elastic, the length of life attained by the Venetian Republic under conditions of perpetual peril, is one of the most curious and interesting of studies.

To begin with the attachment of her citizens. It was evident that the existence of such a State, whether as regards length or strength, was contingent upon the cohesion of all her social elements, and that cohesion again upon a community of interests and strict legal equality. The freedom of action on which depended the means for their daily life stood to her citizens in lieu of landed estates, and her citizens to her in lieu of territorial possessions. Venice had her children, her islands, and her ships, and wanted nothing more. The early institutions of the Republic are lost in the obscurity of ages, but one chief fact is patent, namely, that she ruled by the voice of all. How the government gradually passed from a popular to an elective assembly in the twelfth century; from a democratic to an aristocratic character at the end of the thirteenth century; and how her aristocracy merged finally into an hereditary *noblesse* in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was a process which it is beyond our scope to follow. It suffices to show the wisdom of the government that all these changes were wrought without shock or convulsion; all smoothed and reconciled not only by an even-handed justice alike for all classes, but by a public prosperity which was and ever will be the best understood argument in favour of any form of government. The restriction of the popular authority was regarded therefore with indifference as long as liberty, legal equality, and plenty remained. Thus no antagonism ensued between classes in those early days. The people had nothing to fear from nobles who possessed neither land, castles, nor retainers; and readily parted with power they were not capable of wielding. All classes were associated together equally in commerce as in war. Aristocrat and Plebeian alike turned into fighting men

at the unfurling of the banner of St. Mark, and back again into traders when that duty was over. The citizens of the higher class were trained to business from their earliest years. As mere lads, though already responsible as men—for majority was attained at sixteen years of age—they left the paternal roof, and sought their fortunes in distant lands, returning with riches, with experience, and with a knowledge of other nations—with the shrewd brains of merchants and the courage and hardihood of sailors. For the Venetians never lost their maritime character, nor ever assumed a military one. When in their later history they needed soldiers, and captains to conduct them, they hired them. Their citizens meanwhile commanded vessels both of trade and war, but Venice was far too wary to allow any of her sons to lead her military forces.

The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, to the beginning of the fifteenth, were the meridian of Venetian wealth and activity. Commerce had turned from what was mainly an ardent instinct into a science. The invention of consulates, for instance, placed as substitutes for previous rule, is owing to Venice. At the end of the fourteenth century she ceased to be exclusively a maritime power. As neighbouring Italian states fell by the abuse of popular rule into the hands of tyrants, who respected no treaties, Venice suffered injury from quarters hitherto innocuous. Self-defence ended accordingly in conquest, and conquest in acquisition of territory.* This inevitably altered the condition of the higher and wealthier classes. The joint power and opportunity of acquiring land were temptations not to be resisted. The money vested in land was withdrawn from commerce; they ceased to be merchants and became great nobles. With land also came castles and villas, pomp and splendour, and all the 'train attendant.' The pride of family and desire to found a house and perpetuate a name naturally followed, and in 1506 occurred the significant fact of the institution of the so-called '*Libro d'oro*' containing registers of every noble birth, regulations of entailments, laws concerning equality in marriage, and all the provisions belonging to a select caste. This outbreak of ambition, or vanity, happened curiously at the most menacing crisis of Venetian history, for the greatest danger that ever threatened the Republic—the combination of France, Germany, Naples, and Rome against her, known as the League of Cambray—occurred in 1508. She came out of the peril with consummate skill and glory; but, though she never wore her triple crown of commerce, policy, and art with greater splendour than through the sixteenth century, yet elements of danger and decay, too familiar in other

countries, but hitherto unknown to her, began to show themselves. She lived now chiefly upon the wealth already stored; her nobles spent freely, and magnificent works were carried on. Her luxury and intelligence also commanded things which, by the nature of her position, were most difficult to obtain. A love of horsemanship prevailed in the thirteenth century, and certain penalties were imposed for racing on the Piazza. Another passion, that of horticulture, was not so surprising; for their voyages developed many a naturalist. Venice had her competitions in gardens; and the first known and still existing Botanical Garden, that of Padua, was founded by a Venetian patrician. Her nobles also were famed as capital shots. Still, in her burst of splendour and pomp, in the sixteenth century, she may be compared to some painters who build a larger studio when their powers begin to fail. The seeds of decay had been sown, and were engendered chiefly by two causes. The first was the wealth of the Monastic orders, and the almsgiving purposes to which they turned it; thus laying the foundations of the degradation and pauperism which has been, and still is rampant among the lower orders, who, like St. Francis, elect poverty rather by choice than need; the second, not so much the creation of a hereditary nobility, as the mistake of bestowing the same title alike upon every member, male and female, of the family—a mistake leading inevitably to that fatal source of obstruction, burden, and anomaly in a State, a class of titled poverty and uselessness. The fall was still far off, but in these two forms principally appeared the pride that comes before it.

To return, however, to the Venetian citizen, now no longer '*nostro Cittadino*,' but '*nostro Nobile*.' Though outwardly more like his brethren on the mainland, it would be a great mistake to suppose that he was so in all respects. Venice could never afford to be like other states, or her citizens like other subjects. Her safety lay in her difference from other countries, and where that ceased in one direction she needfully repaired the balance by difference in another. The subtle brains that had hitherto toiled mainly for self-enrichment, now devoted themselves to maintaining the dignity of the state. The life of a Venetian noble was a vassalage of extraordinary character, for the duty of serving in certain offices was compulsory. The habits of business which had been formed in bartering goods, keeping accounts, and commanding merchant vessels now found occupation in the work of the state machinery. The causes of decay we have glanced at were thus for long met and neutralised by a system of statesmanlike education known only, though

by no means to the same extent, among our own political nobility. To study and copy the laws, the knowledge of which was indispensable to one who might be called upon at any moment to administer them; to note down the events of the time, and to reason upon them; these were from early adolescence the prescribed occupations of the noble scion. Every house of mark had its carefully maintained contemporary annals; every great man kept his journal—a practice of which Marino Sanuto's Diaries are an extreme example. There never was a more intricate clockwork than that of the Venetian State organisation, nor one of which the wheels were so continually oiled, repaired, renewed, or, if need were, totally changed, by a body of vigilant administrators, trained from youth upwards for these functions. In this lay much that now strikes us as pedantry, circumlocution, practice of dissimulation, and loss of time—but also much of the secret of the longevity of the Republic. Such were the incessant public duties of the Venetian patrician that a newly married man had no leisure to attend on his wife, or to give her even the protection due from him. Hence, we are assured the origin of the '*cavaliere servente*' system, which began in all decorum; an elderly and honourable man being chosen at the marriage by the lady's family—himself generally one of them—to attend her in public places, and generally to guide and advise her. In M. Yriarte's life of Marco Barbaro he shows how the life of the patrician in public service extinguished '*la famille*.' During the perpetually recurring meetings of the *Maggior Consiglio* over a space of thirty-four years, once only was he absent from his place, and then the significant word '*ammalato*' is found attached to his name.

This brings us to the subject of the Venetian ladies, of whom local history says strangely little. The close communication with the East would seem to have influenced their position. They remained much out of sight; only appearing on fête days to show their jewels and brocades; lining the walls of the Great Council Chamber at the reception of Henry of Valois, or standing or sitting in formal rows, as we see in Gentile Bellini's picture of the '*Miracle of St. Mark*,' and in Tintoret's representation of a Venetian feast under the name of the '*Marriage at Cana*.' No sign of female intelligence or moral influence appears. Like the Medici ladies they had their royal alliances. A Tommasina Mocenigo married a King of Hungary, and Caterina Cornaro the Prince of Cyprus, but there the parity ends. Of Tommasina nothing more is heard; and but for the childlessness of Caterina, which made her a political instrument in the hands of the Signory, she would have been equally

forgotten. As with the infamous Bianca Capello, it was not the woman but her adventitious position which the Republic turned to account. The only distinction which Venetian ladies appear to have coveted, and which they fully attained, was that extravagance of costume which finally entailed the sumptuary laws. The fashion of changing the colour of their hair they have transmitted to the present day, but in the adoption of the '*Choppine*,' as mentioned by Evelyn, they stood (or tottered) alone. This preposterous contrivance how not to walk—still seen in the Museo Correr—consisted of a heel-less shoe fastened on the top of a structure as high as a top-boot. Perched on this they stood head and shoulders above their sex, and could only move their elephantine extremities by leaning on two attendants, who of course also assisted to hoist them up and to lift them down. But even this idiotic fashion would seem to have been in some sort an outcome peculiar to the city which invites but little walking exercise, and probably took its rise from the desire to see and be seen over the heads of others in the great centre of Venetian amusement, the Piazza of St. Mark. Far, however, from regretting their wives' limited powers of locomotion, the gentlemen, Evelyn adds, seemed, strange to say, rather to rejoice at it!

There is no sign, however, that the patrician ladies were ignored by the laws. They could hold property independent of their husbands, who could only claim a thousand ducats for their dowry, and were bound to make that good upon death or separation. A curious exception was made in favour of one marrying a very young wife—and women were marriageable by law at fourteen—the husband being then permitted to expend a third of her dowry in gratifying her fancies and love of pleasure. But if he married a widow or a woman of twenty-four years of age it was assumed that such follies were over, and no such allowance was granted. The rights of the sex were further acknowledged in the beginning of the last century, when they were admitted, equally with the men, to the penalties of banishment on occasion of state misdemeanours.

We have alluded to the Venetian navy, identified with her Arsenal, the word itself, of which no satisfactory etymology is given, being of Venetian origin. Nor can the chief power and perpetual vigilance of the State be understood without some account of an institution which meant much more than a place for storing materials of war. The Venetian arsenal was at once the citadel, the garrison, the drill-ground, and the dock-yard—the Tower, the Chatham, the Woolwich, the Portsmouth, and the Plymouth of the *Dominante*. Its workmen were

also of higher significance than even these multiplied offices imply. The '*Arsenalotti*' were a body not only skilled in every department of naval work, but a picked corporation of men, sworn and unimpeachable in devotion to the Republic; the defenders of the State, the guardians of public order, the body-guard of the Doge; assisting in all solemnities, at hand in all dangers. To them the immense premises of the Arsenal—more than four miles in circumference—were emphatically '*la casa*,' the home; gathering them within its walls, and housing their families in periods of the Plague, educating their children, and providing for themselves in old age. To be a '*figlio dell' Arsenal*' was in short a pledge of high character, a guarantee for fidelity, and a security against want. Such a nucleus of inviolable principle in the working heart of the State was of incalculable value as an inflexible standard and a noble infection. Honesty was not so much the motto of the '*Arsenalotti*'—that was a matter of course—honour was his watchword. Their rewards and privileges were great, and great also their spirit of independence. After the two calamitous fires in the Ducal Palace, first in 1574, and then in 1577—both extinguished by them—the Senate voted them large sums, which on each occasion they refused to accept. M. Yriarte, in his '*Patricien de Venise*,' describes the shipbuilding feat exhibited by the Republic to Henry of Valois in 1574, when a ship of considerable tonnage, standing in its naked keel and ribs at noon, was put together with every component part, external and internal, and launched by two o'clock. This *tour de force*, the result of the perfect skill and drill of a large body of artificers, and the accurate numbering of thousands of pieces, was astonishing enough. The same may be said of the collective power by which, in the war of Lepanto, a hundred galleys were launched in a hundred days. But the fundamental excellence of the administration appears, perhaps, more in the character of every department, and the vigilance which maintained the high standard of each. There was the Rope and Cordage department, called '*La Tana*;'* there was what would be now termed the Woods and Forest Department; and there were the great Bakeries of bread and biscuit, &c., &c., all presided over with a care commensurate with the purpose each subserved, namely, the maintenance of the Venetian navy. The Forests especially, as

* The best hemp was imported from Russia by the mouth of the river Tana in the Black Sea, hence, in the familiarity of Venetian phraseology which meets us at every turn of her history, the name given to the magazine containing these stores.

the bone and muscle of their marine power, were guarded with utmost jealousy. Plans of the great woods in Istria and elsewhere were drawn up with as much accuracy as those of the fortresses and other strong places belonging to the State, and kept in the Arsenal. The three patricians ('*Provveditori alle legna e boschi*') placed over this department were required to swear upon the Sacrament that they possessed no land or property within a circle of five miles from the forests committed to their charge. The strictest orders were issued to heads of provinces, towns, and villages to watch over the oak-timber; and any loss of a tree, or injury to it, was punished with severity and without appeal. So great was the anxiety to keep up the supply, that private woods came under strict surveillance, and any citizen possessing ten '*campi*' of land was required to devote one '*campo*' to the growth of oaks. Regulations were also issued in the 15th century in the Venetian and Illyrian dialects for the proper culture and preservation of the precious tree, not rarely designated in these documents as the '*sacro rovere*.'

As to the bread and biscuit supplied to the Navy by the thirty-four great ovens on the island of S. Elena—close to the present public gardens—it appears to have had a charmed life. For chroniclers state that the '*tarlo*,' or worm, never attacked it, and the authority whence we take our information * declares that in 1821 he tasted biscuit which had been left by the Venetians in a granary at Candia, on its surrender to the Turks in 1669, and that it was sound and excellent still, without the slightest distasteful quality. Well was it said by a Frenchman in 1797, after the Treaty of Campo Formio, of the Venetian Arsenal: '*On y trouvera le type des meilleures institutions administratives*.' †

We have now to speak of the justice and jealousy of the Government—the first by no means so acknowledged as the second; the two united forming, as we have hinted, one of the most curious studies that the history of man affords. But this study can be undertaken with no chance of success unless accompanied by the conviction that profound and incessant causes existed for that intricate and apparently exaggerated caution which meets us at every turn. Never in modern records shall we find such unanimous agreement in unanimous mistrust. It was not so much that no one trusted another, but that the laws provided that no one should trust another.

* Venezia e le sue Lagune. Forze militari, da G. Oasoni, vol. i. part 2nd, p. 157.

† Mémoire du Citoyen Forfait, sur la marine de Venise.

In every office, from the highest to the lowest, every public servant not only consented to laws and regulations, but helped to make them, which implied that he might be a traitor or a jobber, and took care that he should be neither. The legislature might be said to exist by a system of checks and counterchecks, involved and cumbersome in the highest degree, and only to be understood by the logical conclusion that the perils they guarded against were worse than the trouble they occasioned. Mr. Rawdon Brown, in his philosophical preface to his first volume* says, 'The leading idea of the Venetian constitution was to combine the greatest possible vigour of the executive with the least possible power of the individuals who composed it.' This was a problem which obviously only a severe training and a devoted patriotism could solve; and the double fact in a measure unknown before or since, may be safely accepted. Venice embodied the Cavendish motto, '*Cavendo tutus.*' As with the winds, the tides and the currents, so with more subtle and covert dangers, her safety consisted in her precautions. Surrounded with envy and treachery as with the waters of her Lagunes, she especially realised the truth that 'nothing is stronger than its weakest part.' Seeing how neighbouring states had fallen from the rule of the many to the tyranny of the one, the whole aim of the Government was directed to prevent such a catastrophe at home. Every fresh discovered peril or plot was accordingly the signal for tightening the bonds of caution; these consisting usually in some addition to the courts of justice and to their stringency. Thus the plot of Bajamonte Tiepolo in 1310 led to the establishment of the Council of Ten—that of Marino Faliero in 1355 added twenty more members, called in Venetian '*la Zonta,*' italicised '*l'aggiunta.*' The Three Inquisitors of State, believed to have been instituted in the fifteenth century, though a separate board, were no addition, being themselves an integral portion of the Council of Ten, and, like that, dealing only with political offenders. The power of the Doge, in proportion as it was for life, underwent an opposite process, being gradually reduced to the mere shadow of sovereignty. The restrictions that hedged him round were, like the laws, tightened with every reign; a body of five magistrates, elected each time, called '*correttori,*' or correctors, revised and generally curtailed the ducal power at each election; and three '*inquisitori del*

* Calendar of State Papers and MSS. relating to English affairs, existing in the archives and collections of Venice, and in other libraries of Northern Italy. 1864.

'*Doge defunto*' investigated the acts and expenses of his life before decreeing him a public funeral; making his heirs answerable for any defalcation. So jealously was all foreign influence excluded that no Patrician was eligible for the office who had married out of the State, and no Doge's son could marry a foreigner. Further, the Doge could hold no property out of Venetian territory, and was compelled to sell such as he might possess previous to his election. He could not quit Venice, nor the Lagunes beyond the port of Malamocco, on pain of a fine of 100 ducats. He could neither read nor write a letter, public or private, without submitting it to his Councillors, on pain of 200 ducats. One son or brother of a Doge might continue to sit in the *Maggior Consiglio*, but neither could vote; nor could any son or brother hold a government office either during his life, or for four years after his death. Even the very officers that had been attached to his person were ineligible for a year. The Doge was also forbidden to speak to ambassadors on any matters of state; no one might kiss his hand, or bend the knee to him, and he was stript of the title of '*monsignore*' and of the canopy that once hung over the Ducal Throne. Finally the Dogaressa ceased to be crowned, and was shorn of all the beams in which ladies are supposed to delight to bask. Such being a few of the disabilities and annoyances with which the head of the Venetian State was surrounded, the further laws which required that, *volens volens*, the dignity should be accepted by the individual elected, on pain of forfeiture of all his goods, are perfectly intelligible. Not so, however, the extraordinary and almost incredible forms of precaution, wheel within wheel, which attended the election of such a King Log. At the risk of boring the reader we must give a brief outline of them.

They commenced by the summoning of the *Maggior Consiglio*—only those members being admitted above the age of thirty. A vessel of copper, or '*hat*' as it was called, was brought out containing as many balls as individuals present; thirty being gold, and the others all silver. Then the youngest member present and one other went down into the cathedral of St. Mark, and brought thence the first little boy they met, to whom the name of '*ballotino*' was given, and who proceeded to draw a ball for each. When a gold ball appeared the member in whose name it was drawn remained, but his father, uncles, brothers, or sons all departed. Those who drew the silver balls also retired. At length there remained but the thirty who had drawn the gold balls. Then the hat came out again and thirty balls were put in, of which only nine were

gold, which being drawn in the same way by nine, the rest retired. These nine then proceeded to elect forty members from the *Maggior Consiglio* in the following way. Having cast lots for precedence the first four named five each, and the last five four each—the forty names being subjected to further scrutiny by each requiring the suffrages of seven out of the nine voters. This over, the *Maggior Consiglio* was convoked for the second time and the names of the forty thus elected announced, when all the rest departed. The hat was then produced again with forty balls in it, twelve of gold, and the same balloting process gone through. The twelve then proceeded to elect twenty-five, casting lots as before—the first naming three, the other eleven two each. Again the *Maggior Consiglio* assembled for the third time, the names of the twenty-five were announced, and again the hat appeared. This time twenty-five balls were put in, of which nine were gold. By the same process as before these nine chose forty-five, who, in their turn, were announced to a fourth meeting of the *Maggior Consiglio*, and then again reduced by balloting to eleven. Having thus filtered away every possible grain of jobbery or nepotism, these eleven chose forty-one, who were submitted to the approval of a fifth meeting of the *Maggior Consiglio*—no longer weeded of its members below thirty years of age—and, if approved, these forty-one finally proceeded to elect the Doge by a majority of twenty-five of their number.

What else, we would ask, but a severe training and an exalted patriotism could have sustained a body of gentlemen through this protracted game of 'Fright'? Nor did the caution end here. The august forty-one were immured in an apartment of the Ducal Palace as closely as the Cardinals in Conclave. It happened once in 1311 that some of the electors standing at a window saw a certain Marino Giorgi pass in the Piazza below. He was a man of the highest character, the mere sight of him suggested his eligibility and he was chosen. From that time not one of the forty-one was allowed to approach a window. Then, half a century later, news was brought into the room that Lorenzo Celso had defeated the Genoese, and he was unanimously elected. But the intelligence proved false; the Genoese had defeated him; and after that no public tidings were allowed to enter. In spite of all this, however, the forty-one, who were allowed free table and all costs at the expense of the Republic, would seem, in latter years, to have been in no hurry to declare their choice. M. Yriarte ascertained that in 1709 the conclave sat for thirteen

days at a cost of 59,325 francs; while in 1789 at the election of Manin, the last Doge, a séance of six days cost the State 378,387 francs! It was evidently time to have done with Doges.

But the patriotism of the Venetian patrician bears no imputation of self-interest during the grand days of the Republic. Her service was more honourable than lucrative. Public employments brought scant emolument. Many offices had no salaries attached. The Inquisitors into a deceased Doge's affairs in many instances showed that his dignity has caused his ruin. In the case of Venetian ambassadors the allowance granted did not cover their expenses. It was fortunate, therefore, that the jealousy of the Republic limited their time of residence at any court to two years. This perpetual mistrust showed itself conspicuously in curtailing the tenures of office in every department. Few Government officials held their post more than one year. The Councillors of the Doge were changed every eight months, and could never be two of the same family, or even of the same quarter of the city. The very '*Provveditori*' of the '*Tana*' held that place but for sixteen months. The utmost length of office was for three years, and when M. Yriarte states that even boys who occupied certain ceremonial offices were kept no longer, he rather unfortunately instances the only class who necessarily outgrew their functions.

There was, however, one form of precaution peculiar to Venice, of a shrewder character than any we have instanced, which in its wisdom and courage appealed to posterity for due appreciation. No one will wonder now by the light of subsequent history that the policy of the Republic should jealously have excluded all Romish influence from her councils; but such a policy was marvellous then. Rome was never so boldly defied by any State confessing her creed as by the fact that no ecclesiastic could take part in the Venetian Government. Those citizens, to whom her laborious, ill-paid, and compulsory offices were objectionable, might avoid them by one means—namely by taking orders. On occasions touching the clergy, or when negotiations with the Vatican were discussed in council, even those members who had relations or connexions in orders, were excluded from deliberation with the simple words, '*fuora Papalisti.*' Such rules were the more significant at a time when France almost invariably selected Cardinals and Bishops to represent her in foreign embassies, or in negotiations of high political importance; and when, out of ten French ambassadors accredited to the Signory, seven were ecclesiastics.

So much for the jealousy of this extraordinary government. Now we must face a quality still more repugnant to our modern ideas—viz., its secresy. There is no doubt that to the secresy in which certain portions of the administration were shrouded, much of the unfavourable verdict passed upon the Republic has been owing. Not that the mere fact that secresy was observed in some departments need suggest surprise, still less condemnation. The same necessity existed in all States, and must ever, in some degree, exist in all. A government is the best judge of what it is prudent to reveal, and the large numbers concerned in the machinery of Venetian legislation—in itself a guarantee against injustice—made the necessity for discretion the more stringent. The pains and penalties against the '*propalatori di segreti*' were extreme, ranging from fines and banishment to death. We do not defend them—as little as we defend our own comparatively lately abolished punishment of death for sheep-stealing; but Venice, as the object of the perpetual envy and plots of neighbours and allies, had more than common cause for her severity. What would now be our temporary condition if at war with most of the European powers, was her chronic condition then; the comparison at the same time falling far short of the truth; for, with all present shortcomings, it would be impossible to reproduce in the nineteenth century the treachery and falsehood which were the current coin of Popes and potentates in the fifteenth and sixteenth, and, no less, when need was, of Doges and Senators. To pass from the standard of the Scorpion (the Visconti) to that of S. Marco; from that of the Lilies to that of the Keys, and to betray each in turn, was reputed no infamy, though punished as such when caught and detected.

But whether Venice deserves all the accusations of cruelty and secret terrorism heaped upon her, more, or even so much, as other contemporary governments, is the question at issue. We can but ask ourselves whether it was possible that the most prosperous, liberal (as regards legal equality), patriotic, and longest-lived of Christian States should have been the one most iniquitously governed? '*For Evil in its nature is Decay.*' Fortunately her defence rests not only on abstract propositions. The suspicion that Venice has been painted much blacker than she deserves, has been gradually obtaining; and though much remains to be cleared up, much can never be understood, and a plentiful residue of evil will remain, yet proofs are already not wanting to render the worst charges more than doubtful. The vindications compiled by a few thoughtful writers of the till lately fallen city, have not penetrated far, but they have the

stamp of the truth that will prevail. To the modern historian of Venice, Count Daru, are traceable the chief source and spread of the generally received ideas regarding the hideous nature of Venetian laws, especially as embodied in the Council of Ten, and the Three Inquisitors of State. At the same time it is notorious that Daru was strongly biassed against the Venetians. A devoted adherent of the 'Empire' he felt that the more he dwelt on the wickedness of Venice the better he vindicated Bonaparte's unscrupulous conduct towards her. Not that he can be charged with deliberate falsification of history, but there is small doubt that the authority on which he grounds his worst impeachments was not worthy of trust. Daru plumes himself on having discovered in a library at Paris the very statutes drawn up for their own regulation, by the two secret tribunals above mentioned—statutes so odious in character as, in the words of a modern history of Venice*—chiefly extracted from his volumes—'to exceed any other product of human wickedness.' To the calm and careful analysis of these by a certain Conte Tiepolo is owing an exposure of their spuriousness, which no dispassionate reader will call in question. We have placed the title of his work, published in 1828, at the head of this article.

The first doubt cast upon them lies in the fact that no contemporary or subsequent allusion acknowledges the existence of these so-called Statutes, and that till Daru discovered them no one had heard of them. At the same time regulations such as these could not have been discussed, formularised, and adopted without both the knowledge and sanction of the *Maggior Consiglio*—a body chosen annually from a public of above a thousand persons—to whom every act and decree of these inner Tribunals were jealously subjected. They must also have been formally entered in the books of decrees and laws, and especially in the registers of the Council of Ten itself. No trace of them, however, appears in the carefully preserved public records. No writer of the time (1454) or after, quotes them. In addition to this they teem with mistakes and anachronisms, of which we add a few specimens. Purporting to have been framed in 1454, they are written, not in the Latin used at that time for all government and magisterial transactions, but in the Venetian dialect not in vogue till half a century later. Further, they are couched in the name of the '*Inquisitori di Stato*,' a title not applied to that body till the seventeenth century. They assign to these *Inquisitori*

* Sketches of Venetian History, 2 vols. 1831.

the jurisdiction over the prisoners confined in the '*Piombi*' (*sic*), such prisons not having been instituted or arranged for the service of the State till 1591. They speak of territories, wide apart as Candia and Cyprus, as governed by one and the same '*Generale*'; whereas no Venetian functionary ever held the title of General; the governor of Candia being styled '*Dux*,' while Cyprus in 1454 had still her own Prince and legislature, and only fell to Venice at the widowhood of Caterina Cornaro, in 1489. They speak of the disappearance of men, secretly killed by order of the Tribunal, one individual being fortunately instanced whose name stands in his parish necrology as dying at the age of eighty, and that in the house of a relative. Such hideous regulations, therefore, for the secret and deliberate ensnaring of merely suspected individuals, as are formula-rised in these Statutes; the preference to be observed in secret murders for the '*ferro*' over the '*fuoco*'—the stiletto over the pistol; the sickeningly minute rules regarding the measures to be adopted by spies and informers, and again for counter-espionage and information—rules calculated to make the Venetian legislature rather a Pandemonium of fiends than an assemblage of 'grave and honourable Signors,'—all such accusations, therefore, as rest on these pretended Statutes may, we think, be justly banished from the hearts they have troubled.

It would be easy to quote from Daru himself descriptions of the internal peace which reigned for five and a half centuries—of the absence of all rebellion whether in the city or in her colonies; despite periods of dearth, pestilence, excommunications, and disastrous wars—descriptions certainly incompatible with the fact of a deadly cancer at the heart of the State, eating away all liberty, confidence, and security; a condition which might have entailed fever, paralysis, or death, but never peace.*

* Another frequently quoted source of impeachment against these tribunals supposed to proceed from high authority, may be equally as justly impugned. In a little dateless work purporting to have been drawn up by Paolo Sarpi for the guidance of the Inquisitors of State, maxims are found fully as atrocious, and therefore corroborating those in the spurious Statutes discovered by Daru. Great names, we know, are no safeguard against calumny; rather the reverse—and there are few, whether in intellectual or moral elevation, which more indignantly repel such a charge than that of the Servitan monk. It is sufficient to remember that Rome was his enemy, and Roman emissaries his assassins, to comprehend why, like Venice herself, he has suffered defamation. Abstractedly judging therefore, the grounds for doubting the authenticity of the work entitled '*Opinione del Padre Sarpi, Servita, 'come debba governarsi la repubblica Veneziana per havere il perpetuo*

There remain sufficient of those mediæval cruelties from which modern feeling recoils—but cruelties not peculiar to Venice—namely the use of torture, at all events as early discarded by Venice as by other States,—and the practice of secret executions; for which, in common with her contemporaries, she must bear the penalty. Jeremy Bentham shrewdly remarks, ‘The secret nature of one of the Republic’s operations was the cause of all the false ideas about the Venetian Government.’ Still, it must be urged, however distasteful the subject, that executions were rather private than secret. For the bodies, in some cases at all events, were publicly exhibited. Antonio Foscari—the friend of the Countess of Arundel—executed in the night of April 21, 1622, for high treason, was found next morning suspended between the two columns. Furthermore, it is certain that not only were those thus privately executed buried in consecrated ground—in the cemeteries of S. Giovanni e Paoli, and of St. Francesco—but that by a decree of the Council of Trent, all parishes were ordered to keep strict ‘*neurologi*,’ without respect to condition of life, or mode of death. In the registers of S. Mark’s accordingly—the parish church of the Ducal Palace and of the state prisons—every death, from that of the Doge to that of the executed criminal, appears in order of date. The name of the criminal is, moreover, accompanied by that of the office which condemned him, by his crime, and whether his sentence was publicly or privately carried out. So precise were these registers that on the discovery of Foscari’s alleged innocence, a notification to that effect was subsequently added to the entry of his death.


As to another imputed mode of making away with inconvenient or suspected persons by drowning them—of which Fenimore Cooper’s ‘Bravo’ gives so thrilling an account—this seems, it may be said, too false to disprove. For a certain hold of an object is needed even to destroy it. All that can be said is that it lacks all confirmation. Setting aside the fact, that the name given to the waters behind S. Giorgio Maggiore—the ‘*Canal Orfano*’—supposed to have fastened on them in connexion with the drownings, is now believed to have been borne by that

‘dominio,’ are far stronger than those for giving it credit. Few questions would be more interesting to sift; meanwhile the reader may be referred to another Venetian work called ‘*Opinione falsamente ascritta al Padre Servita come debba governarsi internamente e esternamente la repubblica Venetiana per havere il perpetuo dominio. Venezia, 1681 e 1885, col titolo “Ricordi.”*’

part of the Lagune for centuries before any State Inquisitors existed—setting aside this, there are strong reasons for supposing that such a mode of execution—like many other stock stories about Venice into which we have not space to enter—were entirely the creation of romance. In the readiness to throw open her stores of local history Venice may be said to challenge the utmost inquiry on all points. The work quoted above this article, '*Monumenti per servire alla Storia del Palazzo Ducale, &c.*,' published at the expense of Mr. Ruskin, is a specimen in point, containing literal transcripts, without any comment, of the proceedings day by day of the Council of Ten, beginning in 1253, and extending to 1600. No attempt is here made to conceal sentences of death by hanging between the two columns; sentences to lose both head and hand; sentences to the '*corda*' (or rack)—no attempt to conceal a pestiferous state of the prisons (accompanied, it must be added, by stringent directions for reforming such conditions); while as to sentences by drowning as little sign appears of them as of sentences by burning, of which barbarity, common in Spain, France, Germany, and England, Venice, at all events, was never guilty. Lastly, there is not wanting the testimony of those living in this century who had been assured by members of the Council of Ten, that the idea of drowning as a mode of judicial execution was too contemptible to deserve refutation.

While therefore acknowledging that Venice carried the practice of caution and mystery to an extreme which has thus avenged itself, we may still ask what motives existed for such depravity on the part of private individuals, chosen from the most honoured and independent members of the *Maggior Consiglio*, individuals who swore on the Gospels 'to counsel 'in conscience and good faith all that shall conduce to the 'public good;' or how a succession of the same monsters was annually secured? For they held office only for one year; they received no salary, and to take fee or bribe was a capital offence. The decisions also of the Council of Ten—in reality seventeen in number, for it included the Doge and his six councillors—(these last changed, be it remembered, every eight months) required the votes of, at all events, two-thirds of the number; in more important questions of three-fourths, or of seven-eighths; while the decisions of the Inquisitors of State were required to be unanimous. As to the denunciations by the '*Lion's Mouth*'—a slit in the wall or door, like our post boxes—the horror of these pales before publicity. Every board of justice had such a box. But if by secret were meant anonymous denunciations, all such, by a law of 1387,

were ordered to be forthwith burnt. In 1542 an exception is made in the case of anonymous accusations of blasphemy, but the names of three witnesses present at the fact were needed. Later, if the accusations involved matters of high state importance, they might be anonymous but the votes of four-fifths of the Council were necessary before the accused could be proceeded against. Later, again, these four-fifths were increased to five-sixths, and these votes, furthermore, confirmed by a process, as with the election for Doges, four times repeated. Taking therefore into consideration that severe laws existed against false accusers, it would really seem that, instead of secretly warring against the lives and liberties of their subjects, the Venetian Government was more slow to entertain a charge against a man than most governments of those times to condemn him.

Much more might be adduced to throw discredit on these, not 'the mock pearls,' but the false blots of history, which poetry and romance have rendered well-nigh indelible. As with the tale of Correggio's persecution and death by the Danish dramatist Öhlenschläger, the poet and romancer may be forgiven. The fault lies with the historian who, like Daru, lightly or maliciously accepts, and with the bookmaker who carelessly repeats libels, not so much against Venetian as against human nature. The *Piombi*, for instance, have been prolific in tales of horror. Freezing in winter and broiling in summer, they have been held up to shuddering readers as proofs of state tyranny and malice. But the rooms on the highest story of the Ducal Palace are there still, and are about the warmest in winter that the building contains. And the leads that, under a midsummer sun, are supposed to have burned directly over the heads of innocent beings, incarcerated on false pretexts or on none at all—these leads, lying on the roof, not flat, but in this form , are also there still. Furthermore, they are divided from the rooms containing the cells, called the *Piombi*, by a solid ceiling of magnificent oak rafters, between which and the roof is a space justly stated by Mr. Ruskin to be 'five metres high where it is least, and nine where it is 'greatest.'* So much for these and other stories, of which it may be safely predicted that the time will come when they will be as utterly exploded as those of Romulus and Remus.

The faults of the Venetian legislature were its caution and mystery; neither doubtless without strong grounds of necessity now difficult to realise. For both Venice has paid dearly;

her mystery gave her a reputation for infamous acts, while the habit of caution, no longer balanced by power and boldness, led to that policy of neutrality, both in the wars of the Spanish succession, and in the closing days of 1797, which became not only her ruin but her disgrace.

Here we must quit a subject so vast and intricate as almost to reprove us of presumption in thus approaching it. As we have looked thus superficially into the annals of this unique state, chapter after chapter, teeming with interest, wonder, and, it must be added, warning, have passed necessarily untouched before us. On the one hand the glories of her art, the treasures of her erudition, the riddles of an antiquity long preceding her own, which challenge solution from many a wall. On the other, that abject compromise between pride and poverty which, in the seventeenth century, opened a place in her vaunted *Libro d'Oro* to all who could pay for it; and that degeneracy of morals, more abject still, which, in the eighteenth century, attracted the giddy and the guilty to her magical shores as to a haven of safe and shameless pleasures. As Venice has been called an amalgam of the arts, tongues, and usages of all nations, so, in her latter days, may she be said to have presented a refuge and a sphere for the vices of all. Let us not be too severe on her victims. Surrounded as she was with the *prestige* of the Past, and with that ineffable charm which must endure while sea and sky and Venice stand, the spells of the older Circe must have been feeble in comparison. Instead, therefore, of boasting of the length of her years, it may be averred that she lasted too long. Had the tree been cut down in its strength it might have sprung up again; but the sapless shell which looked so fair contained at last only bitter ashes, whence no germ of better life could take root. The collapse, therefore, 'of that which once was great' was the result of an inexorable Necessity, as well as of the perfidy of Bonaparte. Generous and romantic natures have lamented her subjection to the Stranger—one not too severe for her faults—but, without it, the moral of her story, needed as much for other states as for herself, would have been incomplete. But the days of her bondage are over; the Enchantress is again on her trial, and a growing semblance of activity, as well as the hopeful logic of statistics, encourages the belief that she is destined to rise once more to self-respect and independence.

ART. VIII.—*Harrison's Description of England in Shakspeare's Youth.* The 2nd and 3rd Books, edited from the first two editions of Holinshead's Chronicle, by F. J. FURNIVALL, for the New Shakspeare Society. London: 1877.

WILLIAM HARRISON, the author of this account of England in the days of Shakspeare's youth, was, when Holinshead applied to him to furnish descriptions of Britain and England as an introduction to his well-known Chronicles, a country clergyman, rector of Radwinter, near Colchester, and domestic chaplain to Sir William Brooke, Lord Cobham. In some respects he might have been thought singularly unfitted for the task, for on his own confession he had never travelled 'forty miles forth right,' or right on end, 'in one journey 'in all his life.' In others no better man could have been found for the purpose. He was the friend of Camden and Smith and Lambarde, and had all the book-learning on the topography and antiquities of the country at his fingers' ends; besides he had long been engaged in compiling a 'Chronologie' of his own, to which these descriptions, which he modestly calls a 'pamphlet' in his preface to his patron, were mere child's play. The indefatigable Mr. Furnivall, to whom the world is indebted for this reprint, has succeeded in ferreting out from the Diocesan Library of Derry in three enormous volumes the MS. of that Chronology which Harrison considered his *magnum opus*, and to which he refers in his 'Description.' In this compilation he had amassed an enormous amount of information, and out of this, together 'with letters and pamphlets from sundrie places and 'shires of England,' he, in a comparatively short space of time, completed his Descriptions, though not altogether to his own satisfaction, for in the same preface he calls it 'a foule frizeled 'Treatise, to stand in lieu of a description of my Countrie.' 'But,' he adds, 'howsoever it be done, and whatsoever I have 'done, I have had an especial eye unto the truth of things.' It is evident from this account of the Description that it was likely to be a production of very unequal interest. Whole chapters are, as Mr. Furnivall points out, mere stuffing and padding, derived from the works of other writers, while in all that depended on Harrison's own observation there is a life and freshness which are irresistibly attractive.

We may as well dispose of the few particulars known of Harrison's life before we turn to the 'Description' itself. 'Happily for us,' says Mr. Furnivall in his peculiar style, 'William, 'Harrison was not one of those dignified prigs who are afraid

‘of writing about themselves in their books.’ He tells us in the ‘Description’ that he was born in London, and he mentions the fact more particularly in his ‘Chronologie’ under the year 1534. ‘The author of this boke is borne upon ye 18 of Aprill, ‘hora 11, minut 4, secunde 56, at London, in Cordwainer ‘Streete, otherwise called bowe lane, in ye house next to the ‘holly lambe towards Chepeside, and in ye parish of St. ‘Thomas the Apostle.’ Living in the neighbourhood, he was sent to St. Paul’s School, then the most famous place of education in England; but we are not quite sure that Mr. Furnivall is right in saying that Harrison was at Westminster School as well; for though he says at p. 83 of his ‘Description’ that he was ‘sometime an unprofitable grammarian in Westminster School, ‘under the reverend father Master Nowell, now deane of ‘Paul’s,’ we think the word ‘grammarian’ might imply that he was not a learner but a teacher of grammar in that celebrated school. Whether he were at one or both of those schools, there is no doubt that he was both at Oxford and Cambridge, and of each he speaks with equal love. In 1569 he proceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Divinity at Cambridge under a grace which calls him an M.A., of Oxford of seven years’ standing. Before this in 1558–9, while domestic chaplain to Lord Cobham, he had been inducted to the rectory of Radwinter, on the presentation of his patron, a preferment which he held till his death. Let no one be startled to hear—though many in his own day were shocked at it—that Harrison was a pluralist. He was not at all like one of our recent modern pluralists rectors of Much and Little Hadham; for the clear yearly value of Radwinter Rectory was 21*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*, tithes 2*l.* 3*s.* 2½*d.*; while that of Wimbish Vicarage, his other living, was 8*l.*, tithes 16*s.*: 32*l.* 10*s.* 6½*d.* in all. By this scanty pittance he supported himself, his wife, and his children, on an income which he made up to 40*l.* a year, and though he could not be called ‘rich’ with that annual income, it was enough for his wants. On it he spent the best part of his life at Radwinter working away at his ‘Chronology,’ running up for a month or two to write this pamphlet his ‘Description’ away from his books, bringing up his children not without the use of the rod,* and even collecting Roman coins, which were probably

* In book iii., which is to form the second volume of this reprint, Harrison says, speaking of his mastiff, ‘If I had beaten anie of my ‘children he would gentlie have assaied to catch the rod in his teeth ‘and take it out of my hand, or else pluck down their clothes to save ‘them from the stripes.’ In which perhaps we see the old school usher peeping out.

to be had for the asking, and not run up to fabulous prices as at our modern auctions. He took pains with his garden, too, in which, though its area covered but 300 feet of ground, there was 'a simple' for each foot of ground, 'no one of them being common or usually to be had.' Sometimes we gather from his preface that he paid a visit to Lord Cobham in Kent, but wherever he was we may be sure, from his 'Description' that he kept his eyes open, and saw all that was to be seen. We suppose that his 'Description' must have brought him fame. Perhaps the high praise which he paid to Elizabeth, and the good testimony which he bore to the virtue of her court, fell gently on the royal ear. On April 2, 1586, William Harrison was appointed Canon of Windsor, and at once installed. This preferment he held for seven years. In 1593 he died, apparently at Windsor, and was buried there, though there is no record either of the day of his death or of the place of his interment.

Turning now to this Description of England by this shrewd observer, it is with some regret we find that Mr. Furnivall has not thought the first book, the 'Description of Britaine,' sufficiently interesting to reprint. He calls it 'a long and dull historical and topographical book,' and even lays on it the blame that the 'Description of England' is not 'a thousand times more widely known.' It is perfectly true that any stick will serve to beat a dog; but, to our minds, who have known Harrison long before this reprint was thought of, the 1st book is as interesting as the 2nd or 3rd, and some readers might think it more so. A better reason might be the length to which the reprint of Harrison's 'Pamphlet' would have run, if all these three books had been published by the New Shakspeare Society; but this is scarcely a sufficient excuse. In such matters it is never worth while to make two bites of a cherry, and it could have mattered little to the members of the New Shakspeare Society if Harrison's 'Description' had filled two or three volumes, except that in the first case they would have been put into possession of a mutilated and in the second of a complete edition of the work. We must, however, be thankful for what we have got, and after this protest we turn to Mr. Furnivall's reprint of the Second Book.

As a churchman it is not unnatural that Harrison should begin with the Constitution of the Church in England. Standing between the new state of things in England and the old, while he inveighs against the abuses of the Church of Rome he is not silent as to the evils peculiar to the Reformation. If he calls Becket in his first chapter 'the old cock of Canterburie,'

after whom 'all the young cockerells of other sees crowed,' and complains of the pride and sloth and luxury of Romish times, he is not slow to remark how the recent suppression of Conferences of the clergy and laity by the ecclesiastical authorities had worked perniciously to the Reformed Church; for those gatherings and conferences, or 'prophecyings' as they were also called, 'stirred the parsons to applie to their bookes, ' which otherwise would give themselves to hawking, hunting, ' tables, cards, dice, tipling at the alehouse, shooting of matches, ' and other like vanities.' At the same time Harrison complains of the burdens which were laid upon an impoverished Church now that it had been stripped of its lands and possessions, so that it has 'now become the asse whereon every ' market man is to ride and cast his wallet.' The prelates of old were covetous and the Pope grasping after first fruits and Peter's pence; but what was to be said of the covetousness of patrons under the new system? Of whom some 'do bestow ' advowsons upon their bakers, butlers, cooks, falconers, and ' horse keepers,' while others forced them to pay for their hawkes-meat, or to let glebes to them for a tenth of their value, and so 'scrape the wool from the cloaks of us parsons.' Nor are the glimpses which he gives us of the condition of the fabrics of the churches themselves without interest, as when he notes how Popish 'images and monuments of idolatrie are ' remooved from the churches,' 'onelie the stories on glasse ' windows excepted which are let to stay for a while from the ' scarcity and cost of white glass.' In his treatment of Saints' Days Harrison is thoroughly Protestant, and makes a proposition to combine the religious and civil holidays, which would bring tears into the eyes of those earnest young men and women who date their letters on the 'Vigil of St. Brice' or on the 'Feast of St. Machutus.' Thus, though he expresses great satisfaction at the reduction of Saints' Days in the calendar to twenty-seven, while under the Pope they were 'four score and ' fifteene, together with superfluous numbers of idle wakes, ' guilds, fraternities, church-ales, helpe-ales, and soule-ales ' called also dirge-ales, and heathenish rioting at bride-ales;' he adds, 'And no great matter were it if the feastes of all our ' Apostles, evangelists, and martyrs, with that of all saints, ' were brought to the holidays that follow upon Christmasse, ' Easter, and Whitsuntide; and those of the Virgine Marie ' with the rest utterlie removed from the calendars, as neither ' necessarie nor commendable in a reformed church.' In dress the reformed ministers presented a praiseworthy and remarkable contrast to that of their Popish predecessors. 'Those

‘ blind Sir Johns, who went either in diverse colors like plaiers, or in garments of light hew as yellow, red, greene, etc., with their shoes piked; so that to meet a priest in those daies was to behold a peacock that spreadeth his taile when he danseth before the henne.’ The hint may be of use to the variegated section of our modern clergy.

As for the Universities, though he praises Henry VIII. for reproving his courtiers when they wished him to divide among them the estates of those learned bodies as he had done those of the Church, he is so far from finding the education of young men at Oxford and Cambridge perfect, that he deplores over and over again ‘ the packing and bribery practised at elections for fellowships and scholarships,’ and how ‘ poore men’s children are commonly shut out by the rich, whose sons ruffle and roist it out, exceeding in apparell, and haunting riotous companie, which draweth them from their bookes unto another trade.’ In one point Harrison is quite agreed with our modern university reformers. He is dead against ‘ idle fellowships ’ and declares that after forty years of age such men become drones and ‘ live on the fat of the colleges, withholding better wits from the possession of their places.’ ‘ Long continuance at the university,’ he declares, ‘ is either a signe of lacke of friends, or of learning, or of a good and upright life; as Bishop Fox sometime noted, who thought it sacrilege for a man to tarric any longer at Oxford than he had a desire to profit.’ In spite of all this the professors and the workingmen at the Universities were equal to the best in any foreign nation, and if they would only give up going to Italy, from which they generally returned corrupted, Harrison would be quite satisfied with them. The general ignorance and incompetence of the country clergy, noted by almost every divine of the time as well, drives Harrison to another proposition in which neither the patrons of livings in his own nor in our age would be likely to agree. He thinks that the university authorities should have the sole power of appointing to church livings; for if ‘ this order were taken, then should the Church be provided of good pastors by whom God should be glorified, the universities better stored, the Simoniackal practices of patrons utterlie abolished, and the people better trained to live in obedience to God and their Prince, which were an happie estate.’

So wrote Harrison of the Church and the Universities, painting his description in sad and sober grey; for to no writer, however able, is it given to rise above the circumstances which surround him, and from the conditions of his existence;

and the eyes of a man insensibly catch the colour of his cloth. William Harrison certainly is no exception to the rule. He was a country parson with poor preferment, and his book is sobered and saddened by the hard experiences of his daily life. But for all that—though he often hardly seems to see it—it was an age of wonderful progress, and the England of the Virgin Queen was striding towards wealth and power at a pace which would have astonished the cautious Henry VII. ; just as the stingy George III. would rub his eyes and wring his hands could he behold this imperial London of Victoria, with all its wealth and luxury. Henry VIII. had created the young giant and set him, so to speak, on his legs, and though Mary had done her best to bind him with spiritual swaddling clothes, he had cast them off and was now rejoicing to run his course in ‘the spacious times of great Elizabeth.’

At no time had the lower nobility and the gentlemen and merchants had such a field for advancement. The Wars of the Roses and the policy of Henry VII. had broken and almost destroyed the old nobility of the land, and under Henry VIII. the power of the Church was uprooted, and its estates bestowed on new comers. There never had been such days for new men, and the new men were not slow to avail themselves of their opportunity. As for the old temporal peers, they had dwindled to one marquis, Winchester, twenty earls, two viscounts, and forty-three barons. There had been dukes in England, and one duke even in Elizabeth’s reign ; but before Harrison wrote the treacherous nature of the Duke of Norfolk had found its fitting end on the scaffold, and Harrison, in this as in many others the *laudator temporis acti*, does not fail to remark, ‘The title of duke . . . now a name of honor, although perished in England, whose ground will not long beare one duke at once ; but if there were many as in time past, or as there be now earles, I do not think but that they would flourish and prosper well enough.’ That they have so flourished and prospered since Harrison’s time, anyone may see who will turn to the Peerage and count our modern dukes, when it will not be unprofitable also to reckon the number of marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons which the age of Victoria has to set against that of Elizabeth. So much for the ‘lords temporal,’ but where came the bishops in Harrison’s days ? He classes them with ‘lords of office,’ or what we should call ‘life-lords.’

‘Unto this place,’ he says, ‘I refer our bishops who are called lords and hold the same room in the Parliament-house with the barons . . . and whose countenances in time past were much more glorious than at

this present it is; because these lustie prelates sought after earthlie estimation and authoritie with farre more diligence than after the lost sheepe of Christ. . . . Howbeit in these days their estate remaineth no lesse reverend than before. . . . They retaine also the ancient name "lord" still, although it be not a little inpugned by such as love either to heare of change of all things or can abide no superiors.'

Passing from these remnants of a temporal and spiritual past, Harrison proceeds, in his account of the degrees of people in England, to the great class of gentlemen out of which in due time a new nobility was to be created. 'Gentlemen,' according to him, 'be those whom their race and blood, or at the least their virtues, do make noble and knowne.' Thus there are gentlemen whose ancestors are known to have come in with the Conqueror, and others who having distinguished themselves in arts or in arms 'can live without manuell labour.' 'Such a man,' adds Harrison ironically, 'who will bear the porte, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, shall for monie have a cote and arms bestowed upon him by heralds . . . and be called "Master," which is the title that men give to esquires and gentlemen, and be reputed a gentleman ever after.' By this arrangement the Crown loses nothing; for the gentleman, when called to the warres pays for his own outfit. His title hurts no man but himself; if he chooses to walk in "wider buskens than his legs will beare," or as the proverb says, "bear a bigger saile than his boat is able to susteine." From all which it is easy to see that our worthy Essex rector thought little of such herald's gentlemen, while he esteemed greatly gentlemen of Norman blood; 'for of the Saxon races yet remaining,' he says, 'we now make none accompt.' But in nothing, perhaps, does he show his sturdy old conservative nature more characteristically than in the way in which he inveighs against foreign travel, and noblemen and gentlemen sending their sons to Italy, 'from whence they bring home nothing but meere atheisme, infidelitie, vicious conversation, and ambitious and proud behaviour.' As for unhappy Italy, to which England as well as all the world had been so indebted, the very mention of her name acts on Harrison as red cloth to a bull—he bellows and stamps the ground, and can find no worse epithet for a gentleman or a scholar of that day than to say that he is 'Italionate.'

Another class had enormously increased in England in those latter days, and that in a way not altogether to Harrison's liking. These were the merchants. There were too many of them—just as there were too many lawyers, a profession worse even to Harrison than Italians—and they sinned in two ways;

first in carrying the necessities of life out of the land to other countries, and so making them dear at home, and secondly in having a monopoly of foreign trade, and so keeping up the price of imports. 'In times past,' groans Harrison in accents which it would have done Cobden good to hear, 'when the strange bottoms were suffered to come in, we had sugar for foure pence the pound, that now is worth half a crowne; raisons or corints [raisins and currants] for a penie, that now are holden at sixpence, and sometimes at eight and tenpence the pound; nutmegs at twopence halfe penie the ounce. Ginger at a penie an ounce . . . cinnamon at foure pence the ounce, cloves at two pence an ounce, and pepper at twelve or sixteen pence the pound.' Lest anyone should think that the price of spices such as cinnamon, cloves, or nutmegs could not be a serious object to householders in any age, they must remember that old English cookery made very great use of them, and that many of the dishes in that age were rendered as nausous with cloves and nutmegs as that most famous but most disgusting of all dainties, 'lamb stuffed with assafætida.' Worse still, these wicked merchants were not content with their old trade to 'Spaine, Portingal, France, Flanders, Danske, Norwaie, Scotland, and Irelande onelie;' but have 'soughte out the East and West Indies, and made,' to Harrison, 'suspicious voiaiges not onelie unto the Canaries and New Spaine, but likewise unto Cathaia, Moscovia, Tartaria, and the regions there about, from whence, as they saie,' but Harrison does not believe them, 'they bring home great commodities. But alas, I see not by all their travell that the prices of things are in any whit abated.' In all which who does not hear the cry re-echoed in this age too by all who have fixed incomes, that everything gets dearer and dearer, while their means to provide for themselves and their families grow less and less? Whatever we may think of our own time, we see clearly that Harrison's outcry against merchants and their prices is but a confession of the increase of England's wealth and prosperity, in an age when those very merchants with their bold ventures were laying the foundations of that enormous system of trade which has made England the mistress of the world. Even for the monopolies of which he complains much might he said. They were as useful in the infancy of commerce as they are prejudicial to its maturity, as encouraging a new class of men to risk their capital in enterprises on which without that security they could not have been induced to embark. They were the ladder by which England climbed to the top of the tree, and it would be as unphilosophic to abuse them in Eliza-

beth's reign as it would be false political economy to advocate their continuance in an age when commerce needs no leading-strings.

Besides the merchants there were yeomen in England, a class which will soon be as extinct among us as the woolly-haired rhinoceros and the cave-bear of our prehistoric period. A yeoman, according to Harrison, was 'a freeborne English-man who could spend of his owne free land in yearlie revenue 'six pounds.' They lived well and worked hard, and made money by the increased price paid for their produce. So that these little farmers, too, had a share in the national advancement, and were able to buy out poor gentlemen, and, educating their sons at schools and universities, so made them gentlemen, and left them capital. 'These were they,' says Harrison with honest pride, 'that in times past made all France afraid. 'And albeit they be not called "Master" as gentlemen are'—like Master Shallow—'or "Sir" as to knights appertaineth,'—like Sir John Falstaff—but onelie "John" and "Thomas," 'yet have they been founde to have doone verie good service; 'and the kings of England, in foughten battels, were woont to 'remaine among them, who were their footmen, as the French 'kings did amongst their horsemen; the prince thereby shewing 'where his chiefe strength did consist.' Such were the yeomen of Harrison's time, worthy sons of those who had conquered at Cressy, Agincourt, and Flodden. Men who afterwards went with Sidney and the Vercs and Ogle to the Low Countries, who steadily withstood the Spaniards at Nieuport, and defied the leaguer of Ostend. As Cromwell's Ironsides they broke the power of Charles and his cavaliers, and swarmed up to London with Monk when the second Charles came to what he called his own again. When England began to maintain a regular standing army and military service was no longer national but mercenary, we do not find the yeomen so constant to the wars. But their arms were felt at Landen and Neerwinden under William of Orange, and they helped to win the wonderful series of victories which adorn the career of Marlborough. Perhaps there were still a few of them at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and at Culloden the Butcher Cumberland may have led some against the Highland clans. Wellington's glorious campaigns were fought and his victories won by armies moulded out of such vile materials, that they justified the remark that a good general can make a soldier out of anything. Certainly there were few yeomen in his ranks. In these modern times if we ask for the English yeoman and what has become of him, the answer must be a reference to

those Doomsday Books of the three kingdoms which tell the fatal truth that the land of Great Britain and Ireland has passed into the possession of a few thousand owners, who, if they were all mustered, would not make up one of the *corps d'armée* of Germany or France. Things of course might be worse even than this, and we may still come to that worse condition. We remember that Sparta, the soldier-state when ancient Greece was Greece indeed, had passed, when the Romans took possession of it, into the hands of one or two heiresses.

The fourth and last class of the English community are the day-labourers and artificers. As for slaves and bondsmen, says Harrison, 'we have none.' Nay, 'if anie come hither 'from other realms, so soone as they set foote on land they 'become as free of condition as their masters.' These labourers and artificers have no rule in the country but are to be ruled, though sometimes they serve the state on inquests, and are made churchwardens, sidesmen and aleconners, and 'even constables.' But this class, too, was feeling the prosperity of the times and the growing wealth of the upper classes. As for the artificers, they never had more encouragement and were never better workmen, but they laboured under a great fault, that of scamping their work, and 'so bungle up 'and despatch many things, they care not how so they be out 'of their hands, whereby,' adds Harrison, 'the buier is often 'sore defrauded and findeth to his cost that hast maketh wast 'according to the proverbe;' where again one might fancy he heard an employer of labour under Victoria complaining that the British workman was going to the dogs, and took no heed of the way in which his work was turned out so that he had got it done. And yet whenever any piece of plate or furniture or needlework of the Elizabethan age turns up in an auction room we rush to pay fools' prices for it, and carry it off declaring that the English handicraftsmen in those days were very different and very much better than those of our own time. But the branch of labourers which most showed the luxury of the times was that of the serving-men, whose numbers were such that Harrison calls them 'great swarmes.' Of course great swarmes, and especially 'idle swarmes,' of servants mean rich masters. It is in vain that Harrison quotes the proverb 'Young serving-men old beggars;' 'for then as much as now 'service was no inheritance,' or, as he calls it, 'none heritage.' In vain, too, he points out that such idle fellows 'are 'enemies to their masters, to their friends, and to themselves.' To support them their masters are driven to extor-

tion towards their tenants from whom these very serving-men sprang. In this way they injure their friends and waste young gentlemen's estates. As for themselves they take in the end to highway robbery, and so come to the gibbet. England keeps more of them than any other nation, and 'the number of such idle vagabonds should be lessened, else it will be worse for the state.' Yet in spite of these and other protests the swarms of serving-men went on increasing.

So many degrees of men and such increase of idleness means so many more mouths to be fed; and this, says Harrison, is all the more serious, 'because the situation of our region being near unto the north doth cause the heate of our stomachs to be of somewhat greater force; therefore our bodies doo crave a little more ample nourishment than the inhabitants of the hotter regions.' 'It is no marvel, therefore, that our tables have always been more plentifully garnished than those of other nations, and even the Scots,' says Harrison, 'have of late years given themselves under verie ample and large diet and now exceed us in tabling and belly-cheere.' Very different were they from the North Britons of more ancient times who supported themselves for days in their bogs and marshes on a 'certain confection' of the size of 'a beane;' or better still on nothing at all, by merely creeping up to their chins in water, and so 'qualifying the heat of their stomachs.' Either of which practices we recommend for adoption to the Local Government Board as a safe way both of reducing the rates and the population. Not at all after this old Scottish sort was the diet of the Englishman of Harrison's time, though here again the groan against luxury and increased prices is heard. 'Here,' he says, 'it is lawful for every man to feede upon whatsoever he is able to purchase, except it be upon those daies whereon eating of flesh is especially forbidden by the laws of the realme,' where he is too good a Protestant to admit that this regulation had anything to do with the old Popish restraints, and tells us 'this order is taken onelic to the end that our numbers of cattle may be the better increased, and that abundance of fish which the sea yeldeth more generally received.' As to which we only say that we wish an order were now taken which should make butchers' meat cheaper, or which could bring fish at a moderate cost to our doors. Still in spite of this order, and the great increase of prices, Harrison finds that whereas what he calls white meats, that is milk, butter, and cheese, were in old times the main fare of the better classes, they were in his time, 'though very deer, onelic caten by the poor,' while all other classes ate flesh,

fish, and 'wild and tame fowles.' As for the nobilitie—whose cooks were for the most part 'musical-headed Frenchmen and 'strangers'—there was no end to their number of dishes and change of meat. 'Every day they had beef, mutton, veale, 'lambe, kid, pork, conie, capon, or pig'—sucking pig we suppose when in season—'together with red or fallow deer, fish and wild 'fowle,' with sundry other delicacies 'wherein the sweet hand of 'the sea-faring Portingale is not wanting; so that for a man to 'dine with one of them and to taste of everie dish that standeth 'before him, is rather to yelde to a conspiracy with a great 'deal of meat for the suppression of natural health, than to 'satisfie himself with a competent repast.' But for all this plenty neither noblemen nor their guests were gluttons; they only maintained such well garnished boards for the sake of their retainers and for those unexpected calls that might be made upon them, keeping as it were open house.

There was one thing, however, that was a great grief to Harrison at these banquets, and that was the use of that new-fangled material glass, and worse still Venetian glass, the product of that horrible Italy. It was not that noblemen had not good store of silver vessels, pots, goblets, jugs, and bowls, but they must have fine Venice glass of all forms as well. And this absurd taste for perishable drinking vessels had spread to the lower classes, who used to drink out of wooden or 'treen' bowls—those mazer bowls now so precious to the collector—but now had pots of foreign crockery mounted with silver or pewter. How the nobility with such command of the precious metals should prefer glass is a wonder to Harrison. But it is the fashion, and extends to all classes. As the poorest cannot afford Venetian glass, they use the home-made article made out of 'ferne and burnt stone;' but mark the result, says the thrifty Harrison; 'in fine all go one waie; that is to shards at last, so 'that our grand expenses in glasses, beside that they breed 'much strife toward such as have the charge of them'—where he must have been prophesying as to our modern under-butchers—'are worst of all bestowed, in mine opinion, because their 'peeces doo turne unto no profit.' And here he does not omit to bring in a thing in which he seems to have firmly believed: 'If the philosopher's stone were once founde and one part hereof 'mixed with fortie of molten glasse, it would induce such a 'mettallical toughness that a fall should nothing hurt it though 'it myght peradventure bunch or batter it.' We have not yet found out the philosopher's stone, but we know how to toughen glass, and we may go to Mr. Mortlock's shop and throw a vessel of glass against the wall and not even so much

as 'bunch or batter' it. It might have been almost as dangerous in Elizabeth's days to have discovered this secret as it was in Nero's, but in this century at least we make great discoveries with no fear either of being thrown to the fishes or burnt as sorcerers.

It was not only in solid food, but also in sweets and kick-shaws, that the English table abounded. Gentlemen and merchants had five or six dishes followed by jellies, marchpaine, tarts, and confections. 'Of the potato and such venerated roots as are brought out of Spaine, Portingale, and the Indies to furnish up our bankets' Harrison forbears to speak. Of tea and coffee he is quite silent, though he has something to say of tobacco, the use of which was spreading rapidly, so that a few years later Hentzner, the German traveller, could say 'the English are constantly smoking tobacco.' We have only to reflect what life in England would be without tea, coffee, and potatoes to be convinced how entirely different life in Elizabeth's days was from ours. It is however with something like an inward pang that we record the fact that 25,000 tuns of home-grown wine were made in England in Harrison's time; but we remember the *Grünberger* still made near Berlin, and pass on holding our diaphragms. That the English drank quantities of foreign wines is plain from the fact that thirty kinds of strong, and fifty-six of light wines were to be had in London. The strongest were best liked, and the strongest of all was called, Harrison tells us, *Theologicum*, answering to the 'Priest' of Madeira, and the Pfaffen-wein of the Germans. The merit of such wine was that it was both strong and genuine, for, as Harrison tells us, 'the merchant thought his soule should have gone streightwaie to the divell, if he should have served them—the priests—with other than the best.' Where it is to be considered whether a great part of the loss of influence of the English clergy at the present day may not be ascribed to their abandonment of orthodox theological port.

As for the lower classes, they made good cheer wherever they could get it, and though their daily fare was hard, they had frequent opportunities of feasting and carousing at bride-ales and drinkings and other occasions, each guest bringing a dish, and the goodman of the house where the feast was held only finding drink and houseroom. The working-men in the town always ate butchers' meat, and though they were more frugal in the country, they saw fresh meat far more often than the modern labourer. On such festive occasions, though their talk was coarse, they had one merit in which the modern workman

as a rule has no share; they were very much ashamed at being overtaken by drink, or 'cupshotten,' as Harrison calls it. As to bread, the rich ate wheaten bread, and the poor bread made of rye or barley, and in times of scarcity of beans, oats, or even acorns; nay, says Harrison, they ate these even in times of plenty, for though 'never has there been so much land eared'—that is, tilled—'never has corn been so dear. So that without a famine the old proverb has been verified that "Hunger setteth his first foot into the horse-manger." ' If the world last awhile at this rate, wheat and rye will be no graine for poore men to feed on, and some catterpillers there are'—that is to say the bodgers, or two-legged catterpillers, the middlemen who bought up corn and regrated bread—'that can saie so much already.'

All this food was not digested without drink. We have seen that the rich drank wine, but in Harrison's England the drink of the common man was beer made of barley, water, and hops. Those were not the days of great brewers, nor was there any exciseman to stand in the way of private brewing. English 'home-brewed' was then the national beverage, and Harrison not only gives us an excellent receipt for making beer 'as yellow as gold,' but tells us how his thrifty wife brewed him 200 gallons of beer for twenty shillings. In our days it would seem strange if a country clergyman on poor preferment not only brewed but consumed 200 gallons of beer in the year; and this glimpse out of Harrison's daily life is perhaps as good a proof as any to be found in his book of the liberal way in which all classes lived in the days of Elizabeth. But it must be remembered that in that age it was beer for breakfast, when there were any breakfasts, beer for dinner, and beer for supper. The tap of the beer-barrel must have been for ever running at a time when there were no water drinkers and no temperance societies, and when there were no substitutes except milk for malt liquors, such as we possess in tea and coffee, not to mention our aerated waters.

With this profuseness, it was fortunate for our forefathers that they had fewer meals than their own forefathers, or than we in these degenerate times. 'Of old,' says Harrison, 'we had breakfasts in the forenoon, beverages or nuntions after, dinners, and thereto reare-suppers when it was time to go to rest . . . Now these odd repasts are verie well left, and each one in a maner—except here and there some yoong hungrie stomachs that cannot fast till dinner-time—contenteth himself with dinner and supper onelie,' and so cheats the physicians, 'who do most abound where sumptuousness of fare in frequent meals,

‘and long sitting at feasts prevail.’ Indeed, if Harrison could have his way there would be only one meal in the day, and that at night, like the Roman supper; but as it was, Englishmen in his time had two meals, dinner and supper, which were taken at different hours of the day by different classes. ‘With us,’ he says, ‘the nobilitie, gentrie, and students do ordinarily go to dinner at eleven before noone, and to supper at five or between five and six at afternoone. The merchants dine and sup seldom before twelve at noon and six at night, especiallie in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noone, as they call it, and sup at seven or eight; but out of the tearme, in our Universities, the scholars dine at ten. As for the poorest sort, they generallie dine and sup when they may, so that to talke of their order of repast it were but a nedelesse matter.’ In all which the modern Englishman will not fail to remember the utter absence in the Elizabethan household of breakfast, to many of us the most cheerful meal of the day. Let him observe, too, the contemptuous way in which Harrison speaks of those ‘yoong hungrie stomachs’ that cannot fast till dinner-time, and reflect what a sinking we should all feel at the pit of that part of our bodies if we had to rise at four or five, like our forefathers in the sixteenth century, and go till ten or even till noon without bite or sup. We could do it, of course, well enough if we had a cup of tea or coffee and a bit of bread and butter; but there were no such things as tea and coffee in England till long after Harrison’s time. It is some consolation, however, to our weakness to know that this abstinence from sustenance in the Elizabethan age was too hard for Englishmen in the reigns of her successors. Early in the seventeenth century, men at least supplied the place of our breakfasts by what they called their ‘morning draught,’ a custom which appears in full force in ‘Pepys’s Diary.’ It was taken at various public houses, and was sometimes accompanied by a snack. But to drink beer or wine in large quantities on an empty stomach must have been as profitable to the physicians of Charles II.’s time as gluttony and long-sitting at feasts to those of the Elizabethan age. In these degenerate days we believe that some famous practitioners have set their faces hard against our delightful modern breakfasts. According to their regimen devilled kidneys and orange marmalade are tossed out of the window like Jephson’s dressed cucumber; but for all that, we are quite sure that if breakfasts were utterly abolished they would have still more dyspeptic patients to prescribe for than under the present system.

How were Harrison’s Englishmen and Englishwomen dressed?

That is a question not so easy to answer, for so fantastic were his fellow-countrymen in this respect, that they were satirised in a print which represented a naked man standing in doubt, with a piece of cloth in one hand and a pair of shears in the other, with some doggrel verses below, declaring that all new fashions were pleasant to him, so that—

‘ Now I will wear this, and now I will wear that,
Now I will wear I cannot tell what.’

These were the production of Andrew Boorde, a well-known satirical writer of the day ; and though Harrison unjustly calls him ‘ a lewd popish hypocrite and ungracious priest,’ it is quite clear that in this respect he agrees with him, for he declares that now it is ‘ the Spanish guise,’ now ‘ the French toies,’ now ‘ the high Almain fashion,’ now ‘ the Turkish maner,’ now ‘ Morescoe gowns ’ and ‘ Barbarian sleeves,’ so that an Englishman, with all this fickleness and folly, looked more like ‘ a dog in a doublet ’ than anything else ; where, perhaps, we catch the earliest glimpse of ‘ Toby,’ the time-honoured companion of Mister Punch. As for women, they were as bad or worse than the men ; and we think Shakspeare must have had a passage of this chapter in his eye when he describes the account of Katharine’s interview with her tailor in ‘ The Taming of the Shrew.’ ‘ How manie times must it (the dress) be sent backe again to him that made it ; what chafing, what fretting, what reproachfull language doth the poore workman beare awaie ; and manie times when he dooth nothing to it at all, yet when it is brought home againe it is verie fit and handsome.’ Men’s beards were of all shapes and hues to suit the face and the complexion, but the greatest sinners in the style and colour and cut of their garments were still the women of all the upper classes, of whom Harrison speaks in terms quite unmentionable to ears polite ; but it is amusing to see, when we remember how completely some of our modern young ladies have succeeded in transforming their attire into that of the lords of the creation, that ladies in London fell into the same fault in Elizabeth’s time, for our honest country parson declares that he has met with some of them in London ‘ so disguised that it hath passed my skill to discerne whether they were men or women.’ Harrison would not be true to his text, as *laudator temporis acti*, did he not improve this occasion by declaring that it was not so in England in old time. Men were lighter-hearted when their clothes were less curious and costly. ‘ Never was it merrier with England than when an Englishman was known abroad by his own cloth, and contented himself at home

‘with his fine kersey hosen and a meane slop. His coat, gown, and cloak of brown, blue, or puke (puce), with some pretty furniture of velvet or fur, and a doublet of sad tawnie or black velvet, without such cuts or gawrish colors as are worn in these days, brought us by the French, who think themselves the gaiest men when they have the most diversities of jaggess and change of colour about them.’ The merchants were the only class that kept to the old sad and sober fashions of their forefathers; but as to their young wives, ‘the fine city madams’ of Shakspeare’s youth, they were the worst sinners, according to Harrison, of all classes of the sex in England. No wonder then that foreigners, as they beheld the finery and liberty of English wives, called England ‘the Paradise of married women.’

One natural consequence of the growing wealth of the community was an increase of a class of men which Harrison seems to have had in especial abhorrence. Where the carcass lies there will the eagles gather; and when wealth accumulates, if any class of men decreases, it is not the lawyers. ‘The time hath been,’ says Harrison, ‘when our lawyers did sit in Poules’—that is, in St. Paul’s Cathedral—‘upon stooles, against the pillars and walls, to get clients;’ but now they are so proud and so rich, ‘that they will not come into court for less than ten pounds, or twenty nobles at the least.’ Even when they were got into court by repeated fees and refreshers, ‘they only said a word or two, and that was all that the poor client got for his money.’ No wonder then that all the wealth of the land flowed into the pockets of the common lawyers; so that sergeants-of-law made three or four hundred pounds a term and invested their fees at the rate of a thousand a year. Harrison is afraid that all Englishmen are too fond of law, but in this the Welshmen beat us hollow; for, as he says, ‘poor David will beg his way up to London, only that he may carry back with him to Wales six or seven writs in his purse to molest his neighbour, though his greatest quarrel is scarcely worth the fee that he has paid for any one of them.’ These London counsel were bad enough; but country pettifoggers were worse still. In fact Harrison knew nothing so bad, except Italians, as attornies in the country, of whom with a glorious contempt for the laws of libel, he singles out Denis and Mainford, in Essex, as chief offenders; but they were as children when John of Ludlow, *alias* Mason, came, who in less than four years so ruined a man worth 200*l.* that he died of grief; after which, he so handled his son ‘that there never was sheepe shorne in Maie so neere clipped’

‘of his fleece.’ But after all, Harrison thinks it just as well that terms are short, the ways foul, and the courts small; for if the law were easier of access he is sure that men would go to law oftener, and so ruin themselves more rapidly by the help of the rascally lawyers than they do already. What he would have thought or said if he had been acquainted with the High Court of Justice and our modern legal improvements which have brought law to every man’s door, and at the same time rendered it far more expensive, we cannot tell. Perhaps, too, he might have been content with the counsel of his own age, who did at least appear for their clients when retained and refreshed; and have seen something to admire in Mason, that sharp attorney, who after all took four years to strip his client of 200*l.*; and even then did it so clumsily that he left the son some property which put him to the trouble of repeating the fleecing process.

When Harrison wrote the famous Poor Law of the forty-third of Elizabeth was not yet passed, but there were poor enough; fatherless and motherless infants, the infirm, the halt, the lame, and the blind, the casual poor, or the decayed householder, and wounded soldier; and last of all, the thriftless poor rioters, vagabonds, and rogues, the prodigal sons of the community who had no kind father to kill the fatted calf for them when they had sown their wild oats. For the true poor of the first class weekly collections were made so that they might abide in their parishes and not roam over the country. But if they chose to roam and became idle and sturdie beggars, like the third sort—then they were whipped and branded, and so ‘continue till the gallows do eat them up; which is a lamentable case,’ adds Harrison, and as we think too, especially when he goes on to say, that many were made beggars by being turned out of their holdings that cattle and corn might increase though men decayed. ‘But if,’ he says, ‘it should come to pass that any forren invasion should be made, which the Lord God forbid for his mercies sake’—this was written just before the Spanish Armada—‘then should these men find that a wall of men is farre better than stackes of corne and bags of monie and com-plain of the want when it is too late to seeke a remedie.’ Later on, Harrison tells us that Henry VIII. ‘lamented oft that he was constrained to have forren aid for want of competent soldiers,’ here at home, ‘but he saw not the cause of this want of men which arose out of the system of laying house to house, and land to land, and turning men out of their holdings and making them rogues.’ Perhaps the bluff king when he thus complained did not reflect on the fact;

nor does Harrison mention it in this connexion, though he states it in a previous chapter, that having made these men rogues and beggars, he, in the course of his reign, 'did hang up 'three score and twelve thousand of them in his time.' As sturdie yeomen they would have stood him in good stead in the wars, but having turned them into sturdy beggars, they became only fit for the gallows and what Harrison calls a Tyburn tippet. Things were better in Elizabeth's time, when the class called 'masterless men,' had much diminished; but even she hung up, one year with another, between three and four hundred rogues.

Such an unruly population, with bands of rogues roaming about the country, were not restrained except by severe and cruel laws. Sir Thomas Smith in his 'Commonwealth of England,' and Harrison in this 'Description,' declared that 'torture,' or as they call it 'torment,' was as unknown to the English law as it was repugnant to the nature of Englishmen, 'who go cheerfully to their deaths, like a free, stout, and 'haughty race, prodigal of life and blood,' and so not needing to be put to the question like slaves and villains. But this, we are sorry to say, is all an idle boast; for though it was quite true that by an old law of the land jailors were guilty of felony if they tormented any prisoner committed to their custody to force him to confess or reveal his accomplices, it is also matter of fact, that torture and that of the most horrible kind was constantly practised in Tudor and Stuart times under the authority of the Lords of the Privy Council and of the Star Chamber; and even Harrison himself, while with one breath he makes this empty boast, in the next admits the practice, even under the common law, when he says, 'Such 'fellons as stand mute and speake not at their arraignment 'are pressed to death by huge weights laid upon a boord that 'lieth over their brest and a sharpe stone under their backs.' But to return for a moment to torture properly so called, in Tudor times in England. We doubt whether the vaults of any prison of the Inquisition ever possessed such an accomplished torturer as Rich, afterwards Lord Rich and Lord Chancellor, who in the reign of Henry VIII. assisted Wriothesley, then Lord Chancellor, to torture Anne Askew in the Tower. 'Then they did put me on the rack,' she says, 'because I 'confessed no ladies or gentlewomen to be of my opinion, and 'thereon they kept me a long time, and because I lay still 'and did not cry, my Lord Chancellor and Master Rich took 'pains to rack me with their own hands till I was nigh dead.' Though Henry, we are told, 'did not seem very well to like

'of their so extreme handling of the woman,' he sanctioned her execution, and remembered Rich in his will. But Rich, cruel and unprincipled as he was, was as far inferior to Norton as a torturer as Denis and Mainford were to Harrison's enemy Mason as attorneys. Born the son of a London citizen, Thomas Norton, the joint writer with Lord Buckhurst of the tragedy of 'Gorboduc,' and an eloquent speaker in the House of Commons, soon obscured his literary and Parliamentary reputation by the infamy which clung to him as the discoverer and torturer of seminary priests and Popish recusants under Elizabeth; of whom it is recorded that 'the rackmaster,' as he was called, tortured and put to death some hundreds. So it was that when he had captured Alexander Briant in 1581 he was ordered by a letter from the Privy Council to examine the prisoner, a seminary priest, and if necessary to put him to the torture. That he was not slow to do this is proved by his boast 'that he had pulled the prisoner a foot longer than ever 'God made him.' Finding an agent of such congenial temper, on the 30th of July in the same year, the Privy Council ordered him to 'rack one Thomas Myagh, an Irishman,' on whom the torture, called Skevington's irons, a sort of 'boot,' had been ineffectually tried. That he was so racked is proved by the rude verses in which the unhappy prisoner alludes to his 'torture strange,' and which are still to be seen scrawled on the walls of his dungeon in the Tower. While his hand was in, on the same day he with Dr. Hammond, another famous torturer, and Robert Beale, were empowered to put Edmund Campion, the famous Jesuit, to the rack together with other prisoners. All which no doubt was faithfully done and duly acknowledged by the Lords of the Privy Council. When these facts are remembered, together with the torture to which Guy Fawkes and his accomplices were put in the next reign, it is but an idle quibble to say that torture was unknown to the law of England, and even forbidden by it; for a law which was overridden on every occasion when it suited them by the Privy Council, was, so far as it could be called a protection to the subject, as good as no law at all.

But besides these extra-judicial punishments, those recognised by the law were various and ferocious. Felons, of which Harrison gives the rare derivation that it was formed out of the Saxon words 'fell' and 'one,' that is to say, 'an evil and wicked one'—felons were hanged by the neck till they were dead, and then cut down and buried. Murderers met with a harder fate; they were hanged alive in chains, or else, upon confession taken first, strangled with a rope, and 'so

‘continueth till his bones consume to nothing.’ On which we wonder if any still alive remember the pirates hanging in chains on the river bank; or recollect that for a short time in William IV.’s reign, by a new statute, men were gibbeted in chains as of old, but that the spectacle drew such crowds that the practice was discontinued and the statute repealed. ‘We have not,’ says Harrison, ‘either the wheel or the bar ‘as in other countries;’ but as if to show that we do not send malefactors to their account without torture, he adds, ‘when ‘wilful manslaughter is perpetrated, besides hanging, the ‘offender hath his right hand commonlie stricken off, after ‘which he is led forth to the place of execution.’ For traitors the severest penalties of the law were reserved, such offenders were dragged on a hurdle to the gallows, hanged till they were half dead, and then taken down and quartered alive, their bowels being cut out and thrown into a fire ‘within their own ‘sight.’ These were traitors of the baser sort, for though noblemen were sentenced in like terms, ‘this maner of their ‘death is converted into the loss of their heads onelie.’ Women who poisoned their husbands were burnt alive; a man who poisoned another might be boiled to death in water or lead. Perjurers were pilloried and branded with P on their foreheads; seditious talking was punished by cropping off both the ears. Rogues were burnt through the ear for the first offence and hanged for the second. Harlots were carted and ducked and made to do penance in streets, in churches, and market-places; which Harrison thinks very small punishment; ‘for what great smart is it to be turned out of a hot sheet ‘into a cold, and after a little washing in the water to be let ‘loose again unto their former trades.’ Howbeit some of them are dragged by the knight marshal ‘over the Thames between Lambeth and Westminster at the tail of a boat,’ and that ‘terrefieth them,’ which is some comfort. Witches and heretics were burnt alive, ‘and serve them both right,’ says Harrison; and thieves were hanged; except at Halifax, where, if the theft amounted to thirteen-pence halfpenny, the offender was executed by a sort of guillotine. Combat or battel was not greatly in use as a means to escape death; but thieves were often saved by benefit of clergy, ‘if they have stolen ‘nothing else but oxen, sheep, money, and such like;’ but they are branded on the thumb, and so are sure if apprehended again to have no mercy. Pirates were hanged on the shore at low-water mark, and there left till three tides had ‘over-‘washed them.’ Persons who neglected to repair sea-walls were staked in the breach, ‘where they remained,’ as Harrison

had heard, 'for ever as parcel of the new wall that is to be 'made upon them.' With such a list of savage punishments adjudged to all offences, Harrison thinks himself entitled to boast that 'horrible, merciless, and wilful murders' are not often heard of; but robberies were more than ever in his time committed by young gentlemen and serving-men, who turned burglars and highwaymen, and were special stealers of horses. Against these the hue and cry and pursuit from parish to parish was very beneficial; and it would be more so were not some parishes too stingy to provide means for the apprehension of such vagabond rogues.

It is pleasant to turn from this gloomy catalogue of crimes and punishments to the way in which our forefathers in the Elizabethan age were housed. Most of our houses in town and country, says Harrison, are of timber. But while the dwellings in the woodland districts were strong and stout, they were often in the open country little better than what we should now call lathe and plaster. This latter kind of building was what so astonished the Spaniards in Mary's days, when they compared the meanness of these abodes of Englishmen with their profuse diet. 'These English,' they said, 'have 'their houses made of sticks and dirt, but they fare commonly 'so well as the king.' Even in London the houses were plain outside, though some of them were grand inside, so as to be able to receive 'a duke with all his train and lodge 'them at their ease.' The inner walls were wainscoted and tapestried, and stoves were beginning to be used. Most of them were glazed with glass from Burgundy, Normandy, Flanders, and even England, and stone and brick had latterly been used by noblemen and gentlemen instead of timber, but this like everything else was very costly. The English houses of noblemen and wealthy merchants exceeded in tapestries, furniture, and plate, a cupboard of which would often cost a thousand pounds; in noticing which Harrison cannot refrain from thanking God that in a time of excessive prices Englishmen should be able to afford such luxuries. Old men noted three things in which England within their remembrance was wonderfully altered. First, in the multitude of chimneys, whereas in their young days there were but two or three in a country town, religious houses and manor houses excepted. In all other dwellings the fire was made against 'a reredosse 'in the hall where the goodman dined and dressed his meat,' the smoke escaping out of a louvre in the roof. The second was the great change in beds and bedding; so that a man in old times lay on straw, with a round log for his pillow, till

seven years after marriage he got him a mattress and a sack of chaff for a pillow, whereas now he had bedding, sheets, and pillows. The third thing they noted was the exchange of 'treen' or wooden platters into pewter, and of wooden spoons into silver or tin. In old times you could not find four pieces of pewter in a farmer's house, and yet they were scarce able to pay their rents, though it were but four pounds a year. But now, though rents had risen ten or twenty fold, farmers not only paid them, but had six or seven years' rent in hand, besides plenty of pewter, three or four feather beds, tapestry, carpets, a silver bowl and saltcellar, and a dozen silver spoons. Besides this, they thought no more of paying a fine for the renewal of their leases than 'of the hair of their beards when 'the barber hath washed and shaved it from their chins.' But while these old people noted these changes, which speak, like so much more in Harrison's Description, in favour of the general increase of wealth in England, they added three other things which had grown to be very grievous—the enhancing of rents, the daily oppression of copyholders, and usury, 'a trade brought in by the Jews, but now perfectly practiced almost by every Christian, and so commonly that he is accounted a fool who doth lend his money for nothing.' This usury had increased at such a rate that now a hundred per cent. was asked; and Harrison asks his readers to do their best in a lawful way 'to hang up such as take *centum pro cento*'—a pious request which we would be glad to see carried out, of course 'in a lawful way,' against our modern usurers. To these three grievances of the 'old people,' Harrison adds a fourth against noblemen and gentlemen who interfere with honest dealers and tradesmen by 'turning graziers, butchers, tanners, sheep-masters, woodmen, *et denique quid non*,' thereby to enrich themselves and bring all the wealth of the country into their own hands. 'Live and let live,' according to him, was the good old English rule, and it only weakened the land when one class stepped out of its own limits and trode on the heels of the others.

Over this England so strong and so mighty, and this race so thriving and fierce, so well housed, furnished, and well fed, ruled the great Elizabeth, of whose court, as he had scarcely 'presumed to peep into her gates,' Harrison did not dare to make any full description. He liked the fashion of her father's buildings better than hers, which were more like 'paperwork' to the eye, while his were so substantial as to be a precedent to those that came after. But there her houses were, in the home counties, St. James's, Oatlands, Ashridge, Hatfield,

Havering, Enfield, Eltham, Langley, Richmond, Hampton Court, and Woodstock; not to mention Baynard's Castle, Whitehall, and Durham House, in London. The Tower he would not mention, as being rather an armoury and house of munition, and a prison 'than a palace royal for a king or 'queene to sojourn in.' Windsor was supposed to be the chief for strength, on which the queen's predecessors, as well as she herself, had spent enormous sums. Then there was Greenwich, a very favourite place of her Majesty, a part of which existed to our days as the Old Crown and Sceptre. These, and many more all over the land, were the Queen's houses; but why should Harrison reckon them up when all the land was hers, and every nobleman's house her palace when she chose 'in the summer season to recreate herself' by progresses abroad. As for the Queen's court itself, Harrison's description of it reminds us of old Mandeville, when he says, 'of Paradise I cannot speak, for I was never there, but I have 'seen the wall thereof.' So Harrison could tell of many things of that famous court which he had heard outside the royal verge. He could tell, if he would, of Elizabeth's Maids of Honour, of their loveable faces, costly attire, and beautiful virtues. As for the courtiers, learned and skilful as they were, 'would to God the rest of their lives and conversations were 'correspondent to those gifts,' for 'many of them were the 'worst men when they came abroad that any man could either 'hear or read of.' Still, the horrid vices of foreign courts are driven out of Elizabeth's, the old ladies spin and read the Bible, or make receipts, or cook choice dishes, while the young play music for recreation's sake; Bibles and books were in every room; so that the court looks like an university school rather than a palace; and 'it were a good thing,' thinks Harrison, 'if our nobles would set their houses after her pattern. 'It was a sight to see the Queen's court, with its great troops 'and trains of serving men all in livery, with various noble-men's cognizances on their sleeves; so that when they were 'numbered the whole array shone like a peacock's tail, or 'some meadow garnished with infinite kinds and diversity of 'pleasant flowers.'

But it was not all show and beauty in that royal court. Though England, in Mary's time, had been short of arms and artillery, it was not so under Elizabeth, to the great disgust of the Spaniards. We were not thought so much of, now that we had almost given up our good long-bows, but we had learned instead 'to shoot well with the caliver and to handle 'the pike,' as these very Spaniards soon found to their cost in

the Low Countries. Our musters showed in 1575 we had more than a million able-bodied men; and what with robinets, falconets, sakers, culverins, and basilisks we had artillery enough to hold our own against all comers. The warlike temper of the time, and, perhaps, still more its insecurity, was shown by the universal practice of carrying arms. 'No man,' says Harrison, 'now travelled by the way without his sword 'or some such weapon.' Even ministers carried a dagger or hanger, while many bore 'a case of dags' or pistols 'at his 'saddle bowe;' for the roads were crowded with pikemen, often anything but honest, and ever in league with the tapsters and hostlers of the famous inns with which England abounded, who feeling, when the horseman alighted to take his ease in his inn, how his 'capcase or budget' was lined, passed on the word to highwaymen, who stopped and robbed him next morning. For though it was unheard of that a traveller should be robbed in his inn, he was very often plundered when he had not got very far from it on intelligence furnished by its inmates.

Besides her artillery and soldiers, the Queen's Majesty had a gallant navy, with ships not so big, indeed, as 'the Great 'Harry,' but more useful. Harrison gives a list containing those good old navy names the 'Dreadnought' and the 'Swift-sure,' or 'Swiftsute,' besides the 'Bonadventure,' the 'White Bear,' 'Bull,' 'Tiger,' 'Antelope,' 'Victory,' 'Mary Rose,' and many more. It will bring tears into Mr. Ward Hunt's eyes to hear that our men-of-war in those days only cost 2,000*l.*, an enormous sum in Harrison's opinion, while many of our merchantmen cost actually a thousand, of which there were 135 in England exceeding 500 tons! For then as now, wise politicians thought that the 'good keeping of the sea was 'the safeguard of the land.'

'Sic fortis Etruria crevit

Scilicet et facta est rerum pulcherrima Roma.'

The year after Harrison wrote this came the magnificent Armada to invade the England of Elizabeth, and was scattered and destroyed by the winds of God aiding the stout ships of Drake and Howard of Effingham and Clifford.

We have almost done with Harrison and his description of England, but we must add a few words on the London of his time as portrayed in Norden's excellent map, which Mr. Furrivall has had enlarged to illustrate this most interesting volume. There we behold the city which was then reputed the finest in Europe, not yet joined to Westminster, but stretching from Temple Bar on the west to Aldgate on the east. On the

north-west the Fleet river runs down from the open fields about Hampstead, Highgate, and Islington. Further east were Moorfields but lately reclaimed and made an open space, and Spittalfields, then open meads, ignorant of weavers. West Smithfield is marked, notorious in those days for its martyrs of all creeds, as it was in these latter days for cattle of all kinds. At the extreme south-east is East Smithfield beyond the Tower, an open space encumbered by some things which have been variously explained as pieces of ordnance or tent-poles. In the west centre of the city was old St. Paul's, and through the whole runs the silent highway of the silver Thames, on which, with its 'fat and sweet salmon daily taken 'in its stream in such plenty as no river in Europe is able to 'exceed it,' as well as its abundance of other fish, Harrison dwells with special delight. Nor does he fail to note with wonder the infinite number of swans to be seen on the river; nor the two thousand wherries and small boats which plied on it 'whereby three thousand poor watermen were maintained.' Together with the huge tide-boats, tilt-boats, and barges, which either carried passengers or brought provisions to feed the mighty city from the counties through which it flowed. There, too, we behold Old London Bridge, with its narrow arches and tall houses, spanning the stream and leading the way to Southwark with its 'Bankside,' 'Play House,' and 'Bear Garden,' so dear to Shaksperian students and lovers of theatrical performances. Mr. Furnivall has done well in adding this map to Harrison's description, and so presenting to us a lively image of London in Shakspeare's time. But there is irony in all things, and here, too, it is not lacking. If there was one thing and one body of men that Harrison hated more than all else, it was plays and players. To the motley of players he likened the bright garb of the Popish priests. Players he classes in his tenth chapter among 'rogues and idle 'persons,' in the same boat with 'couseners, fortune-tellers, 'jugglers, pedlars, and tinkers.' As for plays and play-houses he says with evident approval in his Chronology under the year 1572, 'Plays are banished for a time out of London lest the 'resort unto them should engender a plague. . . Would to 'God these common plays were exiled for altogether, as semi-'naries of impiety, and their theatres pulled down. . . It 'is an evident token of a wicked time when players wax so 'rich that they can build such houses. As much I wish 'also to our common bear-baitings on the sabbath days.' . With such sentiments we are afraid it would have gone hard with Shakspeare at Harrison's hands. If he could have had

his way, the Globe Theatre would never have existed, and 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' and 'Romeo and Juliet' never appeared on the stage. As for Shakspeare himself, he would probably have classed him with Marlow and Greene, as a 'rakehell ribbald,' and as one to be shunned by all honest men. And yet one of the first works published by the New Shaksperian Society to illustrate the England of their favourite is this description of England under Elizabeth, the work of a pious country clergyman, who looked upon plays and players with abhorrence. He delighted in sober, serious antiquaries like Leland, Camden, Lambarde, and Stow. We know what he was and what he wished. He could die happy if he could see four things in the land reformed; the want of discipline in the Church, the covetous dealing of merchants, the holding of fairs on Sundays, and the want of timber, so that every man might be made to plant one acre of wood. These were modest wishes, but he adds, if they were fulfilled, he fears he should live so long that he should either be weary of the world or the world of him. But as for Shakspeare or for players, all 'the rest is silence.'

In justice to this Society it must, however, be said that they have published other volumes of sound Shaksperian criticism, and several reprints of the earlier editions of single plays which are of great value and interest. The undertaking deserves encouragement, and our readers cannot do better than make themselves acquainted with these works, by a very modest contribution to the Society.

ART. IX.—1. *Church and State: their Relations historically developed.* By HEINRICH GEFFCKEN, Professor of International Law at the University of Strasburg, late Hanseatic Minister resident at the Court of St. James's. Translated and edited, with the assistance of the Author, by E. FAIRFAX TAYLOR. In 2 vols. London: 1877.

2. *Disestablishment, or a Defence of the Principle of a National Church.* By GEORGE HAREWOOD. London: 1876.

THE first work which we have placed at the head of this article is a remarkable book composed by a man singularly fitted for the task. M. Geffcken was for some years Minister of the Hanseatic Towns in this country. He is learned in all the learning of the Germans. He has been appointed to the Professorship of International Law in Strasburg, still, in spite of all its changes, the point of transition for French and Teu-

tonic thought. He has seen close at hand the ecclesiastical struggles both of England and of Germany. He has brought together all the main historic facts, from the earliest to the latest times, to bear on the great subject known by the name of the relations of Church and State. On some of his general positions we shall have to express our agreement or disagreement in the course of these pages. On some inaccuracies* of detail into which, at least as regards this country, he has, perhaps almost inevitably fallen, we shall comment in a note. But on the whole the two volumes remain a mine of valuable information, and a model of calm discussion, on one of the chief questions of the day. Mr. Fairfax Taylor has well performed the work of a translator. He has accomplished that most difficult literary task of making a German work readable in English, and it is only now and then that we trace a phrase which indicates that we are perusing a version and not an original.†

By the side of this—we may almost say gigantic undertaking of M. Geffcken, we venture to place a modest work of a countryman of our own. Mr. Harewood, originally we believe, a Nonconformist, has become by conviction a churchman of that reasonable frame of mind, and true liberality of sentiment, which enables him, whilst he sees the value of a national church as a safeguard of liberty and an instrument of high civilisation, to enter into the point of view from which Nonconformists regard it, and to treat their objections to it accordingly. Indeed our only censure on the book would be that at least in its actual form, drawn out in its table of contents, it treats the whole subject too directly from the negative side. This, how-

* The Fast of Quadragesima is made to precede Whit Sunday, not Easter, vol. i. p. 100. The title of 'Catholic' is given wrongly, vol. i. p. 104. The reduction of the Articles from 42 to 39 is placed under Edward VI. instead of Elizabeth, vol. i. p. 389. Mary is made to renounce her wish to make Philip partner of her throne, vol. i. p. 390. The Church of England is represented as having no hierarchy, vol. i. p. 391. The invitations of the Pope to the Greek and Protestant Churches to the Vatican Council (which were widely distinct) are confounded together, vol. ii. p. 303. Dr. Pusey's relations to the Oxford movement of 1834 is misstated, vol. ii. p. 197. The purpose of Tract XC. is mistaken, vol. ii. p. 197. The word and the thing of Ritualism are antedated by many years, vol. ii. p. 198. The relation of 'the High Church' to the Established Church of Scotland is misapprehended, vol. ii. p. 198. The statement of the American confessions of faith is misleading, vol. ii. p. 200.

† E.g. 'The Augustana' for the 'Confessions of Augsburg,' vol. ii. p. 186.

ever, is a mere matter of form. Its title should have been not 'Disestablishment' (in itself a barbarous and ambiguous phrase), but 'Establishment,' or, as he himself expresses it, 'The Principle of a National Church.' The 'objections' which bristle along the preliminary pages, give a very inadequate notion of the fulness of information and strength of persuasion with which he defends, in its various aspects, the true mission of the Church of England. It is a book which must be read by everyone with instruction, if not with assent, which must be studied and answered and not censured or condemned. Without a single intemperate word, or hasty assertion, he thoroughly analyses and successfully vindicates the services which a Church, constructed not on sectarian, but on national principles, has rendered and may yet further render to the light and liberty of a great country.

When Lord Macaulay undertook to notice in this Review Mr. Gladstone's book on the State in its relations to the Church, it is recorded in the Journal from which his nephew has given us so many charming extracts, that he said, 'I think that I shall completely dispose of Gladstone's theory. I wish that I could see my way clearly to a good counter-theory, but I catch only a glimpse here and there of what I take to be the truth.*'

The difficulty which Lord Macaulay felt, and which it will perhaps be thought that even he in his brilliant essay but imperfectly solved, is one which will always be felt as long as a theory is attempted to be formed on the supposition that the relations between the State and the Church can be precisely adjusted, as if they had been formed by a commercial treaty or scientific analysis, or that their provinces can be kept rigidly apart, as if they related to two distinct subjects of human thought and action.

It is one of the chief merits of Mr. Harewood's book, that he has clearly pointed out how the Church of England grew up as a fact or factor in our national history, with as little conscious prevision and with as much native vigour as our literature, our law, or our monarchy. There was never a time from the formation of the Saxon kingdoms when it did not exist, and it has since been involved in all the vicissitudes of the English people. This national growth of the Church of England, though it may have been more visibly and forcibly developed with us than in other countries, from the greater depth and concentration of our national character, is more or less true of all national Churches. '*Nascuntur Ecclesiæ non fiunt.*' The idea

* Macaulay's 'Life,' vol. ii. p. 50.

of a Church, of a clergy, 'established' or 'allied' at some particular moment with any State, is as fictitious as the idea of the social compact. The idea of a State which ignored all topics of moral and religious interest, as M. Geffcken has well observed, is as alien to the philosophy and practice of Greece and Rome, as to the beliefs and institutions of Christendom. The sovereign power of the State runs back into remote antiquity, and has been gradually developed into the various existing constitutions of Europe, through the slow advance of civilisation. It is, like property, like marriage, like all the other great institutions of mankind, a power which, having its origin in the very roots of society, is formed by all the various influences which control and guide humanity onwards; and it is therefore not surprising that it should have been invested with a supreme religious sanction, especially by the Apostolic writers, who, living in the first burst of the new faith, and elevated by it above all merely local and external considerations, saw in the majesty of the Roman law the only outward representative of the Ruler of the Universe. 'The Church,' says M. Geffcken,* 'is founded by Christ. The mission of the Church 'is superhuman.' There is a sense, of course, in which this is true. The communion or society of men bound together by Christian sympathy and with beneficent and moral purposes, unknown to heathenism or Judaism, is a product of the first divine impulse of the Gospel. But, in these arguments, what is meant is the 'Church' in its restricted sense of external organisation—and in this sense, in which alone it could come into rivalry with the State, M. Geffcken has well shown † how gradual, how late, was the development of any system of ecclesiastical government. The municipal organisations of the Christian community had, in the Apostolic age, not been formed. The Episcopate was not yet born. The Presbyterate was a mere provisional arrangement borrowed from the Jewish synagogue. The Diaconate was a temporary expedient to fill a special material need. The main power of the little Christian societies was vested either in the mass of the believers, or in gifted individuals such as in all ages must sway the minds of those around them. The notion of setting up any of these fleeting inchoate ministrations in antagonism to the Roman State never occurred or could occur in that age. The only outward organisations which are described in the New Testament as 'Ministers of God'—as 'Ordinances of God,' are the secular institutions of the Empire—its Proconsuls, who are the pro-

* Vol. i. pp. 73, 75.

† Vol. i. pp. 91, 92.

tectors of the defenceless Apostles against their fanatical opponents, whether Jews or Christians—its Chief Ruler, who bears the sword for the repression of evil doers and for the reward of those that do well, and to whom, in the long-established capacity of Tribune of the People, St. Paul fearlessly appeals for justice from the ecclesiastical tribunals of his own infuriated countrymen. In the great tragedy of the Gospel History, it is not the Roman Procurator, but the Jewish High Priest, who is stamped with the infamy of the deliberate perpetration of the greatest of crimes. In the teaching of the Divine Master Himself there is not a shadow of an intention of founding a dominion which shall be a rival of the throne of the Cæsars. The whole idea of the ‘kingdom’ which He is to inaugurate is internal, not external—spiritual, moral, mental, not material, ecclesiastical, organic—analogous to the sway exercised over mankind not by Alexander, or Augustus, or Charlemagne, or Hildebrand, but by Socrates, by Shakspeare, by Newton—higher than these, in so far as the conscience is higher than the intellect, and the influence of character higher than the influence of genius—but like in its means of addressing the world, like in its superiority to, and detachment from, the mere machinery whether of statecraft or priestcraft. It was long before the modern opposition between the State and the clergy was detected in the profound saying*—‘Render ‘unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and unto God the ‘things that are God’s.’ The context, the occasion, the words themselves, not only do not convey, but exclude the idea of any antagonism of the kind. The opposition which the inquirers wished to establish was not between the Jewish Church and the Roman State, but between the lawfulness and the unlawfulness of receiving a foreign conqueror, and the answer—drawn from a familiar and homely fact—was intended to assert the great principle that to fulfil an acknowledged duty to man is itself the fulfilment of a higher duty to God. ‘Render to ‘Cæsar that which you confess to be the due of Cæsar—and in

* In the comments on this passage in Tertullian, Origen, Athanasius, Augustine and Chrysostom, there is hardly the slightest allusion to the antagonism between State or Church, courts of law or decrees of synods, secular sovereignty or clerical pretensions. Once in a letter of Hosius to Constantius (Athanasius, Hist. v. c. 44), is such an opposition indicated. But this is a solitary exception. The endeavour to distort the passage to establish a doctrine so alien to the first principles of Christianity as the superstitious distinction between secular and spiritual jurisdiction, is as irrelevant as the endeavour to build up the Papal Supremacy on ‘Thou art Peter,’ or ‘Here are two swords.’

‘ the very act of so doing you render to God that which is due to God ; for that which is rendered to Him whose own it is, is, by the universal law of duty, a restitution to Him from whom all duty flows.’

We have dwelt for a few moments on this early stage of the relations of Church and State, because it is by observing in that age the almost entire absence of the modern entanglements of the subject that we appreciate the superficial character of most of the present controversies. An opposition between the inward dictates of conscience and the commands of external law, no doubt is a condition which may often arise. But this is equally true whether those external commands emanate from the State or the Clergy. The words of the Apostles, ‘ We must obey God rather than man,’ were addressed not to secular magistrates, but to an ecclesiastical council. The martyrdoms of the early Christians were not in behalf of the Church, but of the truth—not against secular interference, but against superstitious usages. The larger part of the martyrdoms of later times were, if not directly inflicted by ecclesiastics, yet wrung by them out of the hand of reluctant or acquiescent rulers.

As the clerical power developed itself more and more into an *imperium in imperio*, as the sovereignty of the Roman State was weakened by the inroads of the barbarians, as the Pontiff at Rome stepped by degrees into the place left vacant by the withdrawal of the Emperor to Constantinople—there sprang up a rival ecclesiastical State confronting the civil State, which divided the allegiance of Europe, just as still later that allegiance was yet more divided by the rise of the two rival Popes before the Reformation, and by the rise of two or more rival Churches after the Reformation. But the principle of the sovereignty of the State which had existed in the relations of the infant Church and the heathen Empire never entirely died out. In the great poem of the greatest mind of the Middle Ages, it is the German Emperor and not the Roman Pontiff who is the representative of Divine order and justice. It is the Popes, and not the Emperors, whom Dante sees most frequently in Hell. It is the virtuous rulers who occupy the highest place in Paradise. It is the betrayers and assassins of the Emperors who occupy the lowest place in Hell. The Erastian of the seventeenth century was the Ghibelline of the thirteenth. Such were the relations of the founder of mediæval Christianity to the clergy.

‘ Charlemagne, in regulating by his capitularies the administration and discipline of the Church, down to the minutest details, and interfering even in questions of doctrine, asserted his right to the

government of the Church. He convoked the synods, which acknowledged his ecclesiastical supremacy, and awaited his confirmation of their decrees. He appointed and deposed bishops, in the same manner as his counts, and subjected both to his itinerant judges or plenipotentiaries extraordinary (*missi regii*), an office to which ecclesiastical dignitaries also were appointed. He forbade, for example, the introduction of new angels into the liturgy, and gave the clergy to understand that they must be content with Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael. He declared, in opposition to the second Nicene council of 787, that to possess images and to worship them are two different things; that worship belongs only to God, but to images merely a reverence suited to the time.' (*Geffcken*, vol. i. p. 176.)

And when we come to the Reformation, the voices of Luther, Zuiglius, Cranmer, speak with no uncertain sound, in behalf of the supreme power of the State to control, amend, redress all ecclesiastical grievances. The Gallican Church is hardly less positive in the same direction. The Eastern Church, till quite within the latest period when it has caught a contagious blast from its Latin sister, has always hailed the guidance and control of the chiefs who have ruled the destinies of the Eastern nations. It is only in the exceptional cases where other causes have fanned the flame of discord that the contests have arisen which fill the pages of M. Geffcken's weighty volumes. In the Roman Church, the Ultramontane policy has been fostered by the essentially secular character of the Papal Court and its Janissaries—the Religious Orders. In the Protestant Church, it received an impulse wherever the imperious spirit of Calvin demanded for itself an arena for the full development of his exclusive ideas both in doctrine and practice. In Scotland, where Erastianism and the Black Indulgence became the bugbears of manse and cottage, it was the outgrowth of the stubborn character of the Scottish people struggling first against the foreign domination of the Guises as represented in Mary Stuart, and then against the hardly less foreign domination of England as represented in the prelates of Charles I. and Charles II. In the English Church, with the most powerful Protestant hierarchy that survived the storm of the Reformation, the grand philosophic ideal of the State which was familiar to the first age of Christendom had, even from the earliest days of our national existence, grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of English civilisation. Mr. Harewood has well described the entire fusion of the civil and ecclesiastical officers in the Anglo-Saxon commonwealth, and the constant tendency in the same direction under the Plantagenets. The Act of Submission and the Act of Supremacy were but the consummation and crown of the legislation

of the *Præmunire* and the *Circumspecte agatis* Acts; and when the Church of England found for the first time a living voice in the utterances of its great divines and philosophers—Hooker, Bacon, Chillingworth, Selden, Cudworth, Burke, Coleridge, Hallam, Arnold, Thirlwall—the principle, which has been strangely designated by the name of the obscure Heidelberg Professor Erastus, laid a hold on English literature and English politics, which the Covenanters and the Nonjurors have not been able to extirpate. Of any counter-principle the formularies of the English Church knew nothing. They pray for the King and Parliament and Council: they never pray for Synod or Convocation. They acknowledge the power of each National Church to regulate its own ceremonies and its own ordinances, through the usual organs of the laws of the nation. ‘The law of this *Church and realm*’ is treated as identical. In the most solemn of its Eucharistic prayers, the Sovereign and the Ministers of State rank before ‘the bishops and curates.’ Neither Articles nor Liturgy have any phrase corresponding to the dualism of the Westminster Confession,—‘The Lord Jesus ‘as King and Head of his Church hath therein appointed a ‘government in the hand of Church officers distinct from the ‘Civil Magistrates.’*

This brings us to the other point of disturbance, which pervades almost all the systematic theories on the subject, and from which M. Geffcken’s interesting volumes are not free,—viz. the hypothesis that there are two distinct provinces, one of spiritual affairs, which belong to the Church, the other of secular affairs, which belong to the State. If such a line of demarcation could be drawn, then it might doubtless be urged that, sooner or later, two separate powers and constitutions must be framed, which would act with absolute independence of each other. Take for example the relations of the medical profession to the military. It is evident that the physician who should insist on controlling the direction of an army, or the general who should insist on controlling the prescriptions for maladies, would at once be open not only to the censure of both professions, but to the ridicule of mankind. Yet in each case it is obvious that the supreme government of the country, which is called the State, must have the power of

* Westminster Confession, c. xxx. § 1. Yet even in this very document the natural principle of Christian patriotism and philosophy reasserts itself. Nothing can be more ‘Erastian’ (if we choose to use the expression) than the definition of the duties of the magistrate in c. xxiii.

restraining, amending, and stimulating each. For the even tenor of their existence, and in the larger part of the details of their respective functions, both soldier and physician will be left absolutely to themselves. But they both know not merely that they are each under the ultimate guidance of the sovereign power, but that the profession of each actually depends for its fame and its honour on this subordination. A general who carried his forces hither and thither, without any fixed prescribed purpose, would sink from a soldier into a brigand. A medical man who defied the rules permitted or enjoined by law, would descend to the level of a quack, if not of a murderer. In each case, particular emergencies might require the exercise of individual energy, judgment, and presence of mind. A sudden opportunity might justify a Nelson in turning his blind eye to the signal of his superior; a desperate malady might require a desperate remedy. But these exceptions bring out more clearly the fact that the distinction of subordinate provinces from each other not only does not preclude but demands the intervention of the supreme power whenever the case is sufficiently grave. If this be so in the case of the professions just named, it is doubly so in the case of the clergy. No doubt in the ecclesiastical as in the military and medical departments, there are many details which are best left to those whose special function it is to administer them. When the Emperor Paul insisted on officiating as metropolitan of St. Petersburg, it was naturally regarded as much a sign of madness as it would have been if he had insisted, by virtue of his imperial position, on amputating a limb, or on steering a vessel. But the profession of the clergy, in a degree far beyond any other (unless it be that of the law), touches on provinces that in proportion to their importance come within the direction of the central power of the State, which, if not sovereign over them, is sovereign over nothing.

Even in the ancient religions, which consisted so largely in mere ceremonial and incantation, this was felt. The Kings of Judah deposed the High Priests without scruple. The Augur, the Pontiff, however high their dignity, still bowed before the superior majesty of the King, of the Consul, and of the Emperor. Collisions from time to time arose; but the common instinct of humanity, even in those dark times, supported the cause of the higher civilisation as represented in the Chief of the State against the lower instincts of superstition as represented in the Priest. 'The quarrel,' said Prince Bismarck, 'in which I am engaged goes back to a long antiquity—to the time when Calchas confronted Agamemnon over the sacrifice of Iphigenia.' But in the Christian religion, where

ceremonial is comparatively nothing, and morality is everything—where the only ‘ritual’ prescribed is not that of dresses and postures, of clouds of incense, or of torrents of blood, but of the good deeds of beneficence and piety—it is evident that the functions of the clergy at once fall under the sovereignty of any State worthy of the name, for this very reason, that the grandeur of the objects of Christianity brings them within the direct scope of the State, which has these objects constantly in view—indirectly if not directly; and when directly, as immediately and as intimately as any of its subordinate departments.

M. Geffcken seeks the solution of the difficulties which have arisen respecting the relations of Church and State in the separation of their respective provinces: ‘The Church and State ‘occupy different territories of dominion.’* But he omits to observe that this distinction is useless unless he can produce a definition of what these provinces are, and it is almost certain that any such distinction must, for the reasons we have given, be either impossible or misleading. There is, as we have said, a broad difference between external jurisdiction and mental or moral aspirations; and Luther, as quoted by M. Geffcken, spoke truly when he said, ‘You cannot smite a spirit ‘with the sword.’ But this is equally applicable to the action of the Clergy as of the State. ‘False ideas,’ as M. Geffcken well says, ‘can only be vanquished by true ones.’ The decree of a Council, the sentence of a Bishop, the bull of a Pope, is just as inadequate to decide the intrinsic truth or falsehood, for example, of the Copernican theory of the stars, or the Pelagian theory of free will, as an Act of Parliament or a judgment of the Privy Council:—‘Every attempt,’ says M. Geffcken, ‘to make the State paramount in the sphere of ‘mind and religion must lead to oppression and persecution, and ‘result in the ruin of the State itself, no matter whether such ‘despotism be exercised by a monarch like Louis XIV. or in the ‘Convention by the disciples of Rousseau.’ (Vol. i. pp. 13, 14.) But it is equally true that ‘every attempt to make the clergy ‘paramount in the sphere of mind and religion must lead to ‘oppression and persecution and result in the ruin of the Church ‘itself, no matter whether such despotism is exercised by Pope, ‘by Council, or by General Assembly.’ It is in the last resort, not by external arrangements, whether civil or ecclesiastical, but by arguments, by evidence, by the magic influence of strong minds over weak minds, of pure and unselfish characters over base and paltry natures, that truth is advanced

and error restrained. The conscience is equally independent and equally unassailable, whether attacked by the anathemas of Pontiffs or by the force of armies. In either case, the temptations to yield, the encouragements to persevere in the path of truth, may be incalculably increased by the action of clergy or of statesmen. The decrees of the Westminster Assembly are well known to have been influenced by the advance or retreat of the Royal troops. The decrees of the Vatican Council on the relations of the Catholic Church towards heretics were notoriously modified by the pressure of a great Protestant power. And in like manner the ease or the difficulty of maintaining any given theological opinions within any particular province is directly affected by the chances of theological obloquy, or of ecclesiastical preferment, or by the safeguards, perhaps necessary or wholesome it may be, with which religious communities 'fence their tables,' or enforce their dogmas. The only valid distinction between the two provinces is that which exists between a subordinate and a sovereign power. The great practical duties of life—the paramount obligations to follow our convictions at all costs—these are above all outward regulations, whether of Church or State. But the control or the encouragement of these doctrines, or these convictions, must ultimately rest with the supreme power of the society; and the only question is whether that power is best lodged with the clerical profession, or with the larger jurisdiction which is vested in the Law or the State. The Ultramontane party in the Roman Church, the extreme ecclesiastical party in the Churches of England and Scotland, claim for themselves that sovereign control; and this is the claim with which the State, in a greater or less degree, has so often been brought into conflict, and which the more philosophic statesmen and theologians of all times have deprecated as incompatible not only with the interests of the commonwealth, but with the liberty and prosperity of the Church.

A few instances drawn from the copious stores of M. Geffcken's volumes will illustrate our meaning. From the time of the later Carolingians the immunity from all secular jurisdiction was claimed for the whole body of clergy:—

'The Germanic State treated every subject according to the law of his race, which for the clergy was the Roman law; but while, for punishable offences, the latter were now transferred to purely ecclesiastical tribunals, which gave judgment according to the canons, they became exempted at the same time, from their former own special law. And as the proceedings, so also the punishment was ecclesiastical. The confiscation of property which took place on the deposition of a clerk

was the consequence not of a secular but of a spiritual judgment. . . . The Church denied to the civil power, not only in mixed, but in purely civil causes, the right of regulating, by an appeal to secular legislation, her relations with the State. She maintained that the clergy generally were not bound to vindicate themselves before the secular tribunals, and that consequently the canon law, as the special law of the clergy, was alone obligatory upon them.' (*Geffcken*, vol. i. p. 179.)

This assumption rested on the most audacious imposture in history—the False Decretals:—‘Cast,’ as M. Geffcken says, ‘in one mould, and obviously suggested by the design to ‘establish, as traditions of the ancient Church, the absolute ‘independence of the hierarchy and its entire emancipation ‘from all lay influence.’ In proportion to the total groundlessness of the claim has been its total demolition as Christian civilisation advanced. Every argument that we now hear in behalf of ecclesiastical independence was put forward with equal force and far more consistency in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, on behalf of privileges which have vanished before the mingled contempt and execration of mankind. It is the practice of our modern writers to exalt Becket into the rank of a proto-martyr of the same causes for which, it is alleged, the Free Church of Scotland and the High Church of England have suffered. But it is not too much to say that if Becket be an anti-Erastian, Erastianism now reigns dominant throughout the whole of Christendom. The Constitutions of Clarendon, against which Becket contended, are now become the law of every State and every Church, Catholic as well as Protestant. There is no single country in Europe where a clergyman committing a theft, forgery, or murder, could escape trial by the civil tribunals. The last struggle was in Piedmont, in the resistance to the Siccardi laws,* and the refusal of the clergy to give Christian burial to the statesman who had gallantly fought that great battle of equity and justice, was the last fatal blow to their influence in the north of Italy. In England the establishment of the lay jurisdiction over the clergy was but the recovery of the freedom which had existed in the Anglo-Saxon period, when the clergy in their disputes † with laymen had to sue for their rights at the ordinary civil tribunals. It was thrown back by the reaction of the public feeling against Henry II., in consequence of Becket’s murder; but it was regained beyond question at the Reformation, and, so far as we know, not even ‘the Church Union’ has attempted to ask for its

repeal. This, which involves the main issue and source of the pretensions to spiritual independence, is a sufficient sample both of their futility and their mischievousness. But there is hardly a religious question of any importance on which the voice of the State has not made itself heard and felt, and in which the universal sentiment of Christendom has not acquiesced in the superiority of its decisions to those of the Clerical element. The whole principle of the interference of the civil power in the appointment of the clergy was invoked in the highest example of all—the election of the Popes. For this reason, every Protestant community has a direct interest in watching the struggle between the Pope and the Emperor in the middle ages. We are dazzled for a moment by the striking contrast between the humiliation of Henry IV., stripped, shivering, in the winter snows, and the menacing, inexorable, supercilious grandeur of Hildebrand, when triumphing over his prostrate enemy. But when we consider that this triumph was not of any moral principle, but of a political maxim, at best doubtful and ill-supported—that it issued in years of misery and civil war—we may well turn to another contrast a century earlier, and ask whether the maxim for which Hildebrand set the world in flames was worth the blaze.

‘The popes, raised and deposed by their will, sold the offices in the Church to the highest bidder, and very frequently to laymen, and abandoned themselves, without shame or scruple, to every conceivable vice. Out of the depth of their immorality the Church of Rome could only be saved by a strong arm from without. Henry III. crossed the Alps in 1046, convoked a Synod at Sutri, which deposed the three contending popes, and on the ground that no Roman ecclesiastic could be found who was not disqualified either as illiterate, or tainted with simony, or living in concubinage, nominated the bishop of Bamberg as Pope Clement II. The Romans had to renew the oath never to proceed to an election without the consent of the emperor; and such was their fear of his heavy hand, that three times in nine years, at the vacancy of the papal see, their envoys came to him with the request to appoint a new pontiff to the chair; and three German prelates, those of Brixen, Toul, and Eichstädt, filled it in succession. But Henry was not content with terminating the disgraceful struggle for the central power. He sought generally to purify the Church, by endeavouring to re-establish a settled order of the hierarchy and of Church discipline, and by publishing severe prohibitions against all simoniacal practices, thus renouncing a considerable source of private revenue, since almost invariably the occupation of an episcopal see was made conditional on the payment of a goodly sum.’ (*Geffcken*, vol. i. pp. 187, 188.)

Take again the question of the marriage of the clergy. No

prohibition or permission more intimately touches the discipline, the morals, the faith of the Church than those which relate to this subject. It has been the inalienable inheritance of the Eastern Church. It is the inestimable conquest of the Protestant Churches. On this question Pope and Emperor alike intervened. Sometimes both were agreed; but more often it was the Popes alone who attempted to decide the question—and they, the representatives of the clergy, with hardly an exception, decided it against what are no doubt universally believed to be the interests of enlightenment and morality. Whenever the bonds which Gregory VII. and his successors laid on the clergy have been broken, it has been by the help or by the insistence of the State. In every parsonage in England, where a happy home has been formed, where the dearest and most sacred virtues of mankind are cultivated, it has been by the timely, though at the time somewhat reluctant, intervention of the State in securing for the clergy, against the will, or without the concurrence, of their own body, that which they were too weak or too short-sighted to claim for themselves.

Or take the demoralising practices involved in the Roman system of Confession. It has been on the whole the laity and not the clergy who have resisted it. It was Pascal, not Bossuet, who wrote the Provincial Letters. It was Michelet, not Lacordaire, who protested against the divisions introduced by the priest into the sanctuary of the family. Even amongst ourselves, although we doubt not with the entire concurrence of the sounder part of the clergy, it was in the House of Lords, and not in the Houses of Convocation, that there was first raised the stern denunciation which has set before the English Church its duty in the face of the serious danger that has been incurred by the foolish mimicry of Latin casuistry.

Or take again the main doctrines of the Reformation. In Germany, as in England, it was the Princes, it was the Parliaments, that took the lead. Individual reformers like Luther or Melancthon, like Tyndale or Cranmer, inspired their countrymen with the desire for a nobler view of God and heaven than the mediæval Church had been able to give. But if any fact is clear in that stirring epoch, it is that, as far as corporate action is concerned, it is not to the Councils on the Continent, nor to the Convocations in England, that we owe the change, but to the steady authority of such as Frederick the Wise of Saxony, Philip the Magnanimous of Hesse; ‘the majestic lord who broke the bonds of Rome;’ the great Queen, of whom Hooker said ‘that what the Church of England is it is by the goodness of Almighty God and His servant Elizabeth;’ the statutes

of the Tudor Parliaments, in which were laid deep and strong the spiritual liberties at once of State and of Church.

In thus setting forth the merits of this controversy, we do not deny the benefits which the popes, the hierarchy, the monasteries conferred on England during the Middle Ages, and which have been generously acknowledged by the Protestant writers of the first half of this century. Still it is necessary to watch the pendulum in its swing; and even in M. Geffcken's volumes we seem to see indications that it has gone too far, and a tacit assumption that whenever any of the ecclesiastical authorities maintained a freedom from the intervention of the State, they were in the right. It is probable that in matters like the 'Truce of God' and the emancipation of the serfs, their services were considerable, that in the monastic system and the sacerdotal celibacy and the Crusades, there were extraordinary circumstances which turned into temporary blessings things which were in themselves essentially evil. But on the whole the nation or the laity by a forward instinct anticipated the eternal issues of the movements of mankind, and the clergy, on the whole, worked for the meaner and therefore the transitory objects of professional interest. Nor do we deny that in future times the great legislative assemblies of the European States might, like the Convention of the French Revolution or the American Congress, sink so low in general estimation that educated and high-principled men should decline to take part in public life; and it would then follow that we should naturally transfer our allegiance to any other bodies which, whether ecclesiastical or scientific, should seek and justly seek to keep out of the hands of the Government whatever elements of a higher existence could be rescued from the contaminating touch of what would have then become an inferior organisation. But we have not yet arrived at this extremity, and whenever we do, it will not be the English Church only, but the English Empire that will be in danger. We admit also that a nation may be over-governed, and that a perpetual revision of ecclesiastical laws, a perpetual interposition in small ceremonials, is alike unworthy of the dignity of the State and injurious to the interests of religion. The revisions of the English Prayer-book have in fact, occurred only in critical, almost revolutionary epochs, and the larger part of the salutary changes of our system, whether social or ecclesiastical, have taken place insensibly. It was not by the action either of the Government or of the Convocations, but by the silent effect of public opinion and by the convergent tendency of many causes, that the English clergy emerged from the degraded and debasing condition which Lord Macaulay describes as their nor-

mal state in the seventeenth century, to the high position which they now occupy in the world of letters and in the world of society. The greatest of all the documents of theology—the Bible itself—has received its shape and form, neither by Act of Parliament nor by decision of Synods, but by the tact, the instinct, of the whole community. No Council, Œcumenical or Provincial, ever approached the question of the Canonical Books for sixteen centuries. No confession of faith, whether compiled at Trent, at Geneva, or at Westminster, ever determined the authorship of the sacred books. No Parliament or Convocation ever ‘authorised’ the version of the Bible which is now received by the English-speaking races throughout the world. There is a healthy independent growth which is quite irrespective of the efforts of legislation, whether lay or clerical, and of any special theory of Church and State.

Such are the general principles at which we arrive after the perusal of the careful analysis presented in M. Geffcken’s laborious researches. But the general interest of the subject is intensified and sharpened by the strange agitation which has, during the last few months, been excited in a section of the English Clergy, fanned by a corresponding section of the Nonconformists in England and of the Free Church in Scotland.

We have already spoken in these pages of the objections of the Nonconformists. They are stated at length in Mr. Harewood’s able volume—and there is nothing new in them, except the attempt to enforce the dogma of the unlawfulness of an Established Church as a primary article of faith on the Liberal party, and on their own less vehement co-religionists. This is, as far as we know, a novel position. Every theological difference, from Dr. Pusey down to Mr. Bradlaugh, is sunk for the sake of combining the forces of political and ecclesiastical party in a crusade against the idea of a National Church. All the ancient doctrines of the Liberal party in the programme of fifty years ago,* all chances of reconstructing the Liberal party on a reasonable basis, are to be sacrificed for the sake of maintaining a thesis which all the Liberal statesmen of this century, from Mr. Pitt down to Mr. Gladstone in his last utterance on the subject in the House of Commons, have strongly condemned. All the ancient scruples against uniting for religious purposes with the heterodox or the unbeliever,

* Mr. Grote’s Address to the Electors of the City of London. (*Life of George Grote*, p. 71.) It contains much of the duty of reforming, nothing of the duty of destroying, the Church.

which in former days amongst Dissenters broke up the Bible Society into two fragments, which amongst Churchmen prevented many from joining it at all, are now set aside for the sake of destroying an institution which Owen and Baxter, Wesley and Whitfield, no less than Laud and Philpotts, Tillotson and Butler, strongly supported. We do not dwell on this anomaly further. We are confident that there are many distinguished Nonconformist ministers and laymen to whom this fanatical endeavour to enforce their own notions on the country by a new Act of Uniformity is deeply repugnant, and who are weary of the monotonous endeavour to see 'Disestablishment' in every question, domestic or foreign, in every step, backwards or forwards.

We turn for a moment to Scotland. We need not be surprised that from its discussions 'on the introduction of human hymns,' and the prosecution of Professor Robertson Smith for disturbing the traditional authorship of the sacred books, the Free Church Assembly should have turned aside to the familiar topics of 'Supremacy and Erastianism' which the blacksmith of Cairnvreckan placed in the climax of the errors of the Church amongst 'Popery and Prelacy, and Quakerism' and Independency and Antinomianism.' But the voice of agitation has assumed a milder tone, and the protests of the leaders of the Free Church Assembly against the parent Church, combined as they now are with the disturbing and conflicting claim to be themselves set up in its place, have a not unpleasant resemblance to the hesitating arguments with which David Deans is willing to forego 'the distinctions betwixt the right hand and the left hand, betwixt compliance and defection—holding back and stepping aside—slipping and stumbling—snares and errors,' for the sake of seeing his beloved daughter installed in the manse of Knocktarlitie. The National Church of Scotland, which has survived so much in the past, will survive these illogical assaults. An institution which has shown so much native vigour, so much power of expansion, so much union of fervour and moderation, is not doomed to fall before such tortuous strategics, and for the sake of such purely imaginary grievances.

But the main interest of the question is doubtless derived from the conduct of the extreme section of the English High Church party. It is needless to reiterate the arguments by which we have on former occasions* justified the tolerant policy and the beneficent results of those high legal Judgments by

which the Church of England has been enabled to embrace within its pale elements of eloquence and activity that, however widely deviating from the normal and characteristic excellences of the national Church, it still ought if possible to retain. But retention of a heterogeneous element is a different thing from submission to it; and it is nothing less than submission on which, in its wilder moments, the small but energetic and clamorous section of the High Church party in this matter of Church and State insists.

Unlike the somewhat prosaic arguments of the Nonconformists—unlike most of the philosophical or social topics discussed by M. Geffcken or Mr. Harewood—the fundamental repugnance of this school to the union of Church and State rests on a metaphor which has run into a logic as alien from its original intention as Transubstantiation is from the divine words of spirit and life on which it professes to be founded. In one of the Pauline Epistles, and in one or two passages in the Apocalypse, the sacred writers, availing themselves of the feminine gender of the word *Ecclesia*, have, in highly parabolical passages, spoken of the Church as the Bride of Christ. On this transitory figure of speech, a mythology, within the last few years, has been built up, of which the form and substance alike would be startling even in the ‘*Iliad*’ or the ‘*Mahabharata*.’

It is alleged that this feminine personage (being used not for the whole Christian community as by the Apostles, but for the Episcopal clergy), being described as the wife of the Saviour, cannot lawfully become the wife of anyone else. But the union with the State is a second marriage—and ‘the Church’ which is so united thus becomes, under any circumstances, guilty of bigamy and adultery. This would be the case if the masculine personage with whom she allies herself is a heathen State. But if the State be Christian, the offence is intensified. For the Christian State, the second husband according to this system of personification, is the brother of the first husband, that is, of Christ—and thus the union of a Church with a Christian State is not only bigamous or adulterous but incestuous; and the text which is considered to clench the prohibition is the speech of the Baptist to Herod, ‘It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother’s wife.’ Not once, but repeatedly, not in jest, but in grave and sober arguments, has this preposterous allegory been put forward as the palmary argument for the destruction of the existing constitution of the Church of England. A Scottish judge, speaking of the fiction by which Scottish Covenanters have spoken of Christ as the visible Head

of the Church in jurisdiction and government, said 'that it was 'neither more nor less than an absurdity.' Of this English fiction, surely any educated man may venture to say that it is neither more nor less than a profanity.

But leaving the abstract question and descending into details, the latest manifestations of this spirit have exhibited the pretensions of this school in forms which if not equally grotesque are as palpably paralogistic.

They proceed on the supposition that it is unlawful for churchmen to obey any law on spiritual matters of primary importance—some go so far as to say any spiritual matters whatever—which has not been sanctioned by the Synods of the Clergy. Even without going further into details, it is evident that such an assumption is only possible on the hypothesis that spiritual matters can be defined, within limits so narrow and so precise, as to reduce the spiritual and religious life of a nation into a mere formality. The volumes of M. Geffcken, if they show anything show that such a limitation, whatever may be possible in some low form of Paganism, is not possible in any high form of Christianity—hardly even in Judaism or Mahomedanism. In this respect the old pretensions of the Mediæval popes were far more consistent and far more rational than those of their more modern imitators. They knew that the spiritual province was coextensive with the whole life of man, and they therefore claimed authority over every jurisdiction and every act of national and individual existence. Under this view, it was only natural and necessary that the canon law of the Church was above the civil, and ruled the laity as well as the clergy. The proclamation of a war—the reform of the administration of the law—the duty of exterminating or tolerating heretics—the education of the people, including all those acts which are so indispensably connected therewith, the extension or withdrawal of the franchise, the formation or the discouragement of schools, the mode of suppressing intemperance or sensuality—all these are of primary importance in the eye of an enlightened Christian community,—primary and essential indeed compared with most of the points of Christian doctrine or ritual, on which our recent disputes have turned; and yet it is certain that legislation on these questions never has in modern times been claimed by ecclesiastical synods, Catholic or Protestant, and also that, if such claims were put forward, the common voice of mankind would cry out against them. But descending even into the matters which, by a violent distortion of the word, are called 'spiritual'—which for the sake of brevity we may call 'ecclesiastical,' it is certain

that in England the whole tenor of legislation has been to take its course, if not in total disregard, at any rate in almost total independence, of any body claiming the title of Synod. Even before the Reformation, the convention of clerical councils, provincial or otherwise, was in England extremely rare, for any practical measure. The Liturgy of Sarum—the translation of the Bible by Wycliffe or by his rivals—the enforcement of dress or posture—were, we believe, in no case ordered by ecclesiastical assemblies, but either sprang up by usage, or were ordered by individual bishops. The famous answer of the barons, ‘*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*,’ was in opposition to the claims of the clergy to regulate a matter of more than secondary rank in the moral relations of life, and their resistance typified the whole tenor of English sentiment. The Primate of the time assisted in demanding the Magna Charta—but the assemblage at Runymede was not a Convocation. The Constitutions of Clarendon, of which the principle now governs the whole realm of England, were established not by a Clerical Synod, but by a Royal Council. The Statutes of the Provisors, of *Præmunire*, and of Mortmain, which affected directly the whole ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the country, were Acts of Parliament, pure and simple.

But since the Reformation—that is since the time that the English Church and nation began to assume the great characteristic position which henceforward belonged to them—the national voice has sounded louder and louder, and with still less heed of the purely clerical element, however much that element has itself gained by the process. No doubt from time to time the sentiments of the Convocation coincided with the decisions of the legislature—sometimes for good, as in the administration of the Sacrament in both kinds, sometimes for evil, as in the Six Articles and the divorce of Anne of Cleves. But as a general rule the legislature held on its own course, as the acknowledged master of the situation.

Of the four revisions of the Divine Service of the Church of England—twice in the reign of Edward VI., once in the reign of Elizabeth, once in the reign of Charles II.—it was only on the last and least auspicious occasion that the assent of Convocation was recorded in the Act of Parliament by which the changes became law: and even on that very occasion Parliament asserted its right to make the changes by its own authority. The same absence of any Synodical action is equally conspicuous in the numerous Acts which, from the Reformation downwards, have dealt with the spiritual interests of the Church. The mode of appointing Bishops, the dissolution of monasteries,

the revolt from Rome under Henry, the return under Mary, the abolition of chantries, the abolition of images, the marriage of the clergy, the enactment of subscription under Queen Elizabeth, the relaxation of it under Queen Victoria, the enactment of the Test Act under Charles II., the abolition of it under William IV., the Acts for the Observance of Fasts, the Acts for the Observance of Sunday, the Toleration Act, the Roman Catholic Relief Act, the Act establishing the Ecclesiastical Commission, the Pluralities and Residence Acts, the Acts for suppressing Irish Bishoprics, or creating English Bishoprics, the Divorce Act, the abolition of the Services drawn up by the Southern Convocation for January 30, May 29, and November 5, have all been carried without reference, sometimes in opposition, to the known or probable opinions of the Southern or Northern Convocation.* And yet most of them belong to no secondary detail, but to the most important elements of ecclesiastical observance and jurisdiction.

There is yet this further complication of contradictions. An appeal is made to the Synods. But to what Synods? To what is commonly called 'Convocation.' But 'Convocation' is a loose and inaccurate phrase. For the Legislature of the Empire there is one Imperial Parliament, consisting of two Houses, the first containing two estates of the realm, the Lords Spiritual and the Lords Temporal; the second containing the third estate, the Commons. Without the assent of these two bodies no law can be passed. With the assent of these two—to which must be added the sanction of the Crown—every Act becomes law. But it is not so with Convocation. There is no institution properly so called. There are two distinct bodies, co-ordinate and co-equal with each other—the Convocation of Canterbury and the Convocation of York. Each of these bodies consists of two Houses, an Upper and a Lower House. Without the concurrence of these four Houses no act can have any synodical force, and with the concurrence of the four, only when in addition it receives the sanction of the Crown. It will be observed by those who have followed recent agitations that the only one of these four Houses to which any weight is attached by the complainants is the Lower House of the Southern Province; and the reason is obvious, because it is in the majority of that House, and that House alone, that

* 28 Ecclesiastical Acts under Elizabeth, 20 under James I., 5 under Charles I., 23 under Charles II., 23 under William and Mary, 21 under Anne, more than 250 from George I. down to the present time, were passed without reference to Convocations.

the complainants can rely with any plausibility for the support of their own views. The very persons therefore who most ostentatiously appeal to the authority of the Anglican Synods are those who most steadily refuse to abide by it, for in no single instance have the four Houses, even setting aside the sanction of the Crown, supported their view in the recent disputes. Everyone knows that if the Lower House of the Southern Convocation had supported the Bishop of Natal, it would have been immediately repudiated by those who now claim its protection.

There is yet another absurdity. The appeal to these Synods, or to a fragment of them, as the only authority in ecclesiastical matters is coupled with the most obstinate resistance to Acts of purely Royal or Parliamentary legislation. And yet the ground of this peculiar appeal is made to be the Royal Declaration prefixed to the Thirty-nine Articles by King Charles I. That declaration emanated solely from the Crown in a tempestuous period of English history. It has never received the sanction of either of the Convocations. It has never received the sanction of the Legislature. It is printed in the Prayer-book by the mere haphazard convenience of the printers, like the version of the Psalms by Tate and Brady, like the office for the touching of the King's Evil. To rely upon it as of binding force is Erastianism run mad. It is pure and simple absolutism.

Or again, when we hear some of the clergy declaring that they must follow the rubric on the ornaments of the Church, because they consider it sinful to obey an act of the State, and can only obey an order of the Church—they have fallen into the very danger or crime which they deprecate. 'The voice of the Church,' in their sense—that is, the voice of the clergy in the Convocations—is perfectly clear. Once, and once only, have the two Synods spoken on this trivial subject of the dresses of the clergy, and that was in 1603, when it was enjoined that the clergy should wear those very garments—the surplice and hood—which these extreme partisans now repudiate. Once, and once only, in these later times, has even their own favourite body, the Lower House of the Southern Convocation, spoken, and that was that no dresses should be worn except by the consent of the Bishops, which these same partisans also repudiate. But, on the other hand, the rubric which, supposing that their interpretation of it is correct, is the only sanction for the adoption of the disused dresses of the Prayer-book of Edward VI., which they want to wear, is simply an act of the State. It expressly, almost ostentatiously, refers, not to the Synods or

Convocations, but simply to the authority of Parliament. It derives its own binding force, not from the sanction of the Convocations, but of the Legislature. It is true that the Prayer-book of 1662, including this rubric, was prepared by the two Houses of the Southern Province, and signed under heavy penalties by proxies from the Northern Province. But this preparation was done entirely under the authority of the King, and by the authority of the King it was transmitted to Parliament, which was already engaged on a revision of its own. In point of fact changes, some trifling, some (the Provisors) of the utmost importance, were made in the House of Lords; and the House of Commons, after having by a narrow division abstained from debating the contents of the Prayer Book, by a large majority asserted their right to do so. That which the Convocations prepared the Parliament accepted; but that which the Parliament made law the Convocations never ratified. Thus by a strange paradox those who appeal to the Parliamentary rubric, even as interpreted by themselves, against the distinct voice of the whole Convocation in 1603, and against the various, but in this point united, voices of the different branches of the two Synods in 1875, assert, in defiance of their own principles, the authority of a mixed Legislature against the authority of the clergy.

Or again, when we descend yet further into details, and examine the curious case of the Vicar of Hatcham, which has been supposed most distinctly to bring the antagonism of Church and State to an issue. The clergyman in question—zealous, artistic, diligent, as he may well be—maintains that it is not right for him to acknowledge an Act of Parliament passed without the consent of the Convocations, or to recognise the judgment of a civil tribunal which defines the lawfulness of certain external acts. Yet this very personage is from first to last, in the most emphatic and conspicuous manner, throughout the whole of his ecclesiastical jurisdiction and ministrations, the creature—beyond most other clergymen—of successive Acts of Parliament. The admirable speech of the Archbishop of York in the Northern Convocation of last April put this matter so clearly, that it has, we believe, never been attempted to be answered, and covers with everlasting confusion the inconsistency of these extravagant claims. That anyone who has thus consented to bow before five Acts of Parliament, without which he could not perform a single ecclesiastical function in the parish of Hatcham, and refuse to obey the sixth, because it indirectly interferes with some wish of his own, is indeed to strain out a single gnat and swallow five gigantic

camels. An Erastian of the Erastians when it suits his convenience—a despiser of the law when it crosses his personal predilections—is as strange a martyr as a service transacted by the exceptional possession of keys, by the climbing in through a broken window, and by seeking the protection of a strong force of police, is a singular mode of vindicating the spiritual against the temporal.

We have felt constrained to touch, reluctantly, on these eccentricities, and we gladly record our conviction that they do not represent the sense or the feeling of the great mass of the clergy. Nothing is easier than for a very small minority by clamour and zeal to produce an exaggerated impression of numbers and importance. It is only eight years ago since a vehement agitation (in which, more or less, the Lower House of the Southern Convocation shared) was set on foot against the nomination of a Bishop which the leader of the same Anti-Erastian party denounced as ‘the most frightful enormity ever perpetrated by a Prime Minister.’ Yet at the very time it was proved that the real number of opponents, amongst the clergy, little more than exceeded 1,500, and the nomination in question was not only received at the time with enthusiasm by the majority of Churchmen, but has been confirmed since by the devoted adhesion of all the clergy of the diocese once doomed to anathema and interdict.

So amongst the memorialists who lately urged the Primate to effect a revolution in the existing constitution of the Church, taking all due account of at least one name which all churchmen and scholars must deeply respect, and making every allowance for the accidental absence of the signatures of those who, nevertheless, might have agreed with the memorial, we see on the face of it that, out of 20,000 clergy, it was signed by not more than 100; that, for the four deans, ten canons, seven archdeacons, and two ex-headmasters, whose names are attached to it, there were, on the other hand, among those who did not support it, at least twenty deans, a hundred and twenty canons, sixty archdeacons, all the headmasters, all the theological professors but one, and all the heads of the colleges but one at both Universities.

Nor, turning for a moment to the alleged occasions of the excitement which called it forth, is there any ground for the allegation that since the passing of the Public Worship Act, ‘coercive measures are resorted to for enforcing uniformity such as have been unknown for centuries.’ The fact is, that in 1662, the Act of Uniformity was enforced by the High Church Party against 2,000 clergy; that at least four formidable agi-

tations have by the same party been set on foot within our memory to exclude from their ministrations the representatives of opposite opinions; that in the diocese of Exeter a clergyman was imprisoned not long ago for refusing to obey the late Bishop Philpotts. And in regard to the complaints concerning the Public Worship Act, there have been (since it became law in July, 1875) only three cases of ecclesiastical prosecution, whereas in the preceding two and a half years, under the former system, there were as many as thirteen. We are not advocating such exclusions, penalties, or prosecutions in any case, but when the present state of things is described as unparalleled, it is worth observing that the evil has been long in existence, and has in the latest years rather been diminished than aggravated.

The imprisonment or fine of an individual for contempt of Court even on alleged grounds of conscience is not confined to any Church or party, and is certainly not unusual in the common administration of the law. As many as seven within the last few years could be named in the superior Courts alone, chiefly in connexion with the Tichborne claimant; and two have occurred quite recently besides the Hatcham case, which, though not attracting equal sympathy, were repressed with yet sterner promptitude.

Still it is always the course of true liberality to endeavour to detect any just occasion for alarm or for improvement. And in a subject so complex as the relations of Church and State, it is inevitable that as circumstances change there should not be constant needs for readjustment, if only the main principles of the Reformation be carefully maintained. M. Geffcken's book itself is a proof of the peculiar interest attaching to the subject at the present time, and it is the duty of every Government to make any modifications of the system, which will cause its wheels to run more smoothly and its ends to be more easily attained.

There are two points which deserve the serious consideration of all who wish well to the efficiency and the pacific action of the Church of England.

The first is that which relates to the social relations with the Nonconformists. It is evident that whatever may be the theoretical objections of English High Churchmen and Scottish Free Churchmen to Church establishments and Church endowments, the main root of the hostility of the Nonconformists of England is the bitter sense of inequality. We admit the fact; we also admit that it is to a large degree irremediable. So long as the Monarchy is maintained, there will be a certain number of persons placed on a lower level by the existence of the Court.

So long as the Law, the Army, and the Navy remain as professions, with privileges and positions attached to them by law, in which others cannot participate, there must be a certain exclusion respectively of the non-civilian and the non-military classes. But, as even in these inequalities, beneficial and inevitable as they are, there is a duty and a propriety, as civilisation increases, of rounding off the sharp angles and breaking down the needless walls of partition, so, and in a still greater degree, should it be in a profession which touches human life at so many points as that of the clergy. Especially is this the case in a national clergy like that of England, with a host of other ministers, varying in every degree of social and legal variety, from the almost established Wesleyan, from the nearly admitted Roman Catholic dignitary, down to the coarsest hedge priest of Ireland, or the wildest zealot or fanatic of Wales.

This is a question which, by its very nature, must receive its proper solution rather by increased respect and self-respect on both sides, than by legal enactments. It is clear that unless the Church of England and its clergy were swept away (to use a well-known phrase) 'bag and baggage,' the inequality would still exist under every change in the relations of the State, and would in some respects be intensified by the sense of wrong, by the impulse given to sacerdotal assumptions, by the withdrawal of the more liberalising and humanising elements from the clerical body. The supercilious contempt of the Scottish and American Episcopalians towards their Presbyterian or Independent brethren far exceeds that of the mass of the English clergy towards the Nonconformists.

Still we cannot forbear to name a single instance—itsself one of the burning questions of the time—in which it is to be hoped that the good sense of the clergy may prevail over their professional jealousy to bring their Nonconformist brethren more nearly within the same social category as their own. We refer to the concession to Nonconformists of a right to use their own ministrations in the national churchyards. What is asked of Parliament is to permit the clergy of the Established Church of England to make to the mourners of England and Wales the same concession which, in substance, was long ago made with perfect ease by the Established Church of Scotland to the mourners beyond the Tweed, and by the (then) Established Church of Ireland to the mourners in the sister island. What is asked is, that the clergy should, instead of discouraging, seize this occasion of encouraging, the happy inconsistency of our Nonconformist brethren in their desire to

forget in death the differences which have divided us in life, and in the most solemn moments of existence to maintain the principle of the glory and the usefulness of sacred national institutions, which at other times they so constantly disparage. What is asked is, that instead of endeavouring, under sanitary pretexts, to cut off the associations which unite the hearts of all parishioners to their own country churchyards, we should take every means of strengthening an affection so natural and so laudable towards spots consecrated, not only by religious, but by poetical, historical, and domestic feelings, not only to churchmen, but to the whole nation. What is asked is, that the Church should be spared the scandal of cases exceptional, no doubt, yet still sufficient to embitter a whole neighbourhood, and cast obloquy on the whole Church, where burial is refused to innocent children, of whom the Founder of our religion pronounced that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Indeed it has been pertinently asked whether, even as the law now stands, it is not already lawful to take the charitable course which was probably followed in the burial of the Welsh colliers of Pontypridd, when their Wesleyan or Baptist brethren sang the hymns to which the departed were attached in life; or when, as in the burial of a lamented Russian, the prayers of the Greek Ritual were joined with those of the Church of England; or when, as in the case of the burial, in consecrated ground, of a sincere though mistaken demagogue, legislators and professors claimed and exercised an undisputed right of pronouncing addresses over his grave.

The joint efforts of Lord Granville and Lord Harrowby in the House of Lords, representing the truly Christian courtesy and liberality of both parties; the combined action of the two Primates, speaking in the tone of a higher policy than that dictated at excited clerical meetings; the significant vote of the House of Lords against the infatuated obstinacy of a section of the Conservative party, rising from an equal division to a decisive majority — are pledges that the question is on the very eve of a peaceful settlement. It is a question on which Dissenters and Churchmen have in the agitation almost changed sides, the recalcitrant Churchmen sinking the National Church to the level of a sect, and the churchyard to the mere condition of a private freehold; the Dissenters insisting on regarding the churchyards as national property — which on all other occasions they deny to all religious bodies — and as controlled by the interference of the State, which on all other occasions they repudiate. It is to be hoped that in the pacific settlement which we trust is at hand, each may find

themselves insensibly transformed; the Church raised more truly to the consciousness of its high vocation, the Nonconformist more readily acquiescing in the lawfulness of that vocation, which they have in this instance consented to acknowledge. So far from the admission of Nonconformists with their services to the national churchyards being, as it is sometimes absurdly called, 'a step towards disestablishment,' or 'a blow at the union of Church and State,' it is in fact exactly the reverse. It is an unexpected acknowledgment on the part of Dissenters that the national Establishment of religion is worth preserving. It is a welcome assertion of the principle that the parochial system is not the mere appendage of a sect, but that all, whether estranged or not, have a common right to its consolations and privileges.

The second point is that which more directly concerns the internal arrangements of the Church. There is, in the present posture of affairs, a difficulty in attaining the elasticity and flexibility needed for the complete efficiency of the institution. It is true that Parliament, when it undertakes ecclesiastical questions, undertakes them with a seriousness and a comprehensiveness which leaves little to be desired. But, overburdened as it is with the ever-increasing business of the Empire, with pressing questions of war and peace, and of every kind of social and political improvement, the time for discussing the details of any particular department or profession, even the highest, must of necessity be exceedingly limited. This difficulty is further increased by the very pretensions which the High Church party have put forward. If to the unavoidable obstructions encountered in the two Houses of Parliament, we are to add—according to a doctrine which almost for the first time has made itself heard during the last eight years—the yet greater obstacles presented by the necessity of the combined initiation or sanction of the four Houses of Convocation, constructed as the elective portions of the two Lower Houses now are of the most sensitive and least conciliatory of the whole body of the profession, it is evident that the chances of the needful reforms and enlargements are diminished beyond all former experience. To attain those chances by multiplying or fortifying the power of the existing Convocations is locking and doubly locking the dead lock, till no power can force it open. It is not here that 'the living voice' of the Church is to be found. In fact, nothing can be more irrelevant than the complaints which are now made of the absence of a 'living voice' in a Church which is confessedly the most free and the most independent in Europe, and of which 'the living

'voices,' in every tone, from the still small whisper of wisdom in its learned treatises to the babble and clamour of its congresses and newspapers, fill the whole atmosphere of the country—heard weekly from 20,000 pulpits—heard daily in the homes of every class in the kingdom. In the questions of the details of ecclesiastical legislation and worship, there are two modes in which all smaller changes might be effectually carried out. The first is that which admirably served the purpose during the time in which the Convocations were silent, as well as since the time of their revival. It was that of Royal Commissions, consisting of mixed clergy and laymen, chosen for their special aptitude or their eminent qualities, who submitted the results of their labours to Parliament, which then, with more or less discussion, put their resolutions into force. Such were the thirty-two Commissioners who formed the nearest approach we have ever had to a Protestant Canon Law, in the '*Reformatio Legum*.' Such was the Royal Commission which undertook, and still undertakes, the arduous task of remodelling the revenues of the Church. Such were the Royal Commissions which prepared the way for the relaxation of subscription, for the adoption of the new Calendar of Lessons, for the amendment of the Act of Uniformity, by provisions for shortening, adapting, and modifying the existing services of the Prayer-book. Such a Commission, perpetual or temporary, obviously provides a far better means of arriving at sound conclusions on these matters than four assemblies of men, all belonging to one profession, and two of these assemblies, by the nature of the case, numerous and excited, and, as far as the majority of one of them is concerned, looking at all questions chiefly from a single point of view.

No doubt in the place of the existing Convocations might be substituted assemblies in which laymen should have an equal or preponderating influence. But the entire abolition, which this would involve, of the ancient synods, would probably create fresh disturbances. The examples of Scotland and Ireland are not very favourable to the creation of such large assemblies for the discussion often of minute, often of abstruse details. It is true that in the Irish Synod, the weight of the laymen has carried many beneficial changes, and that, if it had been allowed to have full sway, the liturgy of the Church of Ireland might have been yet further improved. But the Act which reduced to such narrow limits the national character of the Irish Church, took care to shackle the free voice of the laity. And in Scotland, the restrictions imposed by the Assembly itself on the election of the laity, and the superior attractions of the Parliament in

London, withdraw from the seats of the Assembly the *bonâ fide* laymen of the Scottish nation. No synod can fairly be said to represent the intelligence and devotion of the Scottish laity from which the Duke of Argyll is absent. Nor under any circumstances would the laymen chosen for the express purpose of sitting in an ecclesiastical assembly be nearly as faithful representatives of the true lay feeling of the country as are furnished in Parliament.

But there is a simpler and more obvious remedy. In a Presbyterian Church there is something to be said for vesting the executive power in an assembly of Presbyters. But in an Episcopal Church, in which by the very nature of the case there is a provision for that natural inequality and preeminence of gifts which is the true and eternal justification of the institution of Episcopacy, 'the living voice' of the Church, for all directly executive and administrative concerns, is only in the Episcopate—collectively or singly; but singly and independently much rather than collectively; singly in each particular case, and singly in the delivery of judgments, such as those which have made the Charges of Bishop Thirlwall an everlasting treasure to the English Church. This is the quarter to which the directions in the Elizabethan Act of Uniformity, and in the rubrics at the commencement of the Prayer-book, obviously point for the solution of such doubts as must of necessity arise in the practical administration of a large and complex system.

To the Bishops, in point of fact, the recent legislation, whether in the Act of Uniformity Amendment Act, the New Lectionary, or the Public Worship Act, have committed powers which are almost if not altogether sufficient for the purpose, and which, if not sufficient, might easily be rendered so by a short Act of Parliament passed with that object. It is true that in the present insane condition of a portion of the clergy, the Bishops are attacked, by those who profess to attach to the office a divine origin and an indispensable sanctity, with a scurrility and a recklessness of imputation which has not been surpassed by the most furious marprelates of former times, and which is only equalled by the ribaldry with which the organs of the same party assign the meanest and most unworthy motives to the highest judicial dignitaries of the realm. But these manifestations are, we trust, exceptional and temporary; and there is every reason to believe that if Episcopal authority be wielded,—not in deference to the clamour of the more clamorous, or the fears of the more timorous, or the violence of the more fanatical of the clergy, but in behalf of the general interests of the whole community, as in the instance of the Burial question, where

the two Primates in the House of Lords boldly took their stand on principles which the Convocations never would have sanctioned, it will meet at once the requirements of those who cannot according to their own principles altogether disregard primitive antiquity, and of those who look forward to the nobler expansion of the Church in times to come, and its yet more complete identification with all that is best and wisest in the State. In the last century it was the country clergy who drove Wesley into reluctant Nonconformity. It was the Bishops and Judges who (as a general rule) rendered to him honour and protection. So may it still be. The true enemies to the Church are those who, while opposed to every proposal of improvement, yet on hearing of the slightest disturbance, fill the air with dismal forebodings that its days are numbered. In former times this cuckoo-cry was 'the Church 'in danger'—now it is 'Disestablishment.' In each case the cry is equally groundless, equally senseless, and equally mischievous.

'Happily, we are not compelled either to leave the Church of England just as it is or to disestablish it, for there is another course open to us, and that is to develop it. And this is by far the best of all, for having convinced ourselves that the national principle is right, we ought not to give it up nor be contented with its present half-hearted form, but we should feel bound to try to get it carried out more fully and justly. . . . The clergy, and all those who have anything to do with it, must realise more fully than they have ever yet done, that the Church of England is a national and not a sectarian institution. It must not only be simple and liberal and practical in its creed, but it must also be sympathetic in its spirit; it must have a national heart as well as a national name. . . . The old, simple, practical, manly Christianity which the Bible teaches and which has been the faith for so many generations of the best of our forefathers is going out of fashion, and the Christian world seems to be dividing itself up between priestly domination on the one hand, and on the other, worldly indifference or antagonistic scepticism. The torch of pure religion, lit by the Lord Himself with the fire of heaven, is being trodden out under the contending feet of fanatics and unbelievers. It can only be picked up and borne onwards by the hand of a Church which is practical as well as spiritual, human as well as divine, National as well as Christian. Protestant Revivalism, like Roman Catholicism, sets the other world against and above this, and to Nationalism is reserved the task of properly reconciling the two; of joining practicality with spirituality, life with religion, earth with heaven; of making Christianity a sensible reality as well as a devout enthusiasm. Can there be a nobler work, or one more needed, than this which now lies especially before the National Church of England? No better motto can be chosen as a guide to success than that which was chosen by Baxter—"In necessary things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things "charity." ' (*Harewood*, pp. 407-10.)

ART. X.—1. *Russian Wars with Turkey*. By Major FRANK RUSSELL. London: 1877.

2. *Turkey in Europe*. By JAMES BAKER, M.A., Lieut.-Col. Auxiliary Forces, formerly 8th Hussars. London. 8vo. 1877.

THE events which have taken place since the publication of our last Number must have demonstrated to all but the most credulous and fanatical of mankind, that the Russian Government has been steadily pursuing a deep-laid and deliberate plan of aggression against the Ottoman Empire, tending to territorial conquests, and that this plan has been in gradual operation not only for months but years. The object of the negotiations in which Russia succeeded in entangling all the great Powers of Europe, was obviously to disarm their opposition, based on the treaties of 1856, and to lull their suspicions. The season of the year compelled her to remain inactive in the field, though indeed all the winter months were sedulously employed in the mobilisation of her army and in preparation for the ensuing campaigns. These military preparations were really begun two years ago, and at one time an earlier declaration of hostilities was contemplated. But no sooner had the month of April in the present year arrived than the mask was thrown off; and the Protocol, which had just been signed in London as the last expression of a fond hope of peace, was converted, by an audacious act of perfidy and arrogance into the *ultimatum* that fired the train.

If the consequences were less serious, there would be something exquisitely ludicrous in the abortive efforts and incessant rebuffs of the unfortunate diplomatists engaged in these transactions. To be foiled by Turkish diplomacy and taken in by Russian assurances is a fate of aggravated bitterness and humiliation; and it is scarcely less disagreeable to have the air of being duped with one's eyes open. The British Government was moved, we doubt not, by a laudable desire to leave no act undone which appeared likely to serve the cause of peace; and in dealing with foreign statesmen, who regard veracity and plain dealing as a mark of political weakness, we have to think not so much of what is due to them, as of what belongs to our own sense of courtesy and honour. The pacific assurances of which Russia was so prodigal during the past year, and which were made with all the forms of disinterested virtue and in the name of an illustrious sovereign, could not but be accepted for what they were worth by England. They

were accepted by ourselves, as perhaps our readers may recollect, in the most dubitative form; and we question whether they were regarded by the Government with more confidence. If they were believed, especially at the moment of the signature of the Protocol, it would be a remarkable case of political hallucination, which was speedily dispelled. The only plain and simple explanation of the whole of these transactions is that which we ventured to give last October, namely, that Russia was resolved to throw off the restraint of the Treaty of Paris, to renew her secular attacks on the Ottoman Empire, to claim the protectorate of the Christian subjects of the Porte, with probably some other considerable advantages, and to dictate her own terms of peace instead of accepting the terms dictated to her in 1856 by Europe. She was encouraged to pursue this policy by the misconduct of the Turkish Government which had alienated the sympathy and support of Christendom; by its gross corruption and an act of bankruptcy; by the oppression of its subjects; and by the barbarous repression of an insurrection organised by foreign emissaries. She was further encouraged by the total disunion of the European Powers, by the tacit encouragement of Germany, by the weakness of Austria, by the forced neutrality of France, and by the hesitating policy of the Government and the excited state of popular feeling in England. Nothing certainly was wanting to give a favourable opportunity of conquest to an ambitious and aggressive Power, and we can only wonder that the Russians thought it necessary to disguise the natural bent of their policy by such an extraordinary amount of diplomatic embellishment. To those who are at all accustomed to read the faces of performers on the stage of politics, nothing was easier than to see that they were playing a part—and playing it so carelessly that they were laughing all the time at their dupes. The only language which the Russian diplomatists would really have understood was that of stern and peremptory resistance: and that they well knew that no Power in Europe was in a condition to address to them. They therefore carried their point, so far as was necessary to engage the Porte in a single-handed and unequal contest, fraught with extreme danger to the existence of the Ottoman Empire, and likely either to reduce that Empire to a state of dependence on Russian protection, or to annihilate it altogether, if the fortune of war should favour the aggressor. We have thus ‘drifted’ not into war, but into one of the most momentous and perplexing crises in the history of modern Europe.

The question is not whether Turkey can resist a Russian invasion or Russia beat the Turkish armies. That, if the

Czar persevere long enough, is supposed to be a foregone conclusion; and very possibly if a collapse of the Ottoman power occurs, it may be total. But the problem which agitates and perplexes the minds of statesmen throughout Europe is this—supposing the authority of the Porte to be shaken, sensibly diminished, or swept away, what is to take its place? It is there that the danger to the general peace of the world lies. Russia has in all this course of action a policy and a purpose, namely, intervention extending to conquest. But we are at present unable to discover in the conduct and language of the other States of Europe, including our own country, any definite and decided policy at all; and it is possible that we may be awakened from this languid and inert state by some event which would rouse the people of England like a clap of thunder, and cause them to exact a severe reckoning from those to whom they have entrusted the defence of their interests and the management of their affairs.

Yet it is not easy to discover the precise consequences and results, which, even in the event of a speedy and successful campaign, can repay Russia for her laborious and discreditable intrigues, for her large financial sacrifices, for a huge military effort, burdensome to the whole population of the Empire, and for the peril to which she exposes her relations with the other Powers of Europe. To suppose that a great Empire would risk its credit, its fame, and the peace of the world, merely from commiseration for the suffering peasantry of a neighbouring province or from religious sympathy, is an absurdity. Men are instigated to such actions by the bad passions of hatred and ambition, not by the good motives of charity, piety, and love. If the objects of Russia were solely to put an end to oppression and persecution, she would find ample occasion for the indulgence of this new-born passion for liberty and toleration within her own dominions. Russia has plunged into this war, which she alone has caused, and from which all the other Powers of Europe (except Germany)* tried to dissuade her, for an

* The motives of the great German Chancellor in promoting a war which a word from him would have arrested, are one of the most obscure and mysterious elements in this problem. The most probable solution is that Prince Bismarck desires that the existing Russian army should be destroyed, and this result will probably be accomplished alike by victory or by defeat. This utter indifference of the Prussian Government to the most frightful loss of life and to the misery caused by war is extremely characteristic, and might even be called 'anti-human.' If our sympathies are to be challenged in the name of humanity, and our indignation roused by enormous acts of cruelty and

Imperial object. Nothing short of an Imperial object could justify, even by her own code of morals, so much bloodshed, so much ruin, spent in so perilous an enterprise. We are no believers in the doctrine of fatality, or the blind impulse of a fanatical people. The Czar of Russia and his ministers are absolute masters of the Empire, especially in its foreign relations; if Alexander II. had chosen to preserve peace, peace would have been preserved; and we know not why it should not be said, since it is manifestly true, that he has broken the treaties which bound him to all the other Powers of Europe, and that his actions have been, throughout, in direct contradiction to the language held by himself or in his name.

There is then an Imperial object in this war, which has put in motion half a million of men, and brought a quarter of a million into the field. Where and what is it? We incline to believe that it is not exclusively or mainly to be found on the Danube, although the proclamation of the Emperor of Russia to the Bulgarians distinctly intimates that 'as fast as the Russian troops advance into the interior of the country the power of the Turk will be replaced by regular organisations; the native inhabitants will be summoned to take an active part therein, under the supreme direction of special authorities, and new Bulgarian legions will be formed.' It deserves to be remarked that the assurances previously given by Russia that she sought no territorial aggrandisement have entirely disappeared, and that she already assumes the right to govern the lands she has invaded. The ostensible object of the war,

despotic power, it is the authors and promoters of this war who deserve to be held up to the execration of mankind.

'For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are, every one, a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.'

They it is who have dragged the peasant of the North to meet on the banks of the Danube the peasant of the East, in a conflict alike indifferent, and alike mortal, to both the combatants. Already victims far outnumbering the sufferers of last year have perished in this struggle. Before it is ended perhaps a quarter of a million of human beings will have lost their lives or their limbs; and the false enthusiasm excited last autumn in the name of pity and mercy has kindled a conflagration which at this moment shrouds the provinces of a vast empire in fire, bloodshed, and gloom. Whether these results have been brought about by deliberate policy, or by ignorance and folly, they are alike abhorrent to every principle of humanity and justice.

even at this early period, is therefore to dispossess the existing sovereign of the country and to establish a new government there under Russian protection. The passage of the Danube having been effected, though after a considerable delay, the advance of the army may be anticipated. But the greater the army and the further they advance, the greater will be the difficulty of providing food and supplies. The columns which have entered the Dobrudscha have to cross 120 miles of a pestilential district, peculiarly deficient in water, and at the present time the left wing of the army derives no support from the sea. Both divisions of the army will find themselves opposed by formidable fortresses, and it remains to be seen whether they will have the strength to detach forces in sufficient numbers to invest these strongholds and keep their garrisons in check, whilst the main body of the army assails the passes of the Balkan. The Russians have succeeded in bringing 200,000 men into the field. The campaign has now been opened on the largest scale; and we have heard it contended by very high military authority that in six weeks after the passage of the Danube, their advanced guard will be in Constantinople. We trust not. We trust still more that the British Government is fully prepared to meet, with the utmost promptitude, such a contingency. But as it is utterly vain to speculate on the incidents of a campaign now in progress, we shall confine our remarks to its political results.

We shall assume, for the present, that the principal objects of Russia in engaging in this war are these:—

1. To shake off the obligations of the Treaty of Paris, concluded in 1856 between Russia and all the great Powers of Europe, and to substitute for it a separate Treaty with Turkey, conferring on the Emperor of Russia in express terms the protectorate of the Christian population of Turkey.
2. The recovery of the maritime supremacy of Russia in the Black Sea by the surrender or destruction of the Turkish fleet, and by opening the passage of the Straits to men-of-war.
3. The conquest of Armenia, including the port of Batoum, and the occupation by Russia of the central *plateau* of Asia Minor.

That these are *all* the objects contemplated and desired by Russia is more than we should venture to affirm; but they are the most obvious and attainable.

On the first of these points it is enough to observe that it would amount to the concession of the Menschikoff demands

of 1853, and to the surrender of all that was declared at that time by Great Britain, in accord with all the other Powers of Europe, to be impossible. A more complete stultification and recantation of the whole policy which led us to resist those demands at that time cannot be conceived. Why were the Menschikoff demands of 1853 resisted by Turkey with the concurrence and support of Europe? It was not because they were regarded simply as menacing to the Mahommedans and to the government of the Porte, but far more because they aimed at placing the whole *Christian* population of Turkey under the exclusive control of Russia, because they would have transferred to Russia the allegiance of a large portion of the subjects of the Sultan, and would thus have established the authority of Russia, inexpugnably, in the Ottoman dominions. That is what Great Britain and Europe objected to in 1853; and we see no reason to think that such a result would be less objectionable now. For not only would that result bring about an enormous and disproportionate increase of the power of Russia, but it would destroy, perhaps for ever, the best hopes of the Christian populations of those countries. The only result of these Eastern wars and revolutions which we should hail with true satisfaction would be the rise and establishment of an independent Christian Power in the seat of empire; and it is impossible to doubt that the Greek race, in spite of the defects of character which have been handed down from antiquity with its genius and its energy, is alone capable of founding and maintaining in the East a great and free Christian State. But that is precisely the consummation to which Russia will never assent. She had far rather see Constantinople in the hands of a feeble Turkish Government than allow it to become the centre of a free Christian State. One of her objects in this very war is to check and crush these aspirations of Christian independence. As long as they can be directed by herself and to her own aggrandisement they are encouraged, as a mode of weakening Turkey; but the moment they cease to be Russian, they become hateful in the eyes of Russia. The point of difference between ourselves and the Russian statesmen is in reality not so much what is to be done with the Turks as what is to be done with the Christians. We desire them to be independent and free, and that the people of those countries should be left to work out their own political destinies. Russia desires them to be protected, controlled, governed, and virtually absorbed by herself. Under her rule, these provinces would sink into the condition of the tributary kingdoms of the Roman Republic. The

state of Roumania and Servia at this moment sufficiently demonstrates what she understands by independence. They have been torn from the Porte only to be annexed to her own dominions. This is the irreconcilable difference of our policy ; this is the reason for which we regard the claim of a protectorate over the Christian subjects of Turkey as injurious to themselves and dangerous to Europe.

On the second point, that of maritime supremacy in the Black Sea, there is much to be said, and it seems to be admitted that the existing Convention of the Straits cannot be modified without the concurrence of the Powers that signed it, not by any direct arrangement between Russia and Turkey. This too is one of the points on which England has reserved her full liberty of action. But whatever the arrangement may hereafter become, this much is clear, that if the Russian fleet ever acquires the right of sailing from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, the fleets of all foreign nations must acquire the right of ingress from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea ; and not only the legal right, recorded in a treaty, but physical securities that the passage shall never be closed or interfered with. It may be doubted whether this would meet the views of Russia, although we are aware that she did go so far as to propose to the British Government at one moment last autumn the occupation of Gallipoli. As long as the Dardanelles are closed to foreign navies, and Russia is at peace with Turkey, her whole southern frontier is unassailable. Let the Dardanelles be open, and she has to defend a vast extent of assailable coast, from her commercial interests at Odessa to her military establishments in the Caucasus. In the event of war with England, the Black Sea becomes our natural theatre of hostilities against Russia. We can hardly conceive that it is consistent with the interest or intention of Russia to open it to the British fleet ; or that she can desire that we, and the other maritime states of Europe, should, in time of peace, keep squadrons cruising off those coasts. Rightly considered, the neutralisation of the Black Sea by the Treaty of Paris was a perfectly wise and reasonable provision, eminently favourable to the security of Russia herself. It was foolish to abandon it ; and it would be more foolish still to open the Black Sea to the fleets of the world, unless Russia thinks that her maritime strength enables her to defy them all with impunity. As far as England is concerned, she has nothing to apprehend from the opening of the Straits, except that it would impose on her the additional expense of maintaining a Black Sea squadron, capable at all times of securing the passage. But when Russian

statesmen talk of opening the Dardanelles to ships of war, what they mean is to open the Straits to their own ships, and to close them against the rest of the world. Otherwise her position would become far more insecure than it is at present.

We are indebted to Colonel James Baker, who has given us the best and most instructive book we have yet seen on Turkey in Europe, for an accurate account of the Ottoman fleet, and these statements suggest some highly important considerations to ourselves. Turkey, he tells us, now ranks as the *third* naval Power in the world (perhaps he might have placed it second only to our own); it consists of 21 armour-clads, including 5 gunboats; it has also 5 first-class steam frigates, 10 steam corvettes, 26 steam transports, 35 small war steamers, besides small sailing vessels. This fleet is manned by 28,462 excellent sailors and 3,600 marines, and the whole is commanded and administered by Hobart Pasha, one of the most gallant and capable officers trained in the British navy. Whatever may have been the views and shortcomings of the late Sultan, he certainly left his Empire well-prepared with a very formidable naval force, and as Colonel Baker emphatically remarks, 'the possibility of its falling into the hands of Russia is worth considering, as it would make her superior to England as a naval power.' It cannot be a matter of indifference to this country, that the only fleet in the world consisting of ships as powerful as our own, and which are in fact all of the best British construction, and paid for with British money, should pass from the command of an empire invariably friendly to ourselves to that of an ambitious rival. Is the surrender of that fleet to Russia, which would at once arm her with vessels she is unable to build, to take the place of an indemnity for the expenses of the war? And if so, is that a matter of indifference to England, a power which on far slighter grounds took possession of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, lest it should fall into the hands of Napoleon? The existence of Turkey at this moment depends—like the existence of Athens of old—on her ships. It is her maritime superiority which alone balances the enormous military superiority of the Russian forces; and we rejoice to think that English-built ships, commanded by an English officer, are still masters of the element on which our own power rests, and which still opposes a barrier to aggression. Russia, well-knowing the strength of this obstacle, would have persuaded us at any price to play the prelude to this campaign by destroying or paralysing the Turkish fleet. That was the gist of her 'coercive measures:' happily we were not taken in by them. But it is obvious that if she is in a con-

dition to dictate terms of peace she will endeavour to crush the maritime power of the Porte, or rather to transfer it to herself, and that England would see the second navy in the world arrayed against her instead of being allied to her own squadrons. To us, this appears to be a matter of the gravest consequence, and a result to be averted at any price.

But the subject to which we are chiefly desirous of directing the attention of our readers at the present moment is the *third* of the objects we have indicated in the *programme* of this war, namely, the advance of the Russians in Asia Minor; for although the consequences of these operations may be less immediately apparent than the movement of forces in Europe or on the Black Sea, we believe that, if successful, they would produce more important effects on the history of the world. Nor have we now first taken up and expressed this opinion. At page 45 of this Journal, published in January last (No. 297), we quoted the memorable declaration of Fuad Pasha, made to the Sultan in 1869, that *beyond all doubt in the course of future events the most serious attacks of the Russians would be directed against the Turkish provinces in Asia Minor*; and we went on briefly to remark on the effect which these attacks would have on British interests in the East and on the existence of the Ottoman Empire. These predictions have been fulfilled, and the subject now requires further consideration.

If there be an empire in the world whose frontiers would seem to be marked out by the barriers of nature, it is the southern territory of Russia bounded by the Sea of Azoff and the great range of the Caucasus. The strength of Russia lies in her vast extent of territory, inhabited by a singularly uniform population, speaking the same language, professing the same faith, and obeying the same laws. In that core of the empire she is invulnerable, and we do not pretend that her peculiar institutions are uncongenial to her people. But when Russia comes in contact with other races, her rule becomes in the highest degree oppressive, arbitrary, sanguinary, and intolerant. Nevertheless, she has sought, from an early period of her history, to extend her dominion over races of men absolutely alien to herself, and this has always been the work of the sword. The Muscovite population of the Empire amounts to fifty millions, the largest and most compact race of the Christian world; but this compact body is surrounded by Poles, Curlanders, Finns, Georgians, Armenians, Circassians, Tartars, Roumanians, Bashkirs, Jews, Moravian Colonists, and Mohammedans, all of whom it is now proposed to reduce to one

uniform standard of language and universal military service. It appears that one quarter of the Russian army consists of men who are not Russians at all, but the conquered subjects of Russia.

General Monteith entitled the interesting volume published by him in 1856 'Kars and Erzeroum, and an Account of the 'Conquests of Russia beyond the Caucasus from the time 'of Peter the Great to the Treaty of Turkmankai and of 'Adrianople;' and in fact this design may be traced to Peter's first expedition upon the Caspian, as long ago as 1722, which cost Persia dear. Georgia was still independent; the native princes, Heraclius and Gurgine, maintained themselves till the end of the last century, partly under Russian protection, and in the end they abdicated in favour of the Emperor Paul. In 1801 Georgia became by this surrender an integral part of Russia, and the plans of Peter the Great for the subjugation of all the adjacent kingdoms—plans which had never been lost sight of by his successors—were thenceforward steadily pursued. These designs led to a series of wars with Persia, in which the agents of the British Government in that country took no undistinguished part, for the officers of the East India Company were perfectly aware that in defending the frontiers of Georgia they were defending the approaches to India.

But although Russia had approached and annexed Georgia from the Caspian side, the intermediate territory of the mountain range of the Caucasus long remained unsubdued. Its warlike and chivalrous native tribes of highlanders, chiefly Mahommedans, owed allegiance to Turkey, but they enjoyed a virtual independence in their own coasts and valleys. The Russian princes had obtained from an early period both sides of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, which commands the entry to the Sea of Azoff (a country which has recently been visited by Captain Telfer, and is exceedingly well described in his highly interesting volumes). But it was not till 1790 that a Russian army crossed the Kuban, a river which was, and long remained, the true frontier of the empire. Anapa was still a Turkish port, and remained so till it was wrested from the Ottoman Empire by the treaty of 1829. Anapa in the north, and Poti in the south, were the two extremities of the coast, which Russia proceeded to claim. She never had the slightest territorial right to the country of these Circassian mountaineers; and we venture to say that never was a war carried on for a long series of years with more unrelenting ferocity or with a less avowable object. We cannot understand on what

principle sympathy has been loudly expressed for the Montenegrins, subjects of the Porte, to whom liberal terms of peace were offered, when it is withheld from a race equally warlike and independent, who have been brutally crushed and sacrificed by Russian invasion. The Circassians, like the Montenegrins, are what the Laureate calls 'chaste, frugal, savage;' both races are equally ready to fight for their freedom and their faith, though their faith is not the same; both are alike barbarous and brave; but with this difference, that the Montenegrins lie in the heart of the Turkish dominions, and the Circassians lay, till lately, entirely outside of the Russian Empire. Colonel Baker quotes a despatch from Colonel Dickson to Earl Russell, dated Soukum-Kalé, March 17, 1864, which shows in what spirit this ferocious contest was carried on. The incident related occurred after the conclusion of what was called peace.

'I feel it a painful duty,' writes the Consul, 'to report a deed that has come to my knowledge, which has so exasperated the Circassians as to excite them to further resistance, however desperate their case may be. A Russian detachment having captured the village of Toubek on the Soobashi River, inhabited by about 100 Abadzekh, *and after they had surrendered themselves prisoners they were all massacred by the Russian troops.* Among the victims were two women in an advanced state of pregnancy and five children. The department in question belongs to Count Evdokimoff's army, and is said to have advanced from the Pshido Valley. As the Russian troops gain ground on the coasts, *the natives are not allowed to remain there on any terms*, but are compelled either to transfer themselves to the plains of the Kouban, or emigrate to Turkey. This was but one of many such acts.'

Can anyone be astonished if this policy of massacre and extermination, systematically carried on by the Russians against the Circassians, has engendered the fiercest sentiments of hatred and revenge in the hearts of a brave, independent, and persecuted race? And at what a price to Russia was this abominable warfare carried on!

General Monteith computes that the population of the Caucasus and Georgia, and the Mohammedan population as far as the banks of the Arras, did not exceed three millions. The number of recruits annually furnished to the army of the Caucasus from 1800 to 1830 was returned at 22,000; up to that time, therefore, 660,000 men had been sacrificed by Russia to her unproductive conquests. After 1830 the invasion of the northern tribes of the Caucasus was more vigorously carried on, and a much greater number of men had been called for; indeed (says Monteith), 'I think it may be safely stated that up to

‘ the present time *a million and a half* of men in the prime of ‘ life have perished there either by sickness or the sword.’ This was written in 1856 ; but the war lasted seven years longer, for it was not till 1863 that the Grand Duke Michael could announce the surrender of Schamyl and the termination of the contest. A circumstance which renders the sacrifice of Russian soldiers still more abominable is that one third of the recruits to the army are married men, torn from their wives and families, and the necessity of providing for their widows and orphans imposes a heavy charge on the State. Then followed the horrible extermination of the Circassians and their families from their native mountains. A refuge was offered them in Turkey, and even in European Turkey, where they have proved very inconvenient settlers. Those who accepted lands in Southern Russia are still more miserable. But does not all this crime and misery lie at the door of that Power which, in the pursuit of its own ends, determined to crush and subjugate, at any cost, some of the bravest and most independent mountain tribes in the known world? War carried on as it was carried on in the Caucasus may be a field for personal bravery, but it is a bad school for an army. The Caucasus was chiefly useful to Nicholas because it served to rid him of many an ardent and inquiring spirit that would have been dangerous elsewhere. At length, after incalculable sacrifices, the end was attained; the Circassians were conquered and ejected, the Caucasus was subdued, and the Russians succeeded in establishing one post-road through the Dariel Pass, which alone unites the Transcaucasian provinces with the Northern Empire. For twelve years peace has subsisted; but judging from the nature of the country and the spirit of its inhabitants, and from some recent occurrences, if Turkey has the means of arming* the country and operating from the coast, the Russians might be placed in a position of some difficulty in those provinces.

We have failed to discover what was the peace establishment of the Russo-Georgian army, or what are the returns of the provinces. But the government is essentially military, the army is enormously large in proportion to the population and wealth of the provinces—so much so, that even in peace it drew a part of its supplies from Russia—and we very much question whether any portion of the Caucasian or Transcaucasian provinces of the empire can have paid its expenses. Indeed, all these eastern conquests of Russia must, by the nature of things, be not only unproductive, but costly. They add nothing to the strength or wealth of the empire. If the public works,

which are urgently required in those wild regions, were to be executed, they would of course require a very large advance of capital. The natural productions and trade of the country are inconsiderable. What then, we must again ask ourselves, is the object of these persevering efforts and enormous sacrifices? Russia has spent in an ignoble and barbarous warfare against a few mountain tribes, and in the occupation of some wild and rugged provinces, as many of the lives of her own subjects as would have sensibly augmented the population of her thinly peopled empire. If a single thought of humanity had ever crossed the minds of her statesmen, it must have arrested this interminable havoc and destruction. To force her way into Asia Minor has already cost her almost as many human lives as all the campaigns of Napoleon cost France. And with what result?

We shall answer the question in the remarkable language of Baron Félix de Beaujour, who wrote in 1829 a work entitled '*Voyage Militaire dans l'Empire Ottoman*,' in which all the military and political questions, suggested by the events of the present day, are discussed with great knowledge and sagacity.

M. de Beaujour points out that in order to hold Georgia safely Russia ought to advance to the line of the Araxes, which has been known from the days of the Romans as a great military barrier, though Pompey crossed it, and Virgil placed it in honour of Augustus on the visionary shield of Æneas:—

‘Indomitique Dahæ, et pontem indignatus Araxes.’

He then adds

‘Is it worth their while, after all, to hold a province so eccentric to the rest of the Empire? The Russians can only have, in the possession of Georgia, either a political or a commercial interest. But they have in fact neither one nor the other; and in the present state of their own civilisation they can hardly be suspected of a more glorious object—namely, the civilisation of Persia and Asiatic Turkey through Georgia.

‘Georgia was for a long period one of the great stations of the trade of India, and it has been imagined, as if nothing changed in the world, that it might become so again, if the Caspian could be united to the Black Sea by an artificial canal. Seleucus Nicator once formed this project, and it might not be impossible to execute it by joining the Phasis to the Kour, through the gorges of the Amarantha mountains. The Phasis might be rendered navigable to Sorapanis and the Kour to Soura; and the distance between these places is only fifteen leagues.

‘When the Mohammedans by seizing Alexandria and Antioch closed the routes of Egypt and Syria to the trade of the East, that trade took the Georgia line; and this is what led to the great prosperity of Constantinople and even of Theodosia in the middle ages. But it is obvious that the difficulties of that route [and it might now be

added, the facilities opened to the world by the Suez Canal], have virtually closed this line of communication. Russia has, therefore, no commercial interest in holding Georgia. Has she any political interest in it?

‘As long as Georgia and the Tauric Chersonesus were independent, Turkey was defended from Russia by the great extent of the Black Sea, and on the east, as well as on the west of that sea, by the deserts which extend on one side from the Volga to the Tanais, and on the other from the Borysthenes to the Niester. This barrier was everywhere impenetrable, and especially so on the east, where it was closed by the Caucasus, like a rampart. *But since the Russians are masters of Georgia, they have in their hands the keys of Armenia, and with the keys of Armenia, the sources of the Tigris and the Euphrates, which lay open to them Turkey in Asia.*

‘Georgia not only lays open to Russia Turkey, but also Persia. Masters of the great table-land which commands Asia Minor, they can descend at pleasure upon either one or the other of these empires. There are neither natural nor artificial obstacles to be opposed to them. The lines of the Phasis and the Bathys are turned; those of the Kour and the Araxes may in several places be crossed; and a Russian army may henceforth march across Asia Minor upon Constantinople, or across Media upon Teheran, with no greater impediments to surmount than a few river channels to be crossed and a few insignificant forts to be taken.

‘Georgia, by giving the Caucasus to Russia, has given her the commanding point of Asia, just as Dalmatia, by giving Austria the heights of Mount Scardo, has given her the command of Albania; and as the Austrians might invade Turkey in Europe from Albania, the Russians might invade Asia Minor from the Caucasus.

‘But, on the other hand, the occupation of Georgia is far more onerous to the Russians than that of Dalmatia to Austria. The latter provinces may be held with a handful of soldiers; but the Russians cannot hold Georgia with less than 40,000 or 50,000 men, because their army is scattered over a vast extent of territory and surrounded by warlike tribes. Such an army is not easily supported, because reliefs and material must continually be sent to it by the Black Sea or through the Caucasus. Georgia, therefore, may serve Russia as a base of attack against Turkey or against Persia; but, *until Persia is conquered*, it would not serve as a base to send an army to India against the English, because the English have in India a highly effective army, and it is impossible to march against such an army across 400 leagues of hostile and barren territory. The English have, therefore, nothing to fear from the Transcaucasian settlements of Russia; and in the event of war between the two states, the Russians are much more likely to see an English fleet cross the Baltic and anchor under the walls of Petersburg, than the English are to see a Russian army cross Persia and India to encamp under the walls of Calcutta.

‘Georgia, therefore, is of no use to Russia except as a base of attack for the conquest of Persia or Turkey; but as a state can only exist in certain proportions, and as the unity of command is lost at a

distance, and the strength of a country consists, not in its area but in its cohesion, Russia cannot conquer Persia or Turkey without dividing herself and losing her unity. Georgia, therefore, can only serve Russia by enabling her to dispose of the government of Persia or of Turkey, or to introduce civilisation into those countries, which, however, would be much better and sooner civilised, if France and England formed and acted on the generous design to extend the blessings of civilisation round the basin of the Mediterranean, by forming European colonies in Africa, and more especially in Egypt.' (*M. de Beaujour*, vol. ii. p. 58.)

These remarks, written nearly fifty years ago by a candid and dispassionate observer, who had studied every inch of the country, appear to us to be extremely instructive and appropriate. Taken by themselves the conquest of the Caucasus and the annexation of Georgia are perfectly worthless and even onerous acquisitions. Their political and military value consists in that to which they lead. They lead to the virtual conquest of that portion of Asia Minor which must be regarded as one of the central positions of the globe. Perhaps it may not altogether be due to fancy or accident that the earliest records of our race rested the Ark on Mount Ararat, and exposed Prometheus on the peak of the Caucasus. That region was invested with legendary terrors in primæval time, and later in antiquity it became the seat of fierce and terrible wars. Even the fantastic tales of Moslem superstition gather round the heights which are believed by Orientals to be the centre of the world. The religious, the political, the military traditions of the lands which extend from the Caucasus to either sea, melt into the horizon of history. It was round those coasts that Alexander marched the Macedonian phalanx. It was through those passes that Xenophon led the Ten Thousand on their wondrous return from Mosul to Trebizond. The great shades of Mithridates and Tigranes still haunt the realms of Pontus and Armenia; and across those rugged and now unpeopled highlands Lucullus and Pompey drove, with incredible boldness and success, the victorious legions of Rome.*

* The Roman Senate, like our own, was little disposed to engage in the Eastern Question of that day, and proposed to adhere to a policy of neutrality. They declined the succession of Egypt, offered to the Republic on the death of Alexander I., and they allowed Tigranes to advance his frontier to the Euphrates and the Syrian coast. Mommsen, with his wonted partiality, ascribes this policy of moderation and reserve to the oligarchical jealousies of the Senate; and suggests that the advance of an Armenian sovereign to the Mediterranean coasts was a most dangerous innovation, 'the beginning of the end.' But in fact Lucullus and Pompey, who broke through these limitations, were the

For the vast and lofty table-land, begirt with stupendous mountains, from which the Euphrates and the Tigris, and all the streams of Asia Minor take their rise, occupied a commanding position in the historical geography of the ancient world, and the time may come when power and military strength may revert to the scenes they have so long forsaken.

This table-land of Asia Minor, more familiar to us under its ancient than under its modern nomenclature, was the heart of Phrygia, sloping on the east to the valley of the Euphrates, by Cappadocia and Lesser Armenia; on the north to what was once the kingdom of Pontus on the Black Sea; on the west towards the coasts of the Egean, the Greek colonies which lined the shore, and the famous kingdoms of Mysia, Lydia, and Caria; lastly on the south to the Mediterranean, through the littoral of Lycia, Pamphylia, and Cilicia.

To borrow another sentence from M. Beaujour:—

‘The table-land of Asia Minor, circumscribed by the several ranges of Mount Taurus, is extremely irregular. To the east and the south it is flanked by a sort of terrace, looking down on the Euphrates and the Mediterranean; to the west the Meander, the Cayster, the Hermus, the Hyllus, and the Caicus force their way through deep glens to the sea; towards the north the land slopes towards the Propontis and the Black Sea, watered by the Ryndacus, the Sangarus, the Halys, and the Iris. The edges of this table-land, more or less fertile, have all been formed by the alluvial deposits of these rivers. Thus it may easily be seen that an army in command of the table-land commands the whole peninsula, since it can descend in every direction along the course of these rivers to the sea. The circumference of Asia Minor was in ancient times entirely inhabited by the Greeks; but in spite of their superiority in civilisation to the rude children of the mountains, they could never subdue them, because the *lie* of the ground was against them. Alexander, who undertook that conquest, invested the table-land before he attacked it; he in fact, marched round it along the coast, and it was not till he reached Gordium that the fate of Asia Minor was decided. That was, perhaps, the true Gordian knot.’ (*Beaujour*, vol. iv. p. 550.)

These names are changed; but the country remains; and even these cities and kingdoms of the past may be traced in their ruins. At the foot of the mountains which rise in successive chains to this highland region, lie the four modern

most aristocratical of Roman generals; and the success of their arms effectually reduced the whole of Asia Minor to the condition of a Roman province, which it continued to be, even under the Greek Empire, until the invasion of the Turkish tribes. The eight campaigns of Lucullus, across these difficult tracts of country, from Cyzicus to the Euphrates, are a prodigy of Roman strategy, admirably related by Mommsen, in the fifth book of his History.

cities or towns of Angora to the north, Kutayah to the west, Koniah to the south, and Cesarea or Kaisarieh to the east. Erzeroum itself lies farther east, and can hardly be included in Asia Minor itself; but Erzeroum, and the lofty plateau 7,000 feet above the sea on which it stands, give to an army advancing from the north-east an entire command of the whole country in every direction. All the roads or tracks which traverse Asia Minor, and which are still frequented by large and numerous caravans of Eastern traders, necessarily cross this table-land. The route from Constantinople or Broussa to Erzeroum; the route by Diarbekir to Mosul; the route to Aleppo, Bagdad, and Syria in the south; the route connecting the interior with Trebizond and Batoum in the north. A great portion of the import trade in these countries is in British commodities, favoured by the liberal commercial policy of the Porte; and one of the secondary objects of Russia is to get the control of these lines of commercial intercourse into her own hands. But a far more important object is the military occupation of the country, and the fatal blow which this occupation must inflict on the very heart of the Turkish Empire. The population of Asia Minor is believed not to exceed eight or ten millions, of whom about five millions are Mahommedans. But Anatolia is unquestionably the stronghold of the Turkish power. It is there that the armies of the Sultan are chiefly recruited, for the men are strong, docile, and brave. It is there that the best part of the Turkish revenue is collected. It is from the western districts of this country that Constantinople draws a large portion of her population and her supplies. Suppose this region to fall under the control of a hostile power, the very body of the Empire is gone. Constantinople would remain a mere headpiece without support. That indeed is exactly what Constantinople did become in the last days of the Greek Empire. The Turks had invaded and occupied Asia Minor just as the Russians are now invading it. The feeble representative of Constantine, threatened by the prowess of Bulgarian kings and the advance of northern barbarians, called the Seljukian Turks to his assistance in Europe. The assistance was effectual as regards the Bulgarians who were subdued; but ere long the arms of the victorious Turks were turned against the last degenerate child of Rome, and the Crescent rose above the Cross on the walls of Constantinople. There is a striking resemblance between these passages of history and the present course of events.

Constantinople is admirably adapted to be a seat of empire, resting on the strait which separates two continents, and unit-

ing the adjacent provinces under her supreme authority. But the long annals of this illustrious city demonstrate that when the provinces fall under a foreign invader, the capital itself is prostrate. It is, we fear, an entirely wild and baseless speculation that Constantinople could ever become a free and neutral city, under the joint protectorate of all the Powers. At the first disturbance—and disturbances can always be kindled in Stamboul as easily as fires—a pretext would be given to interfere for the preservation of order, and Constantinople would not long preserve that independence which Frankfort, Hamburgh, and Cracow have recently lost.

Constantinople, in other words, is admirably adapted to be a seat of empire when that empire embraces and commands the adjacent territories; but if those adjacent territories are not commanded by the Power occupying the city no worse situation can be imagined. It is open to attack by sea and land. Its supplies may be cut off; and the means of providing for its own defence, requiring a fleet and an army and ample stores of war, would be altogether wanting. We may therefore take it as an axiom, that the moment Constantinople ceases to be the centre of a great state, protected by the circumference of an empire, she lies at the mercy of the first assailant. If Russia succeeds in subduing the lines and fortresses of the Danube and obtains a commanding position in Asia Minor, she holds the real outworks of Constantinople, as effectually as if she were at Sizopolis or Scutari.

Russia appears, though in guarded language, to disclaim the design of attempting what she might find it difficult at the present time to accomplish—to seize and hold Constantinople. As a military operation, we question whether it is possible without the assistance of a powerful fleet, and it is certainly impossible in the teeth of a superior naval force. As a political measure, it is scarcely less impracticable, even in the present state of Europe. Russia does not advance so rapidly to her ends; but she pursues them with sagacious tenacity. Constantinople may be threatened from the other side of the Danube and the Hellespont; and the forces of the Ottoman Empire collected to defend those vast lines in Europe are drawn away from the eastern provinces in Asia. The occupation of the adjacent provinces may be as fatal to the independent existence of the Ottoman Empire as the possession of Constantinople itself.

The attack which undermines the fabric of the Empire in Asia is not less fatal, perhaps more so, than the invasion of Bulgaria; and if that prove successful the defence of the

European provinces would itself be paralysed. We had occasion to deal so fully with these topics more than twenty years ago, that to enter upon a narrative of the former Russian campaigns in Asia would be merely a repetition of what we published in January 1856, in the 209th No. of this Journal. The campaigns of Prince Paskiewitsch, first against the Persians, and subsequently against the Turks in 1828 and 1829, were certainly the most brilliant achievements performed in this century by a Russian army; and they differ from all other Russian military operations in this respect, that instead of being accomplished by large masses of troops, and at a great sacrifice of life, they were performed by very small columns admirably handled. Paskiewitsch never had more than 25,000 men under his orders in Asia or more than 12,000 in the field. Yet he took Kars (then very imperfectly fortified) by surprise and assault in four days; he took Akhiska, after a splendid defence; he reduced Bayazid, and captured 313 guns, 195 standards, and 8,000 prisoners. The whole Russian force engaged in that campaign was 18,000 men; their loss 3,200, as much by plague and bad climate as the sword. Yet even to obtain supplies for this small force was a work of great difficulty, for the theatre of war afforded no resources whatever. In the winter which preceded the campaign of 1829, Paskiewitsch formed much more extended designs, and it is possible that his plan of operations against Turkey is that which the Russians are now executing. They succeeded in forcing the passes of the Sughanlook, which are in fact concentric alpine ranges, scarcely less difficult of passage than the Swiss passes, and much less peopled or known, and thus they reached Erzeroum, which is incapable of defence against a numerous army. A commander in possession of the plateau of Erzeroum may turn his forces at pleasure against any part of Asia. Paskiewitsch might, if he had had sufficient force in 1829, have descended upon Trebizond by way of Baiburt, which is 82 miles from the former city; but here he was checked by the extreme difficulty of crossing the Giaour Daug and by the slenderness of his own resources. The warlike tribes of Adschara and Lazi, at that time, signally repulsed every attempt of the Russians to invade their country; the Christian invaders were repulsed; and at the first retrograde movement of the Russians the whole Mohammedan population rose. Peace was shortly afterwards concluded, and the acquisitions of Russia were confined to the Pashalik of Akhaltzik. General Monteith observes with truth, that in those campaigns the Russian forces were quite inadequate to the task assigned to them. Diebitsch

reached Adrianople with only 25,000 or 30,000 men; Paskiewitsch could barely maintain his position in Asia with 15,000.

Very different have been the preparations of Russia for the present war. It was stated on good authority that 120,000 men of the best troops in the Russian army were told off to occupy the Transcaucasian provinces. This army seemed immeasurably superior to the Asiatic forces of Turkey both in numbers and in quality; and with the exception of Kars and the forts on the coast which are supported by the Turkish fleet, it was supposed that scarcely a position could long be defended by the Turkish generals. It was the universal opinion of the first military and political authorities in Europe, that on the side of Asia the greatest preparations for war had been made by Russia, and the largest design of conquest formed. The inferiority of the Ottoman forces in Asia was accepted as an admitted fact; and it was supposed that the deserted, unproductive, and insalubrious state of Asia Minor, was the most formidable obstacle which the Russian armies would have to surmount. But the fortune of war is proverbially capricious; and it appears by the latest accounts which have reached London and the other capitals of Europe, that the combined operations of the Russian forces, advancing in three *corps d'armée* on Erzeroum, have received a serious check, which might, if properly used by the enemy, be turned into a defeat. Batoum, gallantly defended by its garrison, and covered by a detachment of the Ottoman fleet, has resisted several attacks, and stopped the march of the northern column. In the south, Bayazid appears to have been recovered by the Kurds. In the centre the Russian commander-in-chief has sustained a defeat at Zewin and is in retreat. If these facts are true, they may imply the failure of a great enterprise. Nothing is more perilous than retreat and failure in presence of an Asiatic population. The moment Paskiewitsch turned in 1829 at Baiburt, the whole country rose against him; and at the present moment the religious and national passions of the people are far more keenly excited against the Russians. If the Russian army stands in need of reinforcements and supplies, these can only reach their depôt in Georgia after a lengthened delay. The Black Sea being closed against them, every company and every gun, with all its munitions of war, must be brought by an enormous march through the pass of Dariel, or by the Caspian; and it is by no means certain that even that line of communication can be secured. The season during which operations of war can be carried on in the Armenian highlands is extremely short; before the army can

be re-organised for a fresh invasion, it will be over. Upon the whole, then, we are led to believe, that unless there is a very prompt and sudden revulsion in the course of events, the Russians have sustained a reverse, where they were most confident of success. In the two months which have now elapsed since the declaration of war, they have displayed a singular absence of strategical ability and readiness; and judging from the present aspect of affairs we are not without grounds for hoping that the disgrace of this war may recoil upon the authors of it. It is not the first time that Russia '*magnis tamen excidit ausis*;' and we have every reason to wait and watch the progress of events.

It follows, we think, from the declarations of Ministers both in and out of Parliament, that the policy of this country is essentially *expectant*, as a true policy of neutrality must necessarily be; and this view of our duties appears to be approved by the nation. It is that which we ourselves have uniformly advocated. It is impossible to act against suppositions and imaginary contingencies; for if we applied our strength to avert some fancied calamity, we might be diverting it from the real point of attack. Before this country will change its present attitude of reserve, the object we propose to effect must be clearly in view, real, and tangible. But no doubt the circumstance that a war is going on, which threatens the existence of a vast Empire and the independence of territories in which we have more than an indirect interest, imposes on the Government the necessity of keeping well in hand a force capable of dealing with a sudden emergency. Great Britain ought to be able to send forth a *corps d'armée* of 40,000 men, perfectly equipped, to any spot to which our ships could transport them; and the knowledge that such an expedition could be despatched, would not be without weight in the affairs of Europe, and might be the best means of restoring peace. The real danger to the interests of this country does not lie in the particular incidents of the war now going on in Asia and on the Danube, so much as in the conditions of the peace which may terminate the conflict. Turkey may be reduced by the exhaustion of her resources suddenly to capitulate and throw herself into the arms of Russia; Russia may be enabled by some decisive success to dictate and extort her own terms. For either, or any, alternative it is well to be prepared.

Should it ever become necessary for England to appear in force upon the theatre of war, as a mediator rather than a belligerent, there is one move so simple and so effectual, and

so much within our own power, that we pointed it out at the beginning of the Crimean war, in 1854, when it was supposed that the Russians might take Silistria and Schumla, and bear down with irresistible strength on Constantinople; and after twenty years' consideration we still maintain that it is the move which places a fair share of the game in our own hands. We mean the occupation of the Thracian Chersonesus, or the lines of Gallipoli, forming the western coast of the passage of the Dardanelles. Sir John Burgoyne was sent to study the position in the winter of 1854; and we believe his plans and observations on the subject are on record. Indeed the first landing of the allied forces in 1854 was at Gallipoli, when it was anticipated that the Russians would advance from the Danube, and at that time preparations were made by the French for the construction of a line of regular works across the isthmus. The retreat of the Russians from before Silistria rendered these precautions superfluous. In truth the value of this position is so obvious that it had long before attracted the attention of military writers, and we shall again borrow from M. de Beaujour his observations on the subject:—

‘The Thracian Chersonesus is a tongue of land which seems to detach itself from Europe, and stretch out towards Asia, being watered on one side by the Hellespont and on the other by the gulf of Saros. The isthmus which joins this promontory to Thrace is only two leagues broad; and it was formerly enclosed by a wall from sea to sea, flanked by the three forts of Cardia, Lysimachia, and Pactica. Cardia was on the gulf, to the west; Lysimachia in the middle of the isthmus; and Pactica on the Hellespont, between Gallipoli and Ganos. This peninsula is so steep on the northern or western coast, that there are no soundings; but behind Cape Bacla, in the bay of Cardia, there is good anchorage, and here it would be easy for a fleet to land an expedition, which could easily reach the heights that command the whole isthmus. These heights are not more than 4,000 toises (about four miles and a-half), wide, and might be defended by a chain of redoubts armed with ship's guns. [A work of far less extension than the lines of Torres Vedras, and with this advantage, that from the narrowness of the isthmus it never could be attacked in front by large forces.] The ground all along the isthmus is very much broken and would afford excellent positions of defence. An attack on this isthmus would at once isolate it from the whole of Turkey and cut it off from all relief, and if the isthmus is occupied the whole peninsula falls, because the greater heights command the lower ranges and the entire shore. By this operation the Hellespont may be turned by the isthmus of the Thracian Chersonesus, and consequently all the forts on the European side of the strait. But as this side of the strait is higher than the Asiatic coast, the forts on that coast could not maintain themselves against the western forts, and would fall under their command. Thus the occupant

of the isthmus would command both shores of the strait; and if the two internal positions of Gallipoli and Tchardak were fortified, the Turks (or any power occupying Constantinople) would find the Hellespont closed against themselves and would be incarcerated in the sea of Marmora. The Thracian Chersonesus is therefore one of the most assailable points on the frontier of the Ottoman dominions, and the Turks could only defend themselves against such an attack by re-constructing the fortress of Cardia, in order to cover their own troops. Otherwise they might be captured in the peninsula, if they attempted to defend it, or pitched into the marshes of the gulf of Saros, if they attempted to keep open the communication with Constantinople.' (*Beaujour*, vol. ii. p. 500.)

The master of that little tongue of land, not five miles wide, which can only be held by a maritime power, but from which no great maritime power could be expelled, would in our belief hold the key of the whole Eastern question, as long as it suited him to retain that position; and we believe that a very small British force, landed there and supported by the fleet, would be inexpugnable. The most curious thing is that in the course of the late negotiations the Russians offered us the position, as the price of our assent to the operations they contemplated in Bulgaria. The British Government, faithful to the principle it had adopted of abstaining from force and from a Russian alliance, declined the proposal. If ever a British garrison is placed on that isthmus we hope it will go there, not by the assent of Russia or of Turkey, but to protect on our own responsibility the common interests of Europe. Or, if such an enterprise be too great for the courage of the present British Government, and calculated to give umbrage to Europe, it might be effected conjointly by the British fleet and the troops of France, Italy, or Austria. At present, and as long as this position remains in the hands of Turkey, it is perfectly inoffensive; but if Russia, even without attempting to advance on Constantinople, were to march from Adrianople down the valley of the Maritza on the Gulf of Enos and the Gulf of Saros, she could herself turn Constantinople without approaching it, and occupy this important tongue of land. It might be difficult to drive her out of it; though without naval superiority it could scarcely be held by the advanced guard of an army 500 miles from its base.

No doubt, in the event of the occurrence of some great catastrophe leading to the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire and the distribution of the vast territories which still acknowledge its sway, there is another measure of a far graver and more permanent character, which has found advocates not only in this country, but on the continent of Europe. We

allude to the acquisition of Egypt by Great Britain—the same compensation by which the Emperor Nicholas sought to tempt Sir Hamilton Seymour in 1853 to abet the designs then entertained against Constantinople. The importance of Egypt to this country has doubtless enormously increased since that period, both for military, naval, and commercial purposes. To the inhabitants of that country, an administration based on the principles of the Anglo-Indian Government would be a blessing. The commercial policy of England is the best security to the world for the freedom and efficiency of the great line of traffic between the Eastern and the Mediterranean Seas. It might be the interest of this country to make sacrifices for the possession of Egypt, although saddled as it is with debt, we question whether it would be a profitable investment; and it unquestionably is the duty of the British Government to prevent, at any risk, Egypt from becoming the property of any other European Power. These truths are so generally recognised in other countries, that public opinion abroad rather points in favour of such an acquisition than against it. The purchase by England of the Suez Canal shares was popular in Europe, as well as in this country, though it conferred on us no territorial privileges or powers whatever, and left the real question of dominion in Egypt quite untouched. These arguments may be alleged, and are alleged, by men of high character, as a justification of the policy of extending the influence of Great Britain over Egypt, by some form of protectorate which would gradually expand into sovereignty.

We are not insensible to their political value, if self-interest is to be the sole rule of conduct; but we cannot so easily reconcile such a proceeding to the rules of international morality and honesty. This much is certain. The acceptance by England of a share in the partition of an empire would be held to justify every other act of aggression throughout the world. It would be held by Russia to be the equivalent of Constantinople. Every ambitious state would stretch forth its arm to seize what it could get; and even the jackals of politics would fall upon the carrion abandoned by the eagles and the lions. To seize what does not belong to you, to appropriate a possession to which you have no claim but your own convenience, is to override every principle of law, and to proclaim a universal reign of force. That is the reason why the acquisition of Egypt is urged upon our attention by the organs of the Gortschakoffs and the Bismarcks of the day. ‘Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.’ There is something insidious in so much liberality, when it is exercised at the expense of others. Before

we can accept such gifts—before we can join in the opinion which is drifting in this direction, we should be glad to be more fully satisfied that the acquisition of Egypt is entirely consistent with the honour and integrity of this nation. It can never be the interest or the duty of Great Britain to sanction by her example the pillage of Europe; and when once the doctrine of equivalents is opened to discussion, it is impossible to foresee how nearly it may touch ourselves at home. The only true rule of politics, as we understand them, is to take our stand upon the basis of national good faith, duty, and right: and not to allow any temptation or prospect of advantage to divert us by one hair's breadth from it.

We have said as much at the present time, on this subject, as the critical and uncertain events of the campaign admit of. They may change while these sheets are passing through the press; and at any rate, the duty of the statesmen of Western Europe is confined at the present moment to watching them. The results of a campaign count for nothing until they are converted into a definitive engagement by a Treaty of Peace; and no Treaty of Peace can be concluded between Russia and Turkey which does not touch the general interests of Europe, and of this country especially.

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A. C. I.—1. *A Treatise on Coast Defence, based on the Experience gained by Officers of the Corps of Engineers of the Army of the Confederate States, and compiled from Official Reports of Officers of the Navy of the United States, made during the late North American War, from 1861 to 1865.* By VON SCHIELHA, Lieut.-Col. and Chief Engineer of the Department of the Gulf of Mexico of the Army of the late Confederate States of America. London: 1868.

Submarine Warfare, Offensive and Defensive, including a Discussion of the Offensive Torpedo System, its Effects upon Ironclad Ship Systems, and Influence upon future Naval Wars. By Lieut. Commander J. S. BARNES, U.S.N. With Illustrations. New York: 1869.

The Harvey Sea Torpedo. London: 1871.

4. *Offensive Torpedo Warfare.* By Commander DAWSON, R.N. Being a Lecture delivered at the Royal United Service Institution on Jan. 30, 1871. *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*, Vol. XV., No. 62. London: 1871.

5. *U. S. Army and Navy Journal*, Vol. XIV., Nos. 42, 45. New York: 1877.

THE main secret of the art of war, according to the dictum of one of the greatest captains of modern times, lies in the power of rapidly concentrating, at a given point, an overwhelming force. In all warfare, from the spring of the tiger to the mathematical combinations of a well-planned campaign, the great object is to deliver an irresistible blow, or, if it be

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needed, a succession of such blows. Such is the science of the pugilist, such the object of the strategist, such the aim of the artillerist. The dawn of intelligence is characterised by the use of expedients to make the decisive blow more effective. The thrush carries the snail which he has seized to a flagstone or a boulder, in order more readily to break its shell. The eagle raises the tortoise in the air, in order to fracture its carapace by letting it fall on a rock. Whether the ape uses a stick as a weapon in a state of nature is more than doubtful. The instinct of the child leads him readily to pick up a stone as a missile; and the experience of the dog usually teaches that quadruped to make off if he sees a man or boy with whom he is on unfriendly terms stoop to the ground, even if no pebble be at hand. The addition of weight to that terrible weapon (when skilfully used), the human fist, by means of the cestus, is familiar to the classical student. From the simplest form of offensive weapon the development of the destructive art may be traced (as is very beautifully illustrated in the anthropological collection of Colonel Lane Fox, lent by that officer to the Bethnal Green Museum) to the culmination of the power of individual assault, which must be placed in the sixteenth century. With the improvement of offensive weapons, that of defensive appliances, in the way of shields and of armour, kept pace. And when the final check was put to these rough sports and feats of arms—partly by the death of King Henry II. of France, from being pierced by the splinter of a lance through the visor of his helmet in a tournament, but principally owing to the new force given to projectiles by the invention of gunpowder—the blow which the armed and mounted knight could deliver in the charge was so formidable that the tilting armour worn in order to resist it had reached the unmanageable weight of two hundred pounds.

Few exhibitions are more instructive, as indicating that constant cycle of change through which runs the course of human life, than an historically arranged collection of arms and armour. From the Conquest to the reign of Henry VIII. the skill of the smith and of the armourer was bent in one direction. The advance attained was very great. From the leather jerkins to which small plates or rings of metal were attached (as we see them in the Bayeux tapestry, and in the great seals of the kings of England) the first marked change was to the iron mail, or network of implicated rings, of which the pattern was taken from the Saracens in the Crusades. Then the head, the breast, the joints, were successively protected by iron or steel plates attached to the mail. Slowly but certainly the

plate armour crept over the whole figure, almost entirely displacing the mail. The skill displayed in the growth of the armourer's power of dealing with solid metal was of a very high order; and defensive, long had the advantage over offensive, armature. The English arrow, a cloth-yard long, sped from a six-foot yew bow, was, however, a very formidable missile; and neither at Crecy nor at Agincourt was the armour of the French knights a complete defence against the sleet of arrowy hail. But when for human strength—for the force of the bow was only that of the arm that drew it—a force derived from chemical agency was substituted, the panoply was doomed. The early arquebuses and matchlocks are now regarded as very feeble and clumsy weapons; but they were essays in a course that transformed the equipments of war. When the bullet was substituted for the arrow, it became only a question of time how soon armour, ceasing to afford safety, should become only an additional source of danger to him who wore it; and the sudden substitution of jack boots and buff jerkins for brilliant plate armour tells us when and how the change in the attack and defence took place.

The past fifteen or twenty years have witnessed a conflict between the science of attack and that of defence, when projectiles are employed, which has effected far more change, both in arms and in armour, than took place with reference to manual combat from the Conquest to the eve of St. Bartholomew. The date of first completion for sea of the oldest ironclad now afloat in the British Navy was October 24, 1861. That vessel was the 'Warrior,' a third-rate broadside ship, of 6,109 tons and 1,250 horse power, carrying 32 guns. The 'Inflexible,' now building, is to have a load-displacement of 11,406 tons, and 8,000 indicated horse power. Her guns are reduced in number to 4. The Italian Government, already the owner of two of the greatest ironclads in the world, the 'Duilio' and the 'Dandolo,' both built on the type of the 'Inflexible,' is said to contemplate the construction of a vessel with armour of a metre in thickness. The 'Inflexible' was designed to carry guns of 81 tons each. The great gun now in contemplation in Italy, in consequence of the experiments made at Spezzia, is to weigh 200 tons. The length of this enormous weapon will be 50 feet; the length of the bore, 44 feet; the diameter of the bore, 21 inches. The charge of powder will weigh 950 pounds; and the projectile, 5 feet in length, will weigh 6,000 pounds. This gun is calculated to be able to throw its shot for 12 miles, or from Woolwich to the West End, exceeding in range by one-fourth of the distance the Italian

100-ton gun, which is said to throw a bolt of 2,500 pounds weight for a distance of 9 miles.

While a mechanical contest of this nature is being carried on with such rapid strides, the attention of the world has been suddenly called to an offensive weapon of a type very different from that which these great floating batteries have been built to resist; a weapon which, it has been thought, may possibly have an effect on the duel between the gun and the ironclad not unlike that exerted on the panoply of the soldier by the invention of explosive power. This weapon, which was first brought into action against ourselves, as a naval arm of offensive warfare, during the War of Independence with the United States of America, did not attract much attention until the late civil war in that continent. Great and varied experience, however, was then attained; and it is chiefly to American sources that we are indebted for that detailed and historic information as to the actual employment of the torpedo in war, the chief features of which we will now proceed briefly to indicate.

On June 8, 1798, a letter addressed by David Bushnell, of Connecticut, to Thomas Jefferson, the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at Paris, was read before the American Philosophical Society. This paper gives an account of the first recorded use of an infernal machine, or sub-aqueous mine, in actual warfare. The attempt resulted in the demolition of a schooner that accidentally fouled the machine, which had been directed from a whale boat, in order to destroy the 'Cerberus' frigate, then lying at anchor between Connecticut River and New London. This took place in the year 1777. After this Bushnell 'fixed several kegs under water, charged 'with powder, to explode upon touching anything as they 'floated with the tide. . . . One of them blew up a boat with 'several persons in it.' General Washington, on September 26, 1785, wrote to Mr. Jefferson, describing Bushnell as 'a 'man of great mechanical powers, fertile in inventions, and 'master of execution.' With regard to the submarine vessel, which was the main subject of the communication above cited, General Washington says: 'I then thought, and still think, 'that it was an effort of genius, but that too many things were 'necessary to be combined to expect much' from the issue 'against an enemy who are always upon guard.' This sound appreciation by a man of the eminence of Washington may well be borne in mind whenever it is proposed to convert a weapon which is highly valuable for defence, as the torpedo undoubtedly is, into one of attack—a distinction which it is essential to remember.

The minute description given by Bushnell of his submarine vessel we shall not reproduce, as, although it displays a high degree of mechanical invention, the practical outcome of the experiment has not been such as to recommend the pursuit of the method adopted. The vessel bore some likeness in form to a gigantic turtle. The inside was capable of containing the operator, and was sufficient for his respiration for thirty minutes without admitting fresh air. Oars were fitted for propulsion, and also for ascending and descending in the water; a water-gauge or barometer indicated to the operator the depth to which he was submerged; a compass directed his course; and glass windows in the crown admitted light and allowed of looking through. There were air-pipes connected with a ventilator, for use when the craft was upon the surface. A brass valve, worked by the foot, admitted water in order to weight and lower the vessel. Two brass forcing-pumps ejected water when it was desired to ascend, or in case of leakage. A magazine containing 150 pounds of powder, which there was an apparatus for casting off from the submarine boat, and attaching to the vessel to be destroyed, was placed behind the vessel, above the rudder. The fuse was struck at a fixed time by clockwork. After many experiments as to the management of this ingenious craft, and 'after various attempts,' says the inventor, 'to find an operator to my wish, I sent one who appeared more expert than the rest from New York to a 50-gun ship lying near Governor's Island. He went under the ship, and attempted to fasten the wood screw' (which was to attach the powder magazine) 'into her bottom, but struck, as he supposes, a bar of iron. . . . Not being well skilled in the management of the vessel, in attempting to move to another place he lost the ship, and after seeking her in vain for some time he rowed some distance, and rose to the surface of the water, but found daylight had advanced so far that he durst not renew the attempt. On his return from the ship to New York he passed near Governor's Island, and thought he was discovered by the enemy: he cast off the magazine, as he imagined it retarded him in the swell, which was considerable. After it had been cast off one hour, the time the internal apparatus was set to run, it blew up with great violence. Afterwards there were two attempts made in Hudson's River, above the city, but they effected nothing. . . . I therefore gave over the pursuit for that time, and waited for a more favourable opportunity, which never arrived.' But although the torpedo vessel was not carried further by Bushnell than has been described, the damage and

alarm caused by the floating torpedoes were reported by Commodore Seymour to Rear-Admiral Sir Peter Parker in August 1777; and the opinion that a very formidable arm would ultimately be perfected for submarine use appears to have been entertained by authorities on each side in the contest.

From the date of the experiments by Bushnell the subject of submarine warfare appears to have slept for some twenty years. In 1797 Robert Fulton, an American then residing in France, designed a machine by which 'to impart to carcasses of gun-powder a progressive motion under water to a given point, and then explode them.' The French Government, to which he applied, rejected his plans as at once impracticable and disgraceful. But on the elevation of Napoleon Buonaparte to the post of First Consul, a commission was appointed to give Fulton the pecuniary aid which he sought, and to report on the result of his labours. He at once built a plunging boat, in which, on July 3, 1801, he descended, in the harbour of Brest, to the depth of 25 feet below the surface of the water, and remained submerged for an hour. He then reascended and provided himself with candles, with which alight he again went down; but remained only for a short time under water, as the consumption of the air was greatly increased by the combustion of the candles. Having thus demonstrated the possibility of a diving-vessel, Fulton directed his attention to the improvement of the details of his plan. He added windows of thick glass, a crank and wheel to impel the boat when under water, and an air-chamber of copper of the capacity of a cubic foot, into which he compressed two hundred atmospheres of air, to be used for respiration. He is said by Commander Barnes, from whose volume we take these details, to have been satisfied with the performance of his boat, which he was able to direct under water at the speed of about a mile per hour. On one occasion he is said to have remained for four hours and twenty minutes beneath the surface without once rising for air. He gave to this reconstruction of the submarine vessel of Bushnell the appropriate name of the 'Nautilus.'

A small vessel was provided by the commissioners above referred to in order to test the offensive power of the 'Nautilus.' In August 1801 Fulton succeeded in placing a torpedo containing twenty pounds of gunpowder below this vessel, which was speedily blown into fragments. This is said to be the first instance on record of the designed and accomplished effect of submarine explosions on ships; although we have seen that in 1777 a schooner was destroyed by accidental contact

with one of Bushnell's torpedoes. In the 'Journal de Commerce' of January 20, 1802, M. St. Aubin, one of the commissioners, gave an account of Fulton's experiments, and stated that a diving-boat was then in course of construction which would be capacious enough to contain eight men, and provisions for twenty days. The strength and power of this vessel were to be such as to enable the projector to plunge 100 feet under water, and a reservoir of air was attached intended to supply the crew of eight men with sufficient air for their respiration during eight hours. When the boat was on the surface it resembled an ordinary boat, and was fitted with two sails; the masts and sails being removed when the vessel was to dive. The discovery that the compass points as truly under water as on the surface was dwelt on by the commissioner as of importance; and the construction of a flotilla of diving-boats, to the confusion and destruction of the navy of Great Britain, was indicated as one of the promises of the future.

Notwithstanding his proved success, to a certain point, and the favourable report of the Commission, Fulton does not appear to have made further way with the French Government. In 1804 we find him in London, where, under the name of Francis, he found means of introducing his plans of submarine attack to the Ministry. Mr. Pitt is reported to have been greatly impressed with the importance of the proposed method, and to have said that 'such a system, if successfully introduced into practice, would not fail to annihilate all military marines.' A little later, when the destruction of the brig 'Dorothea' had demonstrated the power of the explosives applied by Fulton, the pithy, if scarcely grammatical, remark is attributed to Earl St. Vincent: 'Pitt was the greatest fool that ever existed, to encourage a mode of war which they who commanded the seas did not want, and which, if successful, would deprive them of it.'

In June 1804 a commission, consisting of Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Cavendish, Sir Home Popham, Major Congreve, and Mr. Rennie, was appointed to examine and report upon the torpedo and plunging-boat system. Their report was adverse. In October of the same year an expedition was fitted out in order to attack the French shipping lying at Boulogne by means of torpedoes. It was commanded by Admiral Lord Keith, and is known in history as the Catamaran Expedition. The catamarans were coffin-shaped cases, made of wood lined with lead, and containing a charge exploded by clockwork. A reward was given for bringing in the pin, the removal of which set the clockwork in motion.

Two officers, Captain Siccombe, R.N., and Lieutenant Payne, R.N., succeeded with boats in placing the torpedoes between the buoys and cables of two French men-of-war lying in the harbour of Boulogne. They exploded without inflicting any damage on the vessels; and it would appear that the essential importance of close proximity to the object attacked at the moment of explosion was not realised by the gallant officers who exposed their lives for the purpose of making so ineffectual an attack. The failure of the Catamaran Expedition threw discredit on the torpedo. Mr. Pitt, however, justly said that the investigation was not one to be hastily abandoned. He caused a stout Danish brig, the 'Dorothea,' to be provided and anchored at Deal; which, on October 15, 1805, Fulton blew to atoms with a torpedo containing 170 pounds of powder. A large concourse of spectators witnessed the explosion; one of whom, Captain Kingstone, a few minutes before the catastrophe, observed that if one of the machines were placed underneath his cabin while he was at dinner, he should feel no concern for the consequence. The 'Naval Chronicle' said: 'It is impossible to conceive of a more complete decomposition of a vessel, or a more dreadful crash of materials. It was the most curious experiment of modern times, for who would not have concluded that the power would spend its force upon the water, which is movable, and not pass through the strong bottom of a ship?' 'At the time of her going up,' wrote Fulton to Lord Castlereagh, 'she did not appear to make more resistance than a bag of feathers, and went to pieces like a shattered eggshell.'

Notwithstanding, or perhaps in consequence of, this mechanical success, Fulton obtained no further support in England. It would seem from a speech of Earl Stanhope in the House of Lords on June 5, 1810, that he had made a claim of 40,000*l.* for his inventions, and had been given the sum of 15,000*l.* by arbitration. In 1806 he returned to New York, and laid his schemes for submarine war before the Secretary of State, Mr. Madison, and the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Smith. A certain sum was allotted to experiments, and a vessel was provided which, on July 20, 1807, Fulton blew up in the harbour of New York. The explosion, however, did not take place until some hours after the appointed time, and the experiment was therefore denounced as unsuccessful. Fulton then appealed to the public, in a pamphlet entitled 'Torpedo War.' Again a commission was appointed, and Commodore Rogers and Captain Chauncey, of the American Navy, were directed to assist in giving the invention a fair trial. The sloop of war 'Argus,'

then lying off New York, was directed to be prepared to receive an attack from Fulton's machines. Commodore Rogers, who had charge of the defence, threw himself into the service with a will and energy which completely baffled the assaults of Fulton. He surrounded the 'Argus' with nets, booms, swinging bars armed with scythes, to sweep off the heads of persons approaching in boats; and finally caused Fulton to abandon the attack. But the defensive preparations were so cumbrous as to interfere with the efficiency of the 'Argus' as a man-of-war, and to lead to the remark how powerful must be a means of attack against which, while in its infancy, such defensive measures were thought necessary. The model of a torpedo boat of 300 tons, which Fulton exhibited to the Commission, was also fiercely attacked by Commodore Rogers. The experiments were reported to be failures, owing mainly to the determined opposition of this officer; but the Commissioners expressed their conviction of the extreme importance of Fulton's discoveries, and of the effect which they were calculated, when further matured, to exert in naval war.

During the war of 1812 no attempt was made by any competent authority to organise, or to experiment upon, a torpedo service. Private individuals, however, made unauthorised efforts to blow up English men-of-war, the failures of which served to throw discredit on submarine expedients. Mr. Mix, a citizen of New York, made six different attempts to float torpedoes upon H.M.S. 'Plantagenet,' lying in Lynn Haven Bay. In the last of these the torpedo exploded under the bow of the ship, blew off her fore-channels, and destroyed a boat lying alongside. On June 15, 1813, the schooner 'Eagle' was prepared with a magazine of powder, over which boxes and barrels of merchandise were placed, so connected by lines with gunlocks attached to the magazine that any effort to remove them would fire the charge. The schooner was sent off New London, and abandoned by her crew on the approach of the barges of the frigate 'Ramilies,' the destruction of which was the object of this ingenious stratagem. The prize was towed near the frigate, and when the captain commenced discharging her, the magazine exploded, killing a number of men, but not destroying the frigate. Captain Capel, R.N., refers to this event as an 'inhuman and savage proceeding—an act not to be justified on the most barbarous principle of warfare.'

Little more is heard of the torpedo for nearly thirty years. In 1829 Colonel Samuel Colt, the inventor of the revolver, although but a boy, commenced a series of experiments on

which he laboured perseveringly till 1841, when he brought the subject under the attention of President Tyler, offering to lay out 20,000 dollars from his own means in a plan for the protection of the harbour of New York, if the Government of the United States would lend him such aid as he required, and refund the outlay, and pay an annual premium, in the event of success. In June and July 1842, he exploded a torpedo by means of a galvanic battery in New York Harbour, and completely destroyed the old gunboat 'Boxer.' On this the Government offered him a schooner on the Potomac River to destroy if he could. On August 20, in the presence of the President, he utterly destroyed the schooner, while stationed at no less than five miles from her. So great was the impression produced by this fact, that Congress granted him 17,000 dollars to perfect his apparatus. On October 18, 1842, the brig 'Volta,' of 300 tons, was blown up in New York by Colonel Colt's battery. On April 13, 1843, a brig of 500 tons was blown to pieces on the Potomac River, while sailing at the rate of five knots an hour. She was only abandoned by her crew a few moments before she blew up, so that her subsequent course was uncertain. Colonel Colt, with his battery, was at Alexandria, five miles away. This is the last recorded experiment of Colonel Colt with torpedoes. Further attempts were discouraged by the naval authorities, as well as by the Engineering Bureau, and the invention itself remains up to this time an uncommunicated secret. A portion of the secret died with Colonel Colt, but it appeared from his private papers that his invention consisted mainly in the planting of groups of torpedoes connected by insulated wires with each other and with his galvanic battery, so that the contact of the vessel should give telegraphic intimation to the operator as to her locality. This arrangement has been subsequently modified by the adaptation of circuit-closers, to which much attention has been given, both by the Austrians and by our own engineers.

In the Russian war, torpedoes were employed for the defence of Cronstadt and also of Sebastopol. The caution which was inspired by the knowledge of this fact was such that no ships were destroyed by these engines. Admiral Dundas, while in command of the Baltic Fleet, found and raised large numbers of torpedoes. Two of his ships, the 'Merlin' and the 'Firefly,' narrowly escaped destruction while reconnoitring the forts. 'The ship was steaming slowly along,' writes an officer of the 'Merlin,' 'when a tremendous shock was felt, the portion of the crew below rushed wildly

‘upon deck, and for some moments great confusion prevailed. Bulkheads were thrown down, the ship’s side was bulged in, girders and beams broken, crockery smashed, and the contents of the hold mixed inextricably together. The vessel was nearly dismantled, and escaped destruction as by miracle. The effect upon the “Firefly” was similar.’

The Russian torpedoes were of very simple construction. A wooden box, of a foot cube, contained a smaller box of eight inches each way. The space of two inches between the two was filled with pitch. The inner box contained the charge, and a fuse of chlorate of potassa. A glass tube, containing sulphuric acid, passed from the fuse through both cases, and projected above the outer one. A board was fixed on the top of the outer box, supported by four legs of thin sheet iron. Upon any pressure being exerted on the box, the legs bent, the projecting tube was broken, the sulphuric acid was admitted to the fuse, and explosion followed. A very similar arrangement was adopted for land mines. General Delafield, in his ‘Art of War in Europe,’ ascribes the arrangement of the torpedoes at Cronstadt to the eminent Russian chemist and man of science, Professor Jacobi. He remarks that the explosive mixture was not carefully analysed, but that there was no doubt of the certainty of the action of the fuse. Commander Barnes adds that General Delafield omits from the mixture a certain proportion of white sugar, which aids combustion, and which was undoubtedly employed by the Russians, as well as by the Confederate engineers subsequently. Electric torpedoes were also employed by the Russians. At Yenikale the Allies found off the fort a hulk filled with a series of galvanic apparatus attached to vessels full of powder. Mr. Russell, the ‘Times’ correspondent, who saw the arrangement, says that they were recognised by Mr. Deane, the well-known diving engineer, as similar to that which he is accustomed to employ for submarine use in the destruction of sunken vessels. There were many miles of wire, and the number of cells formed a very powerful battery.

Down to the close of the Russian war the torpedo, as is apparent from the preceding sketch, must be regarded as an expedient of which the possible application was indicated, while its development was discouraged by naval and political authorities, rather than as a weapon in current use. With the outbreak of the American Civil War a remarkable change took place in this respect. Its employment, first by the Confederate, and subsequently by the Federal engineers, ‘was accompanied,’ says Commander Barnes, ‘by results so unex-

‘pected and extraordinary that it seems to have sprung by one bound into the foremost rank of the novel and tremendous engines of war which have so completely changed the aspect of modern battle-fields and scenes of naval conflicts.’ ‘During that fratricidal conflict,’ said Commander W. Dawson, R.N., in an address delivered at the Royal United Service Institution on January 30, 1871, twenty-five Federal vessels are known to have been sunk or destroyed, and nine others more or less injured, by torpedoes; a class of weapons which, the Secretary of the United States Navy in his report for 1865 remarks, ‘have been more destructive to our naval vessels than all other means combined’ The Confederate Navy had also one ship destroyed by Federal ‘torpedoes, and three, accidentally, by their own weapons.’ The difficulty and danger involved in the management of this formidable arm are thus illustrated by the statistics of its actual use.

It may enable the reader more easily to follow the sketch now to be attempted of the numerous forms given by the diabolical ingenuity of man to an implement of sudden and wholesale murder, here to intimate the main differences in principle according to which these treacherous weapons may be classed, as it were in genera and species. It cannot be denied that the courage and endurance of troops are more tried by the anticipation of sudden and unforeseen danger than by the fiercest perils of the storm or the sea-fight. The bolts of the enormous guns now annually increasing in length and in diameter, and even the yet more terrible shells fired by the same giant cannon, in their irresistible, but visible and audible, flight, have less effect on the *morale* of the brave sailor than hidden arms, that act more like the sudden shock of earthquake than like any merely human mode of assault. To the torpedo, rather than to any form of gun, most aptly apply the lines of Milton:—

‘In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspired
With devilish machination, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.’ *

The simplest and most scientific general view of the torpedo with which we are acquainted is that given by Lieutenant-Colonel von Scheliha, who was chief engineer of the Department of the Gulf of Mexico in the Army of the Confederate States of America, in his ‘Treatise on Coast Defence.’ ‘Torpedoes,’ he

* Paradise Lost, vi. 502.

says, 'occupy the same place in naval warfare as mines in 'land operations.' It is true that this remark only strictly applies to fixed torpedoes; but on the other hand the difference between the ship of war and the land fortress is such as to require a corresponding variety in the methods of attack. Thus regarded, torpedoes are either stationary or moving. The former may be fastened to piles, rafts, or any other obstruction, anchored to weights that keep them floating at a certain depth in their position, or even used on land, as a means to render a breach impracticable to an assaulting column. The latter, intended for offensive use, may either float on the water, driven by the current and the wind; be attached to a spar or outrigger, and driven against a vessel by a small launch or torpedo boat; be towed so as to come in contact with the keel of the vessels to be attacked; or be propelled under water by machinery, either fixed on shore, or on the point whence the attack is conducted, or automatic and self-contained. To these two main divisions of the torpedo may be added, as a third, an invention of 'devilish engineering,' the employment of which any soldier, sailor, or engineer will be apt to stigmatise as piratical murder.

With reference to their mode of exploding, again, torpedoes are of two classes. They are either fired by contact, and called self-exploding, or they are fired by an operator on shore, or on board of a vessel. The mechanism used for firing is either mechanically or electrically set in motion. It includes the primary and simple application of the match, which however can only be regarded as a makeshift; instantaneous explosion by concussion; timed explosion, by the employment of clock-work; and explosion either on concussion or at will by means of electricity. Explosion by concussion, whether immediate or with the intervention of clock-work machinery set in movement by the shock, may be chemical, by friction, or by percussion. Chemical explosion ensues on the fracture of a glass or other tube, or phial, containing acid, which escapes on the fracture of the glass, and ignites the fuse. Potassium, or rather chlorate of potassa, and sulphuric acid are thus used; but there is a loss of time occasioned by this method that greatly detracts from that precision which is the chief aim of the torpedo engineer. The play of a jet of hydrogen, from a small cock that is opened by concussion, on a small mass of spongy platinum in contact with the charge, is another chemical fuse introduced, though never effectively employed, in the American Civil War. Different descriptions of fulminate, exploding on friction or on percussion, have been employed as

what are called sensitive fuses. We may add that we have witnessed the effect of a friction fuse—the invention of Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, late commanding the King's Own Royals, a well-known and most ingenious officer, to whom India is already indebted for more than one valuable discovery—so simple, so certain, and so cheap, that we shall best consult the interests of those who are not at war by omitting any more minute description of its construction. The composition of the sensitive fuse of Brigadier-General Baines, which is fired by friction, is 50 per cent. chlorate of potassa, 30 per cent. sulphuret of antimony, and 20 per cent. powdered glass. A rapidly burning composition (gunpowder that has been dissolved in alcohol) communicates the fire to the powder in the tube of the fuse, and thus to the bursting charge of the torpedo.

For defensive torpedoes, however, the greatest certitude of explosion is attained by the use of electricity. This is either applied by an operator, as in the case of the early experiments of Colonel Colt, or set in motion by a circuit-closing apparatus, on contact being made with the torpedo. In either case it is requisite to have a galvanic battery of adequate power, connected with the torpedo by a circuit of insulated wire. In the fuse invented by Colonel Scholl, an Austrian engineer, a hollow wooden cone, thrust into the bursting charge, is filled with gun-cotton. The ends of two wires of red copper, about one-tenth of an inch in diameter, are passed through a cork, and brought close to each other within the gun-cotton. On making or breaking contact with the battery, a spark flashes from wire to wire and explodes the cotton. A method which has been long used in exploding mines in this country is perhaps more certain. This is the insertion in the fuse of a very fine platinum wire, which forms the connexion between the two copper wires of the circuit. Owing to the very reduced thickness of metal through which the current has to pass on reaching the platinum, this metal instantly becomes red hot, and thus fires the fuse without a spark. The platinum fuse was employed by the Allies to blow up the Russian fortifications and docks of Sebastopol. The effectiveness of the platinum fuse is increased by surrounding the wire with fulminate of mercury. In Statham's fuse the sulphide of copper is used to connect the wires, and this connexion ignites with the passage of the current. The objection to the platinum fuse is that it requires a voltaic battery of great power in order to act from a distance. Colonel Verdu, a Spanish engineer, making use of Statham's fuse, charged with fulminate of mercury, has effected the simultaneous explosion of five mines in one circuit. The voltaic

pile employed is reduced to a single element of Bunsen's carbon battery, used to excite a Ruhmkorff coil, which gives the induction current employed to fire the charge. But the most perfect apparatus yet employed for this purpose is known by the name of Wheatstone's magnetic exploder. In this instrument, which is contained in a box of about eight inches on a side, three compound horseshoe magnets, of seven bars each, are placed horizontally, and soft iron bars, surrounded by coils of insulated wire, are fixed to each pole of each magnet. The coils are united so as to form, with the external wires and with the earth, so many distinct circuits. Three soft iron armatures, borne by an axis, are made to revolve very rapidly before the coils. The exploding power thus obtained is extraordinary; and it is said that twenty-five charges can be fired with this instrument in such rapid succession that the effect on the ear is that of but one explosion. Mr. Abel, the distinguished chemist and electrician, has invented a fuse, called Abel's magnetic fuse, which is used in connexion with Wheatstone's exploder, and which is charged with a grain of the very sensitive priming material discovered by the same chemist. This is prepared by reducing separately to the finest state of division 10 parts of subphosphide of copper, 45 parts of subsulphide of copper, and 15 parts of chlorate of potassa, which are subsequently incorporated, with the addition of sufficient alcohol to moisten the mass. The magnetic exploder, however, appears to be only applicable to electric discharges made at the will of the operator. For such purposes as the ignition of the frame torpedo it may be questioned whether the introduction of the electric fuse, in place of a sensitive contact-fuse, is not an element of incertitude. Dogmatic expression of opinion on the point is as yet premature. But it may be safely said that it is only from the records of actual warfare that we can expect to deduce those definite rules as to the best application and best mode of ignition of the torpedo, as to which each inventor now urges the superior excellence of those proposed by himself.

Returning, then, to the history of the employment of the torpedo in actual warfare, we find that throughout all the naval movements which resulted in the occupation of the entire sea-coast of the Southern States, except Wilmington, Charleston, and Mobile, by the Federal forces, no torpedoes were found, nor was their presence suspected. But on February 18, 1862, a squadron of Federal gunboats endeavouring to force a passage into the Savannah River, above Fort Pulaski, to assist in the capture of that port, encountered at the mouth of Mud River a chain of torpedoes moored to the bottom of

the channel. These weapons were covered with salt water at all times of the tide practicable for gunboats, but were visible at low water. They were connected by spiral wires, intended to draw the torpedoes close to any vessel that passed the chain. Each contained 70 pounds of powder, the ignition being effected by an ordinary cannon friction primer, constructed so as to be set in motion by the impact of a vessel. No mischief was caused by these torpedoes, as Commodore John Rodgers, having discovered their presence, took measures to explode them innocuously, one being secured as a specimen. Commodore Rowan, in ascending the Neuse to attack the defences of Newbern, found thirty torpedoes, each containing 200 pounds of powder, with a percussion arrangement, and trigger-lines connected with piling, which obstructed the channel of the river.

In October 1872 the Congress of the Southern States passed an Act authorising the formation of a separate service corps, which was organised under the title of the Confederate States Submarine Battery Service. An administration was established at Richmond, called the Torpedo Bureau, at the head of which was placed that distinguished officer and man of science, Admiral M. F. Maury. Naval officers of high standing were chosen to organise and drill the men, and to perfect the system of operations; and agents were sent to Europe to acquire all accessible information, and to procure the skilled labour, as well as the material necessary for carrying out the plans. During the summer of 1863 the Torpedo Department was industriously and systematically developed. The Department of Submarine Defences in Charleston alone numbered from fifty to sixty officers and men, whose sole duty was to prepare, put down, examine, and keep in order the torpedoes of Charleston, while all the material was furnished from Richmond. At other points the same system prevailed.

Three distinct forms of defensive torpedoes were at this time adopted, and thenceforward extensively used. These were (1) frame torpedoes, (2) floating torpedoes, and (3) electric torpedoes. The first of these were placed in the entrances to rivers and creeks, where the channel was narrow and shallow, and upon bars traversable by monitors and light gunboats. The frame was an artificial obstruction of the channel, armed with cast-iron torpedoes. A strong cross timbering was constructed, on which four heavy whole timbers were bolted down, parallel to each other, and a few feet apart. The torpedoes were fixed on the ends of these timbers, with concussion-fuses so presented that the impact of a vessel driving against the frame would discharge the torpedoes. The frame was securely

anchored up stream, and the buoyancy of the timber was so used, and so counteracted by chains or other weights, as to keep the torpedoes at the depth most appropriate to damage the enemy's vessels. Each torpedo weighed 4 cwt., and contained 1 cwt. of powder. The instrument bore the form of a rifle-bullet, the head being made thicker than the sides, in order that it might be driven by the explosion through the bottom of the vessel attacked. The fuse was so sensitive that a pressure of 7 lb. applied to the head of one of the primers was sufficient to explode it. The composition, which was manufactured by General Rains, who succeeded Admiral Maury in charge of the Torpedo Bureau, was kept as an important secret. It is, however, said that the detonating powder was fulminate of mercury mixed with powdered glass, which adds extreme sensitiveness to that chemical preparation. The frame torpedoes were usually placed in double rows, *en échelon*. Charleston, Mobile, and Wilmington harbours were defended successfully during the entire war by this form of torpedo. The Federal gunboats never attempted to force a passage through a channel thus defended. In subsequently attempting to remove the torpedoes in the middle channel near Castle Pinckney, after they had been two years under water, the gunboat 'Jonquil' was nearly destroyed by a single accidental explosion. As the result of actual trial in war, it must be pronounced that the frame torpedo has proved itself to be an efficient and formidable defensive weapon. It may be added that its safe removal when no longer required by those who operate, not from without, but from within, the line of defence, appears to be far more practicable than is the case with any other non-electric arrangement of submarine mines.

The floating torpedo is said by Commander Barnes to have been the most convenient, cheap, and in some respects dangerous, weapon of the kind employed during the Civil War. It proved, however, very apt to give trouble to the parties who employed it, owing to changes of position caused by currents. In and about Charleston were found several hundred torpedoes formed of small beer barrels, containing each from 70 to 120 pounds of powder. A cone of solid pine wood, about 17 inches long, was securely fastened to each end of the barrel to prevent it from turning over, and to insure the contact of one of the five fuses, which were screwed into the barrel, with any vessel that came against the contrivance. A rope, sustaining a weight, was strapped round the barrel; and a mooring line, as well as a line to connect it with another torpedo, was attached. These machines were rapidly set in places where a gunboat

attack was expected. A small boat, with two men, could easily plant four of them in an hour. They created great havoc and destruction among the invading vessels; and on three occasions, by misadventure, destroyed Confederate steamers.

Singer's torpedo is another form of buoyant torpedo, which was one of the most successful throughout the war. A tin case, in the form of the frustum of a cone, was covered by a heavy cast-iron cap, kept in place by the entrance of a tin rim into a shallow groove made for that purpose. A wire, connected with a trigger, is attached to this cap. When a passing vessel strikes against the torpedo, the shock knocks off the cap, which, falling through the water, pulls the wire and explodes the fuse. A commission of engineers appointed to examine and report upon this torpedo, in July 1863, reported that the plan for exploding the charge was remarkable for its simplicity; that it was not liable to be at any time out of order; that in case of contact the certainty of explosion is almost absolute; and that its mode of loading presented considerable advantages. Its efficiency, as in the case of other torpedoes, depends on the charge.

The 'Devil Circumventor' is the very original name of an apparatus attached to a third form of buoyant torpedo. It was designed with the special purpose of preventing the discovery or removal of obstructions by dragging or sweeping, and acted as a guard to the moored torpedoes. The corresponding type of the latter consisted in a conical copper chamber, attached to one end of a spar, the other end of which was secured by a universal joint to a mud anchor. The broad end of the cone floated upwards, and was covered with a spherical plate, in which were screwed several sensitive contact fuses. The bight of a rope or chain, or the hook of a grapnel, would slip over this movable spar without mischief, although contact with the end of the torpedo would cause explosion. The 'Circumventor' was a vessel of boiler plate, very much in the form of a muffin dish, containing 100 pounds of powder, attached by a wire, which pulled a trigger to the fixed torpedo, and laid about 50 yards from it; the object being that if the sweeps or drags caught hold of the one weapon, the other should explode under the boats engaged in the service. There is no record of the actual effect of this combination, but it was considered by the Federals as one of the most formidable engines employed against them. The 'Devil Circumventor' itself would lie so snug on the bottom of the channel that it could only be discovered, under the usual circumstances of war, by its explosion.

Of drifting or current torpedoes half a dozen forms were employed by the Southern engineers; the means of explosion being a slow match, a hammer set free by clockwork, or a jet of hydrogen gas turned on to spongy platinum. The most mischievous arrangement of this kind was found to be that of a floating tin case, containing about 70 pounds of powder, attached by different wires to pieces of floating drift wood. Each wire would set in motion a friction fuse, and, in the event of either being fouled by the paddle of a steamer, explosion followed. The difficulty of securing the close approach which is necessary for the full effect of a torpedo appears to have rendered their service less effective than was expected to be the case.

Amongst this class of torpedoes has been ranked one production of the 'devilish enginery' of murder, the employment of which, we think all impartial persons will agree, should be regarded as an act of piracy. It consists in a block of cast iron, resembling externally a block of coal, but hollow, and containing about 10 pounds of powder. Covered with a mixture of tar and coal-dust, it is almost impossible to detect the true character of this infernal machine, when deposited in the coal barges whence steamers are laden. It is said that many otherwise unaccountable explosions of steamers have been traced to the employment of this treacherous device. As its success involves the access of those who employ this unjustifiable arm to the stores of the party attacked, it may be hoped that imagination has entered largely into the account of actual damage. But it is said that the steamer 'Greyhound,' which was the headquarters boat of the notorious 'General' Butler, was thus destroyed, and that not only that personage, but also Admiral Porter, U.S.N., who happened to be on board, only escaped with difficulty from the burning vessel.

The third and most approved form of defensive torpedo, according to the experience hitherto obtained, is the electric torpedo, which is a submarine mine exploded by an electric battery. After the attack on Charleston on April 7, the defenders planted in that harbour a number of gigantic torpedoes of this nature; and similar engines constituted the most formidable part of the defence in the James River, at Fort Fisher, and at Mobile. Several of them were used with what the Federal writer terms appalling effect against the assailants. Each of these formidable mines rarely contained less than a ton of powder. They were usually placed in the deep and narrow channels, to which navigation was necessarily confined. The form of torpedo established by the Bureau at Richmond was

that of a short broad cylinder, terminated by two frusta of cones. The case was made of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch boiler plate, closely riveted, and the ends were closed by castings. Two wires were ordinarily attached to each. They were the ordinary No. 16 copper wire, coated with gutta percha, which is used on the American telegraphs; the submerged parts being further protected by a covering of tarred hemp, and weighted with chain. The torpedo was anchored by heavy masses of kentledge. The fuse consisted of a small section of goosequill filled with fulminate of mercury. This was fastened to a slip of pine wood, in which a wire from each end of the circuit was firmly fixed, the connexion from wire to wire being a piece of fine platinum wire passing through the fuse. The batteries employed were as first the ordinary voltaic piles of either Grove or Bunsen. These proved, as is well known to electricians, uncertain in action, cumbersome, and difficult to keep in order. The beautiful instrument called Wheatstone's magnetic exploder, used in connexion with a fuse invented by Mr. Abel, was subsequently imported from England, and proved to answer its purpose admirably. Range stakes were established in front of the batteries for the purpose of determining the position of the vessel in regard to the torpedo, so as to enable the operator to fire it at the proper moment.

The formation of a torpedo corps, and the systematic use of torpedoes, by the Southern belligerents in the American Civil War, commenced towards the close of the year 1862. In December of that year the first definite result of the employment of the arm was obtained by the total destruction of the ironclad 'Cairo,' one of the most powerful vessels of the Mississippi squadron. This vessel, according to the report of the Lieutenant-Commander, T. O. Selfridge, was engaged in searching for torpedoes in the Yazoo River, on December 12, when two sudden explosions occurred in quick succession, one close to the port quarter, the other under the port bow; the latter so severe as to raise the guns to some distance from the deck. The 'Cairo' commenced filling so rapidly that in two or three minutes the water was over her forecastle. She sank, in six fathoms of water, in about twelve minutes, the crew being saved in boats. Some half-dozen men were injured, but no lives were lost.

On February 28, 1863, the monitor 'Montauk' struck a torpedo, and was materially injured by the explosion. She was run upon a sandbank, and subsequently repaired. The torpedo was a small one, exploded at a considerable depth below the ship; the depth of the water at the spot being seven fathoms.

In the April following the 'New Ironsides' had a narrow escape, being for an hour directly over a torpedo containing 2,000 pounds of powder, which some defect in the insulation of the wires prevented from exploding. On July 22, while the 'Baron de Kalb,' an ironclad gun-boat of great strength, was slowly moving up the Yazoo River, she ran foul of a torpedo which exploded and sank her. While she was going down, another exploded under her stern. She went down in fifteen minutes. Many of the crew were bruised by the concussion, which was severe, but no lives were lost. The arm employed on this occasion was a 'Singer's torpedo.' On August 8 the gun-boat 'Barnes,' in the James River, was disabled by a torpedo; a defect in the battery, which delayed the explosion, being the cause of her partial escape. On April 1, 1864, the transport 'Maple Leaf' was totally destroyed by a floating torpedo in the St. John's River, Florida. The 'Eastport,' a heavily armed and powerful ironclad, coming in contact with a small floating torpedo in the Red River, was shattered by the explosion and immediately sank. On May 6 the 'Commodore Jones,' a large and heavily armed gun-boat, was literally blown to fragments by an electric torpedo containing 2,000 pounds of powder placed at a sharp bend, called Deep Bottom, on the James River. On August 6, 1864, a general order of Rear-Admiral Farragut, of the Federal Navy, refers to 'the almost instant annihilation' of the monitor 'Tecumseh,' during the attack upon the defences of Mobile Bay, by a torpedo. Captain Craven, with seventy officers and men, went down instantaneously beneath the waves. The 'Otsego,' which is described as 'a large double-ender,' and a small gun-boat, the 'Bazely,' were totally destroyed in the same manner, in the Roanoke River, on December 9, while searching for torpedoes. The monitor 'Patapsco' struck a barrel torpedo in Charleston outer harbour on the night of January 15, 1865, and instantly sank, with sixty-two officers and men, although at the time she had her torpedo fenders and netting stretched round her. On March 1 the flagship of Rear-Admiral Dahlgren, U.S.N., was destroyed in Charleston Bay. But one life was lost, 'owing,' reports the Admiral, 'to the singularly fortunate fact that the action of the torpedo occurred in the open space between the gangways and the ladder to the upper deck and the ward room, which is an open passage way occupied by no one. Had it occurred further aft or forward, the consequences would have been fatal to many.' The war was now approaching its close, but in Mobile Bay, within the space of two weeks, five gun-boats, two of them heavily turreted monitors, were

totally destroyed by coming in contact with buoyant torpedoes; and a launch was blown into fragments, and the greater part of its crew were killed and wounded, in endeavouring to clear the channel. The reports of these disasters were as follows:— March 30, the steamer 'Milwaukie;' March 29, the ironclad 'Osage;' April 2, the steamer 'Sciota;' April 15, the steamer 'Ida;' April 19, the steamer 'Althea.' In all seven monitors and eleven wooden vessels of war were totally destroyed by torpedoes while engaged in attacking the Southern ports. Several other vessels, ironclads and wooden, were temporarily disabled. And yet, during the same operations, not a vessel of any kind was lost, and but few were materially damaged, by the heaviest artillery which, up to that date, had been employed in actual warfare. The American officer who has grouped together the above valuable information concludes with justice, that 'as the testimony now stands the present 'system of harbour defence bids fair to be revolutionised by the 'introduction and general use of this new engine of war.'

When we pass from the consideration of the torpedo used as a means of defence to that of the torpedo used as an offensive arm, we become sensible that the probability of its efficient employment is very materially diminished. It must be remembered that the first idea of Fulton was the offensive use of his submerged 'carcasses of gunpowder,' and that the careful study of engineers, during the eighty years which have elapsed since the construction of Fulton's turtle, or diving-boat, has not yet succeeded in producing any contrivance of a similar nature which has been proved to be at once more ingenious, more certain, and more safe. In fact, while the tremendous power of the submarine mine is unquestionable, the idea of sending the mine to a position beneath the ship to be destroyed differs so materially from that of preparing a mine for explosion when a vessel comes in contact with its case, or over its site, that the new elements introduced into the latter problem may well be regarded as inviting good chance of failure. The torpedo is essentially a mine. It is possible to employ it as a projectile; but the question then arises whether it is an efficient, or rather whether it is a reliable, kind of projectile. And especially does it seem questionable how far it is possible to combine such an offensive use of the torpedo as will be reasonably certain to be destructive, with a proper regard to the chances of safety to the persons of those who employ the weapon. Forlorn hopes will always find volunteers, no doubt, in a good army. But what should we think of a general, or of a Master of the Ordnance, who made an important arm

dependent entirely on the employment, and usually on the loss, of forlorn hopes?

Now, although we have to describe no less than four groups of ingenious and elegant inventions for the offensive use of the torpedo, it will be seen that, as far as all practical experience derived from actual warfare goes, any approach to certitude of destructive effect is only attainable at a cost of life which, in the main, will, we think, be found to be prohibitory of the use of the arm. And where, in order to avoid risk of life, we find attempts made to substitute mechanical contrivances of much complexity and very great cost for direct human action, we shall also find that the mathematical expectation of destructive effect sinks very low indeed.

Nine torpedo-boats, designed to attack larger vessels, were found at Charleston when that port was finally occupied by the Federal power. General Maury gives an account of one of them, which sank the Federal steamer 'Housatonic' off Charleston on the night of February 17, 1864, neither herself nor any of her crew being afterwards heard of. She was built of boiler iron, about 35 feet long, and of the shape of a cigar. She was manned by a crew of nine men, eight of whom worked her propeller by hand, while the ninth steered the boat and regulated her movements below the surface of the water. She could be submerged at pleasure to any depth, or could be propelled on the surface. In smooth still water she could be exactly controlled. Her speed was about four knots per hour. About 9 P.M. on the day named, the officer on the look-out on the deck of the 'Housatonic' discovered something in the water moving towards the ship, and about a hundred yards from it. It looked like a plank moving in the water. It came directly towards the ship, about two minutes intervening between its first being sighted and its coming alongside. During this time the chain was slipped, the engines were backed, and all hands were called to quarters. The 'Housatonic' was struck forward of the mizen mast on the larboard side. About one minute afterwards an explosion took place, and the steamer, heeling to port, sank stern first. Only five men were lost, the remainder saving themselves in the rigging until they were picked up by the boats of the 'Canandaigua.'

This first successful application of the torpedo-boat to purposes of war produced a profound impression on the officers of the Federal Navy, as appears from the report made to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington by Admiral Dahlgren, commanding the South Atlantic blockading squadron. The Admiral recommended the offering of a reward of twenty or

thirty thousand dollars for the capture of any one of the torpedo-boats; which were known by the generic name of 'Davids,' as the pigmy but victorious assailants of the heavily armed ironclads. The history of the 'David' in question (notwithstanding that, like Samson, she overwhelmed her enemies in her death) is not encouraging. Soon after her first arrival at Charleston, Lieutenant Paine, of the Confederate Navy, with eight others, volunteered to attack the Federal fleet in her. While preparing for the expedition, the swell of a passing steamer caused her to sink suddenly, and all hands, with the exception of Lieutenant Paine, who happened to be standing at the open hatchway, perished. She was soon raised and made ready again for service. While lying near Fort Sumter she capsized, and again sank in deep water, drowning all hands except her commander and two men. Being again raised and prepared for action, Mr. Aunley, one of the constructors, made an experimental cruise in her in the Cooper River. While submerged at a great depth she became, from some unknown cause, unmanageable, and remained for many days at the bottom of the river with her crew of nine dead men. Raised a fourth time, she was taken by Lieutenant Dixon to attack the 'Housatonic,' with the final result we have described.

An almost equally disastrous fate befell the torpedo steam-launch which, under the command of Lieutenant Cushing, sank the Confederate ironclad 'Albemarle' in the Roanoke River, on October 30, 1864. This launch succeeded in eluding the pickets. She was hailed on approaching the 'Albemarle,' to the small-arms fire from which she replied by a discharge of canister. A pen of logs, at a distance of about thirty feet, surrounded the ironclad. On the launch striking this line, the torpedo-boom was lowered, and the torpedo exploded simultaneously with the discharge of a cannon shot from the ironclad which crashed through the launch. The 'Albemarle' very slowly sank. Of the assailants most were captured, some were drowned, and one only of the party, besides Lieutenant Cushing, made their escape by swimming to the shore.

In addition to these two successful though disastrous attacks, the Federal steamer 'Ironsides' was assailed by a 'David' off Charleston on the night of October 5, 1863. The injuries inflicted, though severe, were not such as to cause the withdrawal of the 'Ironsides' from service. The 'David' was filled with water by the explosion. Of her crew of four, two were drowned, the others floated on life-preservers, and the boat herself was subsequently recovered and brought into

Charleston. The torpedo used in this instance contained 60 pounds of powder.

On April 9, 1864, at 2 A.M., the Confederate ship 'Minnesota' was damaged by the explosion of a torpedo containing 53 pounds of powder from a steam-launch, which had a protection of boiler-iron for her machinery and helmsman. The shock was severe, but the damage done was not more than could be accurately surveyed. The boat and party escaped without loss in the dark.

The above four cases, two of which succeeded, and two only partially succeeded, in destroying and damaging the object of attack, while the assailants only escaped scot free on one occasion, exhaust the instances of the recorded use of the torpedo as an offensive weapon up to the time of the Russo-Turk war. The length of this list contrasts remarkably with that of the seven monitors and eleven wooden vessels of war which, during the same period, were totally destroyed by submerged torpedoes—in only one instance out of which, of the attacking party of three men, one was killed and two were captured.

Commander W. Dawson, R.N., having been for five years secretary to the Committee on Floating Obstructions, has felt bound to maintain a certain reserve as to the results of the experimental researches carried on by order of Her Majesty's Government. At the same time, he has felt anxious to secure to the public, as far as was consistent with such reserve, some of the outcome of his five years' education at the public expense, as well as of twenty-five years of naval service. His views will be studied with respect, although our experimental results have been carried much further since the date of his lecture, especially with reference to the improvement of locomotive torpedoes. Commander Dawson divides those applications of the torpedo to offensive warfare which alone he considers deserving of serious attention into three classes. These are, (1) outrigger torpedo ships or boats, such as have been used in the American Civil War; (2) towing torpedoes, such as are proposed by Commander F. Harvey, R.N.; and (3) self-contained locomotive torpedoes, such as are suggested by Messrs. Lupin and Whitehead, from Austria. To these three it will be necessary to add a fourth class, from the development of which we are inclined to believe that more may be expected than from either of the other three—a class for which we propose the general name of the controllable locomotive torpedo.

Commander Barnes has given a full description, accompanied by drawings, of the 'Spuyten Duyvil,' which is the most ingenious and at the same time the most complicated torpedo

vessel afloat. Her only service, however, has been in the blowing up obstructions, since the close of the war. Commander Dawson, in speaking of this boat, calls attention to 'the fatal consequences of an outrigger, held fast by machinery, 'being placed across the stem of a ship in motion,' as obvious to every seaman. He describes a more promising mode of projecting tubular iron outriggers, with torpedoes attached, as patented by Captain Doty. But it is so difficult to imagine that any outrigger torpedo can attain the qualifications laid down by Commander Dawson as 'the essential principles of a 'good torpedo,' that it is well to defer any very minute description of this and several other very ingenious designs, until they have been subjected to the rough criticism of actual use in war. The principles laid down are, (1) perfect safety to the operators and to friendly ships; (2) perfect certainty of action under all reasonable conditions; and (3) simplicity of application and management. As to these conditions, as far as practice yet goes, the outrigger method is notoriously deficient in the first, and the towing and automatic torpedoes, probably, in the second. As to simplicity of arrangement, the difficulty is to combine it with certitude of operation—a combination which is as yet unproved to be accomplished by any movable mine.

Although Commander Harvey's divergent towing torpedo has not been put to the test of actual war, the experiments of that officer have been conducted with the actual apparatus which has been supplied to various navies for the purpose of real war; and it is the opinion of Commander Dawson that it is so simple in its construction, and self-evident in its manipulation, that any intelligent seaman can easily comprehend it. It is a significant fact that the little volume which describes the construction and application of this arm is out of print, and that it is a French translation which the courtesy of the publishers has supplied for our information. The mine in question consists of a narrow angular watertight case, with a removable heavy iron keel, by which its immersion is adjusted to various speeds. It will contain 76 pounds of gun-cotton, a charge equal in explosive force to 190 pounds of gun-powder. For use, the torpedo is hoisted out by its own tow line, and attached to a buoy, or pair of buoys. It is then veered about 100 or 150 yards, without altering the speed of the ship. The torpedo thus tows upon the surface, at an angle of from 40° to 45° , as long as a high speed is maintained, the divergency of direction being due to the angular form of the implement, which has been experimentally determined. Skilful manœuvring is required to tow the line across the path of the

vessel attacked. At the proper moment, a safety plug is removed by a trigger line, and the brake, which contains 150 yards of line in reserve on the reel, is suddenly relaxed. This causes the torpedo to sink to the extent of the buoy rope, and the line to pass under the enemy's bilge or keel. The brake being again arrested, contact is made, and explosion is effected by a chemical fuse, acted on by levers moved by the force of the impact. The official trials made at Portsmouth and Devonport are said to show that by a skilful use of the brake the tow line can be readily slipped under the bottoms of ships under way or at anchor; that the igniting apparatus is effective; and that the explosion can be made to take place several feet below the armour plating. 'But it is evident,' concludes the experienced officer whom we are now quoting, 'that such skill is only to be obtained by practical experience, and that if officers in command are to acquire this art, it must be on deck at sea, and not merely by hearing from others that the apparatus has been seen in the museums of the gunnery ships.'

The statement made by Lord C. Beresford in the House of Commons on March 19, which, as reported on the following day, was to the effect that 'an awful weapon of maritime war,' which 'could do all but speak,' 'threatened to change the character of naval warfare,' was one which very naturally excited considerable attention, both at home and abroad. On the same night a gentleman who is not only known in this country to be possessed of an unusual amount of scientific information on naval matters, but who has moreover been consulted by foreign governments as well as by our own, took occasion to arraign the conduct of the Admiralty, of which body he said that 'they appeared to be only playing with a great subject, and their scheme would neither be a satisfactory nor a final solution of it.' It is unfortunately undeniable that a perusal of the list of disasters which within the last four or five years have befallen so many of our war-ships is not calculated to give entire repose to the public mind as to the conduct of our navy. The loss of the 'Captain,' there is every reason to believe, would have been avoided, if the results of the scientific investigation as to the stability of that newly designed craft, which had been applied for on February 24, approved and recognised as necessary on the 26th of that month, but not ascertained until July 29, and not worked out until August 23, had been communicated to the officers in charge of the ship. The fleet put to sea on August 4. The 'Captain' was not detained to communicate those scientific details the possession of which would have made the commander aware of the perilously

unstable character of his craft. We refer to these details as instances of those facts which, so far as they are known, have a tendency to predispose the public mind to take alarm at such a speech as that to which we have above referred.

At the same time we are all aware that our entire system of naval defence is in a condition of rapid and portentous change. It was on October 24, 1861, that our first ironclad vessel, the 'Warrior,' was completed for sea. A return to an order of the House of Commons, dated April 5, 1877, gives the numbers of our present ironclad vessels as thirty-nine afloat, and nine not completed, or in building. The vessels first protected by iron from hostile shots were Confederate monitors, and their original defence was the simple one of a sort of thatching with railway iron. The 'Hercules,' completed in November 1868, had six and seven inch armour, with a belt at the water line nine inches thick. The 'Inflexible,' now building, has armour of two feet in thickness; and a design is being wrought out for the Italian Government, in which it is contemplated that no less than thirty-nine inches of solid iron shall protect the vital parts of the stupendous floating battery, intended to carry guns weighing two hundred tons.

A gentleman to whom we have before this had occasion to refer, as devoting some of the leisure secured by the wealth inherited from one of the princes of labour to the service of his country, has brought forward another class of arguments in favour of the reconsideration of our present system of war ship-building. Mr. Brassey, himself a practised sailor, urges that for the cost of ten Inflexibles we might be furnished with thirty armoured steam rams of 2,000 tons each, with sixty vessels of the Gamma type, each armed with one 38-ton gun, with two 12-pounder breech-loading guns, and with one Gatling gun; and yet have half a million in hand to lay out on torpedo launches and torpedo boats. We cite Mr. Brassey's opinion, not with the view of now opening the great question of the best units of our navy (a question which it would take more than the space at our command to discuss), but first as showing the state of uneasiness which subsists in the minds of experts as to the actual condition and prospects of our Royal Navy, and secondly as one of the first instances in which the incorporation of the torpedo service with other means of naval offence and defence has been authoritatively brought before the public.

Our ironclads have now attained such dimensions that the load-displacement of the 'Inflexible' is taken at 11,406 tons. Out of our ironclad navy fourteen (or, including the 'Ajax' and

'Agamemnon,' of which the probable date of completion is returned as uncertain, sixteen vessels are turret ships. The idea which gave birth to this type of vessels is one which Mr. Barnaby, in a letter to the 'Times' of June 18, intimates to be likely to prevail even more decidedly in future. It is that of forming a central citadel, so heavily armoured as to be impenetrable to any projectile which is as yet to be dreaded, to protect the guns, boilers, engines, and in fact the vitals of the vessel, while the buoyancy and stability of the ship are intended to be independent of its stem and stern, which are left unarmoured. In the case of the 'Inflexible' an iron deck, three inches thick, situated several feet below the water line, is provided in order to protect the hull below it from the effect of plunging shot or shell.

The great object of an ironclad vessel is the defence of its crew from the ordinary shot and shell discharged in action. At great cost this security has been attained. As we have seen, within ten years, it has been found necessary to treble the thickness of the armour used; and there is every reason to conclude that the penetrative power of the gun is being developed with more rapidity than the resisting power of the vessel. But, as is the case with those voracious monsters which are the tyrants of the seas, the ironclad has its vulnerable part. Not only, like the shark, is its belly easily lacerated, but its back also is very slenderly, if at all, protected. There are therefore two forms of attack which, if the assailant be suffered to get within the guard of the giant, are almost certainly fatal. If a small vessel, carrying either a mortar or a torpedo, be allowed to get within a certain range of an ironclad, it may pierce its deck and explode its magazine, or tear a hole through its keel, by the fall of a vertical projectile; or it may blow its bottom into match-wood by a torpedo. All that Lord C. Beresford has said of the destructive action of the latter arm may be to a great extent illustrated by the facts of actual warfare. This, it will be understood, relates to the torpedo as a class of weapon, not to any one form in particular.

With regard to that particular form of torpedo on which public attention has been most rivetted, namely, the Whitehead fish-torpedo, it is proper to speak with a certain reserve. Full information as to its details is only communicated in a confidence which it would be improper to violate. And although the sale of the arm to the Russian, and also to the Turkish, Government, may be held to a great extent to amount to a publication of any secret in the construction, there are certain improvements in the possession of the Admiralty as to which

it would be obviously improper to speak more explicitly. It will, however, be possible, we trust, without any impropriety, to give such an account of this new arm as will be amply satisfactory to the general reader.

‘The chief difficulties in the way of submarine projectiles are,’ says Commander Dawson, ‘(1) to acquire and retain adequate velocity, (2) to maintain an equable depth of immersion, and (3) to preserve the original line of direction.’ To this we may add that the accomplishment of all these objects will be insufficient in order to insure the destruction of a vessel by an automatic torpedo, unless (1) the object attacked remain motionless during the transit of the projectile, or (2) maintain such a regular and steady movement that the line of trajectory can be accurately calculated, in accordance with the respective velocities of the ship attacked and of the torpedo. In addition to the foregoing, it is also indispensable that there shall be no current intervening between the point of departure of the torpedo and the objective, as even a slight displacement of water between the two would be enough to defeat the most accurate calculations.*

The great object aimed at by the designer of an automatic torpedo is the attainment of what Commander Dawson has laid down as the first requisite, viz. safety for the operating party. It is clear that the attainment of this object can only be secured to some extent at the risk of the second requisite, namely, certitude of result. The balance has to be struck between the two probabilities. On the one hand, no government would be justified in relying upon an arm the use of which involved certain, or almost certain, death to the party detailed to use it. On the other hand, if the safety of the operators is sought by measures which give incertitude to the weapon, whether as to failure in attack, or as to possible damage to friendly vessels, the method will not answer. Attack by the outrigger torpedo, in a steam-launch or torpedo boat, may be compared to a bayonet charge. The enemy will be fatally struck, if he allows the assailant to come to quarters, whatever be the effect on the latter. The Whitehead torpedo resembles the use of the rifle-ball, comparatively speaking, as contrasted with the bayonet.

In fact the Whitehead torpedo, in size, in machinery, and in cost, is an explosive submarine boat. It is made of different

* Since the above was in type we learn that the German Government have suspended the manufacture of fish-torpedoes, in consequence of the discovery of the fatal disturbance of their course by the slightest cross current, as anticipated in the text.

sizes, from fourteen to nineteen feet long, out of the best steel plate, and of the cigar-like shape common to many of these implements of destruction. It is divided into compartments internally. The anterior portion contains a bursting charge of 360 pounds of gun-cotton, which is equal in explosive force to 900 pounds of powder, together with the fuse and detonating apparatus, which is arranged to explode on contact. The central portion of the torpedo is full of air, which gives the requisite buoyancy to the machine, and this part of the implement also contains the engine which drives the twin screws that form the organs of propulsion. Such delicacy has been attained in the construction of the engine, which is driven by highly compressed air, that the three little working cylinders, exerting a united action which amounts to an indicated force of 40-horse power, do not weigh, according to Mr. Donaldson, more than 35 pounds. The tail, or posterior chamber, contains the air for movement of the engine. This is compressed by steam power to a pressure of about 1,000 pounds to the square inch, or sixty-six atmospheres. There is a horizontal rudder for maintaining the depth at which the torpedo is intended to travel below the surface of the water. There is also an apparatus intended to throw the detonating arrangement out of gear, in case of the failure of the torpedo to strike the object at which it is aimed, so that the implement shall either sink to the bottom, or float so as to be recaptured without damage.

It was discovered long since by Captain Ericsson, whose experiments on canal propulsion date back to 1834, that the effect of the screw propeller is to cause the vessel it propels to take a curvilinear path, which it is necessary to control by the rudder. In his construction of a form of locomotive torpedo to which we shall presently refer, Captain Ericsson counteracted this tendency by the use of twin screws, one turning to the right hand and the other to the left. The same result is attained in the Whitehead torpedo by a singularly elegant arrangement; but we apprehend that the original experiments of Ericsson laid the foundation for this beautiful bit of mechanism.

It is obvious that the speed of the torpedo will diminish as the pressure of the air in the reservoir diminishes by the working of the engine. Thus it will travel more rapidly for a short distance than for a longer one. It is stated by Mr. Donaldson that for 220 yards the velocity attainable is the great rate of twenty-four knots per hour, and that 1,000 yards can be accomplished at the rate of sixteen knots per hour. At the latter speed the transit through 1,000 yards would occupy about

two minutes, or, more exactly speaking, one minute and fifty-two seconds. As to the effect of the blow, there can be but little question, if the fuse is perfectly instantaneous in action, so as to insure explosion at the moment of contact. Minute portions of time are here of the utmost importance, as, if the weapon recoils before exploding, the effect is prodigiously diminished. This is the main objection to the use of chemical acid fuses; the action of which is slow enough to allow of sensible recoil between impact and explosion. The destructive radius of a charge of sixty pounds of gun-cotton is estimated by Commander Dawson at 10 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. If the ratio of the cube root of the explosive mass be taken, the destructive radius of the Whitehead explosive will be about 19 feet 4 inches. The arm ought to be immersed at least to that depth below the surface of the water, for the explosion to have its full efficacy. The destructive action to a thin boat might extend two or three feet beyond the radius given. Within that distance the action would be irresistible, especially when it was not alongside of, but under, the object attacked. A little without the limit of the radius of destruction the chief danger would be from the fall of the mass of water which a charge of that magnitude would send into the air. When the 'Commodore Jones' was blown up (as before mentioned) by a mine containing 2,000 pounds of powder, or rather more than double the charge of the Whitehead torpedo, 'she appeared, without any apparent cause, to be lifted bodily, her wheels rapidly revolving in mid air; persons declared they could see the green sides of the banks beneath her keel. Then through her shot to a great height an immense fountain of foaming water, followed by a denser column thick with mud. She absolutely crumbled to pieces—dissolved, as it were, in mid air, enveloped by the falling spray, mud, water, and smoke. When the turbulence excited by the explosion subsided, not a vestige of the huge hull remained in sight, except small fragments of the frame which came shooting to the surface.' It is thus pretty clear that the only question that is open is as to the certitude with which such a crushing blow can be delivered. As to the effect there can be no doubt.

With regard to this, we must repeat that, supposing the attacking party to have approached within 1,000 yards of the objective, and to have leisure and opportunity for the accurate aim and discharge of the torpedo from its 'impulse tube,' it must entirely depend on the immobility, or regular and forecast motion, of the vessel attacked, for 112 seconds, and also on the absence of any perceptible current between the objective and

the point of attack. With how much propriety these conditions may be anticipated, we leave for naval men to form a judgment. It should be added that the only instance of the employment of the fish torpedo in war which has occurred up to the time of writing these lines has been a failure. A Whitehead torpedo was discharged by the 'Shah' at the 'Huascar,' when the latter vessel was passing the former at no great distance, but failed to strike the mark.

If it could be rendered practicable so to control the path of a locomotive torpedo as to allow of a modification of its course, under the direction of an observer on shore, or at a safe distance from the point of attack, the torpedo would be raised to the rank of an irresistible weapon of offence. This object was attempted by the turtle-boat of Fulton eighty years ago. Inventors have never lost sight of it. The 'Davids' were constructed in the hope that, by their low submersion and small visible surfaces, they might escape observation. In our own service experiments have been lately made at Portsmouth for steering a torpedo boat, or self-propelled torpedo, by electricity. As to the details, which have been carefully veiled from the public, we have only to say that the necessary towing of the connecting wire by a self-propelled torpedo, or torpedo boat, would demand a large addition to the motive power, and would also materially check the speed of the projectile. The cost of such an apparatus is very great, and the float, or disk, which must be of sufficient size to be visible from the point of attack, and towards which the attention of the crew of the attacked ship would be almost unavoidably turned by the preparations of the assailants, would become the object of a destructive fire. At the same time we think there is good ground for the direction of the efforts of artilleryists and electricians to this object. The obvious difficulties arising from the change of position of contending vessels in actual conflict have led Captain Ericsson to devise a torpedo, the course of which may be changed at will, of which we are not aware that any account has been given in this country. If in some respects Captain Ericsson's engine may be thought less likely to arrive at perfection than the electric launch, there are certainly some very important elements of the question altogether in the favour of the former.

The leading feature of the Ericsson torpedo, as described in the 'U.S. Army and Navy Journal,' is the supply of motive power by means of a hollow cable, through which compressed air is forced by an air-pump applied on the shore, or in the vessel from which the torpedo is despatched. During the trials of this apparatus, which were conducted at Newport, the reel

on which the hollow cable was coiled was placed on board of the torpedo vessel, so that the cable was *towed* during the progress of the torpedo. The result of numerous experiments proved that the motive power expended in towing the cable through the water is so considerable that the requisite speed cannot be imparted to the torpedo. This experience confirms our preceding remark with regard to the towing of the electric wire; but the resistance will increase in proportion to the diameter of the line towed. Captain Ericsson, therefore, has returned to his original plan of paying out as the torpedo proceeds, for which purpose he places the reel on which the cable is coiled on the torpedo itself. This machine is remarkable for both cheapness and simplicity of construction, in which it contrasts very favourably with the Whitehead apparatus. The Ericsson torpedo consists in a solid block of pine wood, shaped so as to pass through the water with the least resistance. A light vessel is inserted at the head, to hold the explosive charge. A cavity cut in the block, near the stern, contains the motive engine and steering gear, the reel revolving in a vertical perforation near the centre. The specific gravity of the wood being only half that of water, the buoyancy of the solid hull of the torpedo will readily sustain the weight of the light motive engine and steering gear. The reel and cable are of the same specific gravity as the sea, and sustain themselves. The sea water enters freely into the cavity which contains the motive engine, and lubricates the crank, axles, and other moving parts of the mechanism, thus allowing stuffing boxes to be dispensed with. Steering is effected by admitting more or less air into the hollow cable. By turning on full pressure, a small piston connected with the tiller of the torpedo rudder is raised, and the helm brought to starboard. By partially checking the influx of air into the cable, the piston is allowed to descend, and the helm is turned to port. The position of the torpedo is indicated by a small circular disk attached to the top of a vertical steel wire fixed to the hull. This disk is intended to remain about two feet above the surface of the water.

Thus, in whatever direction this torpedo is discharged, its course can be changed at will; and the probability of success will be very high, on the supposition that the assailing party can manipulate their arm without disturbance from the guns of the vessel attacked. About 500 yards is the length which Captain Ericsson gives to his hollow cable. To approach nearer to the objective he has designed a torpedo vessel, to be as deeply immersed as a monitor, with a flush impenetrable deck. The torpedo is to be ejected, under water, from this vessel, by

means of a well formed in the hull, the steering wheel being also placed below deck. The arrangements for supporting the combustion for the boilers, maintaining ventilation, and other requisites, are said to be fully worthy of the great reputation of this Nestor of the profession of engineering. Arrangements are in progress by direction of the American Board of Ordnance for testing the efficacy of Captain Ericsson's design at Newport, U.S. Again, however, we must point out the difference between scientific experiment, however ably conducted, and the test of actual war.

The first experience of the torpedo in warfare, after the close of the American Civil War, was obtained on the Lower Danube on May 26, 1877. A detachment of forty Russian soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Dubaschoff, embarked by night in four gunboats, the 'Czarevitch,' the 'Czarevna,' the 'Xenia,' and the 'Djihine,' accompanied by Major Murgesen, commander of the Roumanian flotilla. The night was very dark. The little fleet left the northern shore of the Danube, and proceeded to a spot called Petra Fetei, before Ibraila, where a large Turkish monitor was stationed. They managed to surround the monitor before they were observed by the Turkish sentries. When their neighbourhood was discovered, the firing was wild. The 'Czarevitch,' however, which made the first attack, was filled with water. The 'Djihine,' commanded by Ensign Tersine, had its poop damaged by balls, and filled with water, and was forced to go to the enemy's shore to repair and pump. The 'Xenia' was riddled with shot and shell. It was the 'Czarevna,' commanded by Lieutenant Chestakoff, which destroyed the monitor, by sending overboard soldiers, who swam to the hull of the ironclad, and fixed a torpedo in contact with the bottom of that vessel, attaching wires connected with an electric battery on shore. This effected, the gunboats made their escape, and at half past three in the morning the monitor was blown into the air, with all the officers and crew. Not a soul is said to have escaped. The cool hardihood of the attack is almost without example, and the lesson of what may be done by men ready to risk their own lives against a not too watchful enemy is very striking. But, as a mark of advance in the practical management of the torpedo, nothing could be poorer. The captain of a vessel who allows himself to be blown into the air by the rude expedient of a diver fastening a mine to his keel, may almost be regarded, from a technical point of view, as deserving his fate.

The various methods by which torpedoes may be detected, warded off, exploded by counter-torpedoes, or otherwise ren-

dered harmless to the party assailed, are now the subject of patient and exhaustive study on board the 'Vernon.' Into that branch of the subject it is not, therefore, our intention to enter, although we may mention that a very well-digested plan for exploring under water by the electric light, and for detecting and removing electric torpedoes by an apparatus in which the magnet is employed, has been proposed to the Government by Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, an officer who has endeavoured to establish, on the ground of humanity, an international anti-torpedo association.

It results from the experience collected up to this time, that the torpedo constitutes a class of weapon terribly effective for defence, but almost equally dangerous and uncertain for both parties if used for attack. That our insular position may be rendered impregnable by the proper application of the torpedo, joined to the erection of forts furnished with adequate artillery, there is little doubt. It is also certain that nothing now floats which could resist the explosive force of a large torpedo, discharged in direct contact with its keel. But the destruction of a ship of war by an offensive torpedo, as far as the construction and manipulation of those weapons have as yet proved to be efficient in warfare, is hardly to be anticipated, except in the absence of that alert vigilance which is one of the prime duties of a sailor. A vessel that neither approaches narrow channels nor shallows, where torpedoes are planted, nor remains stationary and heedless of the approach of any strange craft, however insignificant, is not, as far as experience has yet gone, in danger from torpedo attack. Vulcan has, indeed, invaded the reign of Neptune. The engineer is showing his power afloat, as well as on solid ground. But nothing has yet occurred to lead us to depart from the time-honoured doctrine, that the best safeguard of the maritime supremacy of Great Britain is to be found in the careful culture and encouragement of our heritage from the blood of the Sea Kings—the noble native qualities of the British sailor.

ART. II.—1. *Confucian Cosmogony ; a Translation of Section Forty-nine of the Complete Works* of the Philosopher Choo-Foo-Tsze, with Explanatory Notes.* By the Rev. THOS. M'CLATCHIE, M.A., Canon of St. John's Cathedral, Hong-Kong, and Missionary from the Church Missionary Society to China. London: 1875.

2. *A Translation of the Yih King, or the Classic of Change, with Notes and Appendix.* By Rev. Canon M'CLATCHIE, M.A. London: 1876.

3. *Fêng-Shui, or the Rudiments of Natural Science in China.* By ERNEST J. EITEL, M.A., Ph. D. London: 1873.

THESE three books are undoubtedly valuable contributions to Chinese literature. Canon M'Clatchie has done what has never been attempted before, and we are indebted to him for extending our prospect into the world of Chinese thought. The Yih King and the forty-ninth section of Choo-Foo-Tsze are the standard authorities on cosmogony amongst students of the Middle Kingdom; but the extraordinary difficulty of the books has hitherto been a barrier to translators. Stanislas Julien and Professor Legge have turned aside from these formidable tasks, and have expended their time on works of more general interest. We must confess that we think they were right; but still the subject of Chinese cosmogony is one of considerable importance, and in an age when men are engrossed with the various physical theories of the universe, attention

* These words literally translate the title of the collection in question. For explanation of its real nature, however, we shall invite attention to the following remarks by the late Mr. Thomas Meadows:—
 'In A.D. 1713, the Emperor Kang-he had a work compiled which he called "Choo Tsze tseuen shoo," complete writings of Choo Tsze.
 'This is not, as might be inferred from the title, a complete set of all the works prepared by Choo Tsze himself. It embraces in encyclopædic form, arranged under separate heads, the substance of two works compiled by his scholars; the one his Fragmentary Writings, the other his Sayings. Kang-he's compilation collects from these and places together all passages on each particular subject; such, for instance, as Education, Psychology, the History of Philosophy, or the Science of Government. Some of these passages consist only of a few words, others cover a page or two. Further, the greater number are portions of answers, given orally, or by letter, and at wide intervals of time, to questions on *special* difficulties connected with the subject which is indicated by the general heading.' See 'The Chinese and their Rebellions,' ch. xviii.

may properly be called to the speculations of philosophers who arrived at their conclusions by trains of reasoning carried on in that haughty independence of foreign influences which characterises the mental processes of the Chinese sage as well as the policy of the Chinese statesman. We hope not to be charged with unfairness if we say that there is evidence in Mr. McClatchie's volumes that he was first led to make researches in this department of Chinese literature with a view to find arguments to support the side he had espoused in the controversy about the term for God. We must claim the privilege of neutrality in this war, but as it is the one point where the philosophy of China has touched the theology of Christendom, reference to it cannot, with propriety, be omitted.

Dr. Eitel's pamphlet on Fêng-Shui ('Wind and Water Influences') only professes to be a summary of Chinese beliefs on the strange subject which he naively calls 'the foolish daughter of a wise mother.' As many of his statements throw light on the natural science of the Chinese, we have associated his book with those of Canon McClatchie, and shall endeavour to make the apt illustrations which are supplied in it, exhibit the practical working of the system of which the first principles are to be found in the text of our philosopher.

We propose, then, to give (1) a sketch of the life of Choo Tsze; (2) some account of his philosophy; (3) a short summary of the theological controversy which the publication of his writings seems likely to influence, if not to settle. In the interval that took place between the death of Mencius and the birth of Choo Tsze, the world was revolutionised by the coming of Christ. So we should write if we were treating of any save a Chinese subject; but we must remember that no effect was produced on the Middle Kingdom by the event which is an era in the historical and moral life of East and West. In the Chinese world of politics dynasty succeeded dynasty from the Han (which replaced the short-lived Tsin, first emperors of all China, some two hundred years before Christ), until the final overthrow of the Sung by the Mongols in the 13th century. Wars, revolutions, usurpations, and invasions followed each other; but in the Chinese world of thought the dark-haired people continued to learn the Four Books of Confucius and Mencius by heart. Confucius and Mencius were the two oracles, and the age was regarded as degenerate not because the two great sages were still the only authorities, but because the scholars did not give more time to examining their writings, and the people more heed to obeying their precepts. The troubles of the empire were numerous. The northern

provinces were lost, and the Tartars, ancestors of the dynasty now reigning, had driven the Chinese south of the Yellow River. The princes were weak, governed for the most part by eunuchs and women, and the general corruption tainted the officials from the Prime Minister to the *ti-pao*. Choo Tsze lived in the space which intervened between the compulsory transfer of the seat of government to the south and the fatal invitation to Kublai Khan and his Mongols to come and help the Chinese against the Tartars. Everything seemed to be in a state of disorder and decay, yet we see in the life of the last of the Chinese sages an activity in practical reform as conspicuous as a devotion to speculative philosophy.

Choo-Foo-Tsze or Choo Tsze, known in his father's family as He, 'the shining light,' was born at Hwuy-chow, in the province of Ngan-wuy, A.D. 1130. His father was a scholar and official. The anecdotes of the sage's childhood are few, but not without interest. When four years old his father, pointing with his finger towards the sky, said 'Heaven.' His son asked 'What is there above it?' At this his father marvelled greatly. At eight years of age he mastered the Hëaou King, a volume which treats of filial duties, and wrote upon the cover of the book, 'If I cannot conform to these lessons I shall never 'be a man.' When all the other children are engaged in their childish sports we find him sitting in silent contemplation drawing diagrams by himself. He obtained his first degree at the age of eighteen, and at twenty-one received his appointment of sub-magistrate in Tungan near Amoy. Here he read carefully and laboriously the national histories and classics and studied, but only to refute the systems of the Buddhists and Taouists.* As an official we see him indefatigable in reforming abuses. The duties of every *ya-mên* official, from the first secretary to the lowest underling, were written up on the office doors. He visited the schools and promoted the cleverest pupils without bribe or partiality. He built colleges and founded libraries. Such zeal for the public good could not be hidden, and his opportunity soon came. The Emperor Hia

* It is at the same time doubtful whether he entirely disapproved of Buddhism. The text of the Confucian classics is differently interpreted by the scholars of the Han and the scholars of the Sung dynasty. Choo Tsze was the glory of the Sung, and it may be out of spite alone that the Han school attribute to him in his latter days a decided inclination to Buddhism. The Han scholars are a by no means contemptible minority, but the preference accorded to the commentaries of Choo Tsze by the reigning dynasty has made him indispensable to candidates for examination.

tsung on his accession issued an invitation to both officers and people to send in faithful representations of the state of the realm. Choo Tsze forwarded three celebrated memorials, directed against the prominent abuses of the time, and suggesting remedies. In the first he explained that the need of the empire was a return to an intelligent study of the classics. The works of the great sages should not be learned by rote, but consulted as practical guides. The second denounced the conduct of the Prime Minister who had made a shameful 'treaty' of peace with the Mongols. And the third pointed to the mischief wrought by the two eunuchs Tsang and Lung, who stood between the sovereign and the people. These bold words gave the philosopher the character of an honest man, but produced no effect. We next find him on two occasions helping the sufferers in time of famine. A like visitation to that one which, while we are writing, is devastating the northern provinces of the empire, lighted on the southern regions in Choo Tsze's day; and, as now so then, the resources of the country were utterly unequal to meet the stress of the calamity. 'A long agony,' like that now prevailing in Southern India, was the result. Choo Tsze procured large quantities of rice from the public stores by a loan, and had it distributed amongst the poor. Then when the people brought in grain to replace the same, the officers in charge, having had private orders from Choo Tsze, who himself had been engaged to be security, allowed them to retain it for their own use. These are the acts which endear a magistrate to orientals, and which establish a reputation in the hearts of generations. The scholar and the bookman revere the sage for his commentary on the Four Books, and his dissertations on the older classics; but the people, after seven centuries, still think of him as the upright and compassionate ruler who pitied the poor and dealt his bread to the hungry. Even in the most degenerate days of China devotion to literature is sure to lead to promotion, and Choo Tsze was made governor of Nanch'ang. Here he spent the happiest years of his life. About seven miles distant from Nanch'angfoo is a secluded valley known as 'the Vale of the White Deer.' Here, embosomed in venerable trees on the banks of a babbling rivulet, stands the college founded by the sage. A tree, planted by his hand, is shown to the learned, who make pilgrimages from east, west, north, and south to do honour to the memory of the august teacher; and though the squalid buildings, the plastered walls, and the dilapidated roof, may excite the sneer of a student fresh from the splendours of Oxford, it is impossible to view without interest

and emotion the oldest collegiate foundation in the world, or to think meanly of a people who thus reverence from generation to generation the memory of learning and virtue.

But the college 'in the Valley of the White Deer' did not absorb all his care. He was again called upon to exert himself for the people in a time of great drought. Here again his activity seems to have equalled his wisdom.

'He gave orders,' we read, 'that in every market-town and village stores of grain should be provided, and that these should be so supplied with rice that the wants of the people could be relieved by sales therefrom at reduced and moderate prices. To oversee and manage these stores, he sent those officers who had been appointed by the court to superintend the taxes on wines or liquors, but who were without employment and not needed for that service. Further, he memorialised the throne, begging his majesty to remit certain other taxes and grant that the proceeds of the same, more than 40,000 stone of rice, might be distributed among the poor, that thereby the lives of the people might be preserved.'

After these practical services the emperor was compelled to notice him, and he had an interview with the sovereign. With the energy of an old Hebrew prophet he denounced the general corruption, and showed how many of the calamities that befell the land were caused by the vices of individuals. The recent failure of the regular machinery to meet the wants of the hungry proved that there was a fault in the system, and taking the famine as his immediate text, he pressed the necessity of administrative reform. In the next post which he held, the governorship of Si-hing, he was indefatigable in looking into abuses.

'In the year 1183 he made a tour through all the places within his jurisdiction; there was not a district even among the most dreary mountains, or in the most sequestered valleys, which he did not visit. Charioteers and sedan-bearers were alike dispensed with. Whatever baggage was needful for his individual use he carried himself; for by going in this manner no one throughout his wide jurisdiction could know when he would visit them, and both the subordinates and their clerks were kept in awe and fear, as if an imperial commissioner were hard upon their borders. Those who were upon examination found to have been unfaithful in carrying out the regulations adopted for the relief of the people who were suffering from famine, he reported to the emperor, and begged they might be dismissed from office.'

One of the best authenticated stories of the sage is based on his custom of visiting his subjects *incognito*, and though the incident properly belongs to the time of his magistracy at Nanking it reads like an anecdote of Haroun Al Raschid. One day when engaged in conversation with a group of pea-

sants, he asked their opinion of the mandarins, and inquired whether they were all alike. 'All alike and all unjust,' was the reply. 'Even the just Choo Tsze, of whom we have heard 'so much, delivers unrighteous judgments.' 'The Governor 'unjust!' exclaimed Choo Tsze, 'how is that; tell me when 'was Choo Tsze unjust?' The countryman proceeded to give a minute account of a lawsuit which had been brought before the Governor some years before, in which a miscreant of rank and plausible reputation had determined to deceive Choo Tsze, and get possession of a certain piece of land which belonged to a man who had inherited it from his fathers, but who had no title-deeds. He gave the particulars of the story and unmasked the stratagem employed. The trickster had caused a stone to be engraved with his name, the date of the sale of the land, and other particulars. This slab he buried in a field privately, and waited for a year. He then pretended to find the stone by chance, and brought it forward as a proof positive that the land was his. The defendant was called and the case duly brought before Choo Tsze. The Governor, seeing the slab and the inscription with the date engraved on it, was easily persuaded by his love of tangible proof to award the land to the artful claimant. He therefore entered into possession of it, and built magnificent tombs for himself and his family. 'Thus,' concluded the peasant, 'a villain lives in splendour 'while the rightful owner is without an ancestral tomb, or even 'a burialplace, and the world calls the magistrate who made 'this iniquitous award "The Just."' The philosopher heard the story out and walked sadly away. 'Is this my wisdom?' he said. 'Is this the justice of Heaven which I have tried to 'imitate? Either Heaven is unjust or I have been deceived,' he exclaimed as he re-entered his palace and closed the door of his cabinet. 'Let Heaven vindicate itself, and let not the 'guilty escape unpunished,' he again cried, and prostrating himself upon the floor continued to implore Heaven to prove its truth and punish the guilty. In the night a violent tempest arose. The winds swept over the mausoleum of the unjust man, leaving not one stone upon another. At daylight the Governor was aroused by messengers bringing the news that the pretended owner was trembling at his gate begging for pardon, and waiting to restore the land to its rightful owner. Choo Tsze recognised the Higher Power, cried aloud, 'Heaven 'is just,' and turned with renewed energy to the duties of the day. This is one of many stories showing how diligently the sage strove to do right, and corroborating the tardy tribute of the emperor to the loyalty of his illustrious subject, 'The

‘government of Choo Tsze was truly worthy of admiration.’

On another of his tours of inspection he received complaints against a magistrate who was related to the Prime Minister, and he memorialised the emperor so strongly that the offender was stripped of his office as Commissioner of Justice. The appointment was offered to Choo Tsze, but he refused to take it in a sentence which has become a household word in China: ‘To accept this office would be like carrying off as booty the ox which has trodden in one’s field.’ The sage did not escape one of those periods of disgrace to which all Chinese officials, including members of the Imperial family, are liable. He was falsely accused by a censor whom the Prime Minister had recommended to office, and requested to retire. The cloud soon passed, however, and we find him next Prefect of Chang-chow, and finally Reader and Essayist to the emperor. He continued to correct abuses, and the subject which, of course, occupied his special care was the duration of mourning. Like Confucius and Mencius, he was diligent in prescribing burial rites, and in regulating the trappings and suits of woe that were to be borne on different occasions. Ever loyal to the Father of Chinese literature, he printed copies of the ‘Five Classics’ and the ‘Four Books,’ and circulated them freely amongst the people. He worked hard at the ‘Annotations on the Shi-king;’ his ‘Memoirs of Illustrious Ministers;’ his ‘Records of Familiar Thoughts,’ and many other treatises and commentaries. What constitutes the real greatness of the man, however, is that he did not devote himself to literature as an escape from the perplexities of actual life, but sought by study to find the key to its problems and contradictions. Many of his speculations appear vague and unsatisfactory, but it is not fair to compare him with Bacon and the masters of the inductive method. We rather think of him with the early Ionian philosophers who sought to find in the phenomena of Nature that principle of unity which they could not see in the political and social life of their age and country. His researches and speculations were undoubtedly practical. He was intensely in earnest, as is proved by one of his best known sayings:—

‘Such is the state of affairs at present that nothing short of a great and thorough reform will suffice to move the mind of Heaven, or to rejoice the hearts of men. As for myself, I know it to be my duty to act with the utmost degree of sincerity and assiduity. For anything further than this it is not my province to be concerned.’ In another memorable

sentence he seems to have caught a glimpse of the great truth that by doing the Divine Will we know of the Doctrine: 'It is by rectitude alone that the sages comprehended all affairs, and heaven and earth give life to all things.'

In an early memorial addressed to the throne he had shown how thoroughly he realised the true ideas of the State. 'The present condition of the empire,' he said, 'was like a man labouring under severe sickness, so that from the heart and vitals within to the extremes of the body without, not one hair, not even the smallest particle of his whole system, was unaffected.' This is sound teaching, and shows how thoroughly he felt the moral obligations of the citizen and the true relations between the individual and the commonwealth. There is a loftiness in the sage's conception of government which is very remarkable, and which, it must be acknowledged, he shares with Confucius and Mencius. In the West, to use an expression of Mr. Gladstone, 'the man in politics' too often becomes 'the politician.' In China, the three great sages have, to their eternal honour, never lost their grasp of the true objects of the State, or their sympathy with public virtue.

Though fighting hard against increasing infirmities, Choo Tsze continued to divide his time between the study and the yamen. He followed his wife Liú and his eldest son Shuh to the grave, and at last, at the age of seventy-one, ceased at once to read and live. The day before his death he wrote to a favourite pupil directing him to collect the manuscripts for the work on rites and ceremonies, and to complete the same. On the day following he gave orders that his bed should be moved into the centre hall. About noon he rose from it and sat up erect, with closed eyes, in the attitude which he was wont to assume when resting himself after the fatigues of study. He adjusted his broad cap and robe, laid his head against his pillow, and died. We pass to consider the leading doctrines of Choo Tsze on Matter, the Universe, and God.

Choo Tsze and the Confucianists agree with many of the ancient philosophers in their fundamental tenet, the eternity of matter. As to what this primordial matter, or, to speak more correctly, this characteristic physical ἀρχή of all things, is, Western philosophers differed among themselves. The Chinese sage agrees with Anaximenes, and considers it to be an infinite eternal air. Heaven, earth, air, sea, sky, men, and demons are made of this eternal air. Inherent in this air is Fate. Such, at least, is the interpretation of the Chinese character *Le*, given by Canon M'Clatchie. The translation has unquestionably not been made without anxious consideration, but

we conceive that the most exact representative of the term is not any English word, but the Greek ἀρχή, with its two meanings, 'a beginning' and 'a sovereignty.' The philosopher of Miletus, and, we believe, the philosopher of Hwuy-chow, sought for a governing ἀρχή in air. This is over all things and it is invisible. This is the Law, which is the origin (ἀρχή) and ruling power (ἀρχή) of all. In effect we believe that as the meaning of sovereignty lives in the Greek word ἀρχή, which first means 'beginning,' so the ideas of law and rule live in the primordial air of Choo Tsze. The next step is easy. The idea of the great origin of all things, combined with the idea of sovereign power, goes to make up the leading ideas conveyed by the word Deity. Hence we are not surprised to find that this power described as Fate is God, and is incomprehensible. 'What this Fate is' Choo Tsze himself informs us elsewhere, e.g. 'Fate' is God, and is Incomprehensible. Being asked whether the God spoken of is the Maker and Transmuter of heaven and earth, he (Choo Tsze) replied: 'God is 'just that Fate;' 'God is the Lord of Change' (i.e. the ever-changing primordial air), 'and hence He is Omnipotent;' 'separated from air there is no God, and separated from God 'there is no air;' 'all things have visible traces, but God, who 'is in their midst, is invisible. God is never separate from 'matter; hence God is the Incomprehensible Being who is in 'the midst of all things and adorns them.' We have before us a very different explanation of the word *li*, rendered by Canon M'Clatchie, Fate. It is taken from the 42nd chapter of the work of which the Canon has translated the 49th. Without pledging ourselves to the absolute correctness of the translation or paraphrase, we accept it as possessing a fair claim to that merit. The philosopher Choo being asked to distinguish between *t'ien*, *ming*, *sing*, and *li*, made answer to the effect that *t'ien* (which we commonly render Heaven) is the supreme power, authentic or spontaneous, and absolute; *ming*, its ordinance, the exposition of its law, or exhibition of its will in all the operations of nature (moral and physical); *sing* the nature or constitution with which the creature is equipped by the *ming* of *t'ien*; and *li* the regulating principle which represents *t'ien* in the *sing*, and conformity with which is 'normal condition.'

Choo Tsze's view of the universe, which is almost entirely drawn from the Yih King, must next be noted. For the sake of clearness we may say that to him sky, earth, sea, sun, moon, and stars were all called heaven. They were regarded as a whole, a vast and majestic kosmos, and this kosmos was

animated. This is the point which so many fail to grasp, but which if once clearly seen explains nearly all the Chinese beliefs and many of their more obscure religious practices. They have no such thing as inanimate Nature. 'This goodly 'frame the earth, and this most excellent canopy the air,' which appear to other philosophers besides Hamlet 'a foul and 'pestilent congregation of vapours,' form a living breathing organism. This vast being is endowed with a soul, the *anima mundi*; but not the less is it a material conception. To quote Dr. Eitel:—

'Though modern Confucianism has long ago discarded the belief in one supreme personal God, of which their classical writings still preserve a dead record, and though they substituted, for the personal God whom their forefathers worshipped, an abstract entity devoid of personality, devoid of all attributes whatsoever, yet they look upon Nature, not as a dead inanimate fabric, but as a living breathing organism. They see a golden chain of spiritual life running through every form of existence, and binding together, as in one living body, every thing that subsists in heaven above or on earth below. What has been so often admired in the natural philosophy of the Greeks, that they made Nature live; that they had in every stone, in every tree, a living spirit; that they peopled the sea with naiads, the forest with satyrs; this poetical, emotional, and reverential way of looking at natural objects is equally so a characteristic of natural science in China.*

This conception was gained by taking man as the model or microcosm of the universe, and here the Chinese agree with the Neoplatonists. Choo Tsze himself might have written this sentence of Plotinus: 'It is absurd to affirm that heaven or the 'world is inanimate or devoid of life and soul, when we ourselves, who have but a part of the mundane body in us, are 'endued with soul. For how could a part have life and soul 'in it, the whole being dead and inanimate?'

The kosmos then is a great man, and its eight portions are stated to correspond to eight parts of the human body; e.g. Kheen (heaven) is the head; Khwan (earth) is the bowels and womb; Ching is the feet; Seuén is the thighs; Kan is the ears; Le is the eyes; Kǎn is the hands; and T'uy is the mouth.

Our translator most suggestively reminds us that in the Orphic verses 'the whole world is represented as one great 'animal, God being the soul thereof.' From this 'emotional 'conception of Nature,' as it has been well called, originate

* 'Fêng-Shui,' by E. T. Eitel, M.A. Ph.D., p. 6.

certain doctrines which exercise the widest influence over the Chinese. Indeed, this root idea of an animated Nature is the basis on which rests the largest superstructure of practical belief that exists in the country; a belief which, though fantastic and superstitious, is the logical consequence of the cosmical theory, and is carried out with an obstinacy and consistency that puzzle the foreigner, when he only meets with some rude result of it, which, detached from the whole system, is utterly unintelligible. In one word, from the emotional conception of Nature springs the belief in *fêng-shui*, or wind and water influences. Thus, then, unless we penetrate below the surface, and try to understand the Chinese view of natural phenomena, we shall never get the key to Chinese action. We shall now discern why the erection of a telegraph post in one place drives a whole village into a fury; why the falling down of a flag-staff in another place heralds the departure of all good influences from the spot; why a certain valley is sought for as a haven of security; why a particular rock is propitiated with offerings as a potent but malign demon.

Put as simply as possible, the beliefs of the Chinese on this subject are as follows. Heaven (*yang*), the male principle, governs earth (*yin*), the female principle. Both heaven and earth influence all living beings, and man can turn this influence to the best account for his own advantage. Further, and this must never be lost sight of, the fortunes of the living depend on the good will and general influence of the dead. The millions of men and women who slumber beneath the mounds that cover the vast plains of China have in all the affairs of human life 'a voice potential.' The agencies by which heaven influences earth are the sun and moon (respectively *yang* and *yin*), with the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the twenty-eight constellations, the five planets (for only five are known to the Chinese), the seven stars of the Great Bear, and nine other stars of the Northern Bushel. These heavenly bodies act on all living creatures through the five elements of Nature, viz. wood, fire, earth, metal, and water. These five elements act and react on each other: wood produces fire, fire produces earth, earth produces metal, metal produces water, water produces wood. On the other hand, metal destroys wood, wood destroys (i.e. absorbs) earth, earth destroys (i.e. absorbs) water, water destroys fire, fire destroys metal. Again, it is to be considered that wood is abundant in the east, metal in the west, water in the north, fire in the south, whilst earth predominates in the centre between the four cardinal points.

It is also to be borne in mind that wood reigns in spring, fire in summer, metal in autumn, water in winter, and earth during the last eighteen days of each season.

The next influence which is brought to bear on the fortunes of men for good or evil is the influence of the spirits of the dead. This belief affects Chinese practices to an extent which is inconceivable in the West.

Thus from heaven, earth, and the bodies under the earth, good influences are to be desired, evil influences are to be dreaded. Currents of blessing and of bane are ever travelling about, and a Chinaman's life is a constant effort to escape the *yin* current, the principle of evil, and to get himself in the way of the *yang* current, the principle of good. To the common people, and, indeed, to most of the Chinese, educated and uneducated, these influences take the shape of sinister demons or beneficent genii, and thus a fantastic system of superstition grows or seems to grow out of the speculations of the venerable sages. To adopt Dr. Eitel's illustration: 'the wise mother has a foolish daughter.' Blended with and growing out of the high philosophical theories of Choo Tsze, we find the system of Fêng-shui, and from the system of Fêng-shui grow the rites of the all-pervading ancestral worship with its multiform and intricate superstitions, of which we may say what the poet says of the yew-tree in the graveyard: .

'Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrap about the bones.'

Thus in China speculation and superstition are strangely connected together, and a vital issue as to a philosopher's theory of the universe may appear, as it did to the early European missionaries, to be little more than a question of rites.

It is of the first importance to understand Choo Tsze's conception of God. The Power inherent in air is, as we have seen, the Origin and Ruler of things, God (*Shin*), but the air in which He dwells is also God (*Shangte*). The inferiority of the second deity is, however, everywhere asserted or implied. On him the *Shin* rides as the rider rides a horse. He is, in fact, the Demiurgos. To quote Canon M'Clatchie:—

'When Heaven, or Shangte, breathes forth his air, then all things exist and flourish; but when He draws in his breath they all die, being deprived of their animating principle. This *Shangte*, however, so frequently mentioned in the Classics, is not a personal being dwelling in the heavens, but is heaven itself, animated by an inherent soul called Fate, or God, who is the real source of all happiness and misery. *Shangte*, or heaven, is merely the revolving "primordial air," or the kosmos, which is sometimes arranged and sometimes in a state of

chaos, when all things return to his bosom. Chaos, or "decline," and the arranged kosmos, or "fulness," follow each other *ad infinitum*.'

Thus, as we understand Canon M'Clatchie, the two leading ideas of the Chinese are an immaterial God (*Shin*) inherent in a material heaven (*Shangte*), and thus when we speak to a Chinaman of his Divinity, and gather from him that his conceptions are lofty and spiritual, it is because he is speaking of the ἀρχή, the Power inherent in primordial air, *Shin*. This will go far to explain concisely why, when approached from one point, the Chinese cosmogony and theology have appeared to the foreign student as materialistic and idolatrous, and why, when approached from another point, they have seemed spiritual and sublime. 'On faisait de gros livres,' writes Voltaire, 'dans lesquels on démontrait, selon la façon théologique de démontrer, que les Chinois n'adoraient que le ciel matériel ;

' " *Nil præter nubes et cæli numen adorant ;* "

' mais s'ils adoraient ce ciel matériel, c'était donc là leur dieu. ' *

This, it will be seen, is a half truth ; the Chinese worship the heavens not as the vesture or the seat of Deity, but as a part of that great animated kosmos in which the spiritual Power, the Beginning of everything and the Ruler of everything, is inherent. Bearing these Confucian principles, as laid down by Choo Tsze, in mind, we shall be able to see, far better than those who were engaged in the thick of the two controversies to which we have referred, where the difficulty really lay.

We cannot flatter ourselves that we have been able to render these obscure speculations of the Chinese cosmogonists attractive to the general reader ; but, nevertheless, without some acquaintance with these beliefs, it is impossible to approach, much less to understand, a controversy which agitated Catholic Christendom for more than a hundred years, which occupied the attention of three popes, which gave rise to a mass of treatises, dissertations, pamphlets, a bare list of which fills thirty quarto pages, and which, reappearing in an altered shape in our own days, seems likely to create as much division and disturbance amongst Protestants as it did amongst Catholics. We mean the great argument known to Jesuits and Dominicans as the ' Question des Rites Chinois,' and to the Church Missionary Society and the London Mission as the ' Shin and Shangti ' Controversy.'

It seems best to give first some account of the earlier or

* Dictionnaire Philosophique. De la Chine.

Roman Catholic phase of the discussion, and then to notice the question which is now rife amongst Protestants, as the changes in the form of this controversy have a scientific as well as a polemical value, and exhibit very fairly the increasing clearness and depth of insight into Chinese philosophy to which, in spite of the difficulty of the subject, we are now slowly but surely attaining.

In the long list of self-devoted men who have laboured in the ranks of the Order of Jesus, few can compare in learning and energy with the Italian Matthew Ricci. He was born in the year in which the great St. Francis died, and in the words of Huc, 'the apostolic zeal of Xavier seemed to have passed 'into the soul of Ricci.' It is by no means certain, however, that the policy adopted by this indefatigable evangelist was not productive of serious injury to the cause of Christianity in China, though he unquestionably took the course he did from the purest motives and after the most devout consideration. His religion was far too catholic, and his sympathies far too wide, to allow him to condemn the great sage whose memory is as dear to the Chinese as the memory of Socrates was to the Greeks, or as the memory of Moses is to the Hebrews. He could not bid the black-haired people cease to reverence Confucius. He could not bid them remove the tablets emblazoned with his golden sentences from the temple, or forbid those offerings of filial piety to the ancestral spirits which the throneless king had so urgently insisted on. He desired to leave as much of the old system as he possibly could leave. He believed, probably, that all the great moral teachers of men have, in a certain sense, been commissioned to prepare the way of the Lord, and he was not going to ensure his own expulsion and that of his associates from the country in which they had with such difficulty obtained a footing by denouncing the only man whose lessons accorded in any degree with those of the Master he came to preach. Surely this was a case in which to remember the text, 'he who is not against us is for us,' rather than the text, 'he that is not with me is against me.' This is not the place to argue as to the wisdom of this policy, but it had a disastrous effect on the mind of the man who adopted it. He immediately began to find what he desired to discover. He sought anxiously for resemblances, he refused to see differences. The creed of the Chinese appeared to Ricci full of adumbrations of the creed of the Christian. Above all, the 'Tien,' or material visible heaven of Confucius, became the true invisible and spiritual God.

This view of the Chinese system had important and imme-

diate effects on practice. The sacrifices of the Chinese to their ancestors were regarded as civil ceremonies, and were permitted to the Chinese converts. This, as is well known, became the great topic of dispute. The question, as we have seen, was known as the question of rites, and the difference which lay at the root of the matter was forgotten in the noise raised by the discussion as to the propriety of requiring or forbidding the external forms. The man who first convinced himself that the Chinese system was materialistic was the successor of Ricci, Nicholas Longobard. During the life of his master he had, as in duty bound, refrained from contradicting him, but when the great apostle was laid in the grave at Peking he began to consider the matter seriously, and after diligent study of the four books of Confucius he decided that the Chinese recognised no deity but Heaven, and the general effect that it had upon the created things, that the soul in their opinion was nothing but a subtle æriform substance, and that their immortality was at best a metempsychosis. To a man who had arrived at these conclusions, the reverence shown to the departed, and all the rites which Ricci had permitted to the converts, appeared idolatry, and henceforth the two words which had represented the idea of Deity, *Tien* and *Shangte*, were strictly prohibited. Persecution united the Christians for a while, but when the Church had rest the dissensions revived, and two great parties, respectively adopting the views taken by Ricci and Longobard, assailed each other with the fury proper to polemics.

At first the party which advocated a spiritual view of the Chinese philosophy was the stronger, but after a while the Dominicans and Franciscans joined those who regarded it as materialistic, and the school of Longobard gained the advantage of numbers. This is no place for the weary story, and our readers would not thank us were we to follow the controversialists along the labyrinthine paths through which they were dragged. Suffice it to say that every expedient was tried to bring about a compromise, and that pope after pope essayed to decide the controversy without success. Innocent X., a pontiff bowed down by age and under the yoke of an unscrupulous woman, took a temporising line, and, without penetrating to the core of the question, forbade the Chinese ceremonies until the Holy See should give its final decision. Alexander VII., too busy with his own disputes with Louis XIV. to attend to remote quarrels on subjects as uninteresting as they were abstruse, allowed the Chinese to retain their ancient customs, appending a note to the permission declaring that these acts of worship had no religious significance.

Innocent XI., a man of an inflexible temper, found time, while repressing the abuses of his nobility and cardinals, and braving the ambassadors of the great king himself, to give as dispassionate attention to the subject as could be expected from a Jansenist when dealing with Jesuits, and sent M. Maigrot, an ecclesiastic of high rank, to examine the question, and report on a matter which was threatening to damage the peace of the Church. Maigrot, the pontifical commissioner, spent some time over the question, and finally published a mandate stating that the order issued by Pope Alexander had been based on imperfect information, but exonerating the missionaries who had favoured the practice of Chinese rites from any blame. The attempt at conciliation failed. The Jesuits continued to oppose the Holy See, and finally a small party of them ventured on the extraordinary measure of appealing to the Chinese Emperor Khang-he to give them his opinion. The supreme authority was requested to say whether in his opinion the religion of himself and his countrymen was materialistic or not, whether *T'ien* meant the visible sky, or the unseen God, Master, Author, and Preserver of Heaven and Earth. The emperor's oracular reply seemed to favour the opinion that *T'ien* meant a Supreme Being. The spectacle of a body of Christians referring to a heathen sovereign for the solution of a theological difficulty excited extraordinary attention. It was decried by some, applauded by others, and wondered at by all. This is, perhaps, the one incident in the long and agitating contest which has never been forgotten; and in the midst of the excitement occasioned by this extraordinary step, the pope died. His successor, the venerable Innocent XII.,* one of the purest and noblest men who ever wore

* Mr. Browning, in 'The Ring and the Book,' has touched upon the subject with his usual learning and poetic insight. The Pope says:—

'Five years long, now, rounds faith into my ears,
 "Help Thou, or Christendom is done to death!"
 Five years since, in the Province of Fokien,
 Which is in China as some people know,
 Maigrot, my Vicar Apostolic then,
 Having a great qualm, issues a decret.
 Alack! the converts use as God's name, not
Tien-chu, but plain *T'ien*, or else mere *Shang-ti*,
 As Jesuits please to fancy politic,
 While say Dominicans, it calls down fire,—
 For *T'ien* means heaven, and *Shang-ti* supreme prince,
 While *Tien-chu* means the Lord of Heaven: all cry,

the tiara, devoted many laborious hours of a life which was divided between labour and devotion, to the thorough investigation of the question. Without party bias, but with a single eye to the discovery of truth, he sifted the evidence and endeavoured to discover a solution which should meet the difficulty. But the fame of Innocent was destined to rest on his resistance to imperial aggression, and on the superb structures with which he enriched the Eternal City. Schools, asylums, and courts of justice remain monuments of his rule; it was denied him to crown his work with the glory of settling the Chinese controversy. That task was reserved for Clement XI., who, though sustaining the Jesuits in their fight against the Jansenists at home, was unable to justify their latitudinarianism abroad, and on November 20, 1704, promulgated the decree which for all good Catholics ended the controversy.

It read as follows:—

‘As the true God cannot be conveniently named with European words, we must employ the words *Tien-Tchou*, that is to say Lord of Heaven, in use for a long time in China, and approved by both missionaries and their converts. We must, on the contrary, absolutely reject the appellations of *Tien*, “Heaven,” and *Shang-ti*, “August Emperor;” and for this reason it must on no account be permitted that tablets shall be suspended in the churches with the Chinese inscription *King Tien*, “Adore Heaven.”’

It is hardly possible to imagine a more contradictory state of affairs than that which now existed at Peking. The Cardinal de Tournon had the pope’s mandate in his possession, declaring in effect that the Chinese were materialists and atheists, and forbidding the use of the inscription *King Tien*; while, at the same time, a large and influential body of Catholic Christians declared that the Chinese worshipped a spiritual Being, and a tablet with the forbidden words presented to the Jesuits by the Emperor Khang-he hung in the church at Peking.

The events which followed belong to ecclesiastical history, and form one of the most curious pages in the annals of the propagation of the faith. Cardinal de Tournon died in prison at Macao. Clement issued a bull prescribing the exact observance of the decree, and obliged all missionaries to take an

There is no business urgent for despatch
As that thou send a legate, specially
Cardinal Tournon, straight to Peking, there
To settle and compose the difference.’

(*The Ring and the Book*, Canto 10, l. 1588.)

oath binding themselves to obey the mandate concerning the rites. This, however, failed to produce unity, and he sent a new legate to China. Monseigneur Mezzabarba was received with marked coldness. The emperor considered his mission an insult to himself, and a satire on the infallibility of the pope. The Jesuits were, rightly or wrongly, suspected of inciting Khang-he to treat Mezzabarba with contempt, and at least in Europe the Jansenists lost no time in taunting their rivals with disloyalty to the Holy See. The party who were just accused of rebellion for refusing obedience to the bull *Unigenitus* were glad to be able to bring a counter-charge, and to remind the Jesuits that they treated with equal disrespect the bull *Ex illâ die*. At last the illustrious Lambertini, speaking with an authority that was derived not only from the possession of the triple crown and the fisherman's ring, but from immense learning and saintly piety, set the question finally at rest, and declared that the use by Christians of Chinese ceremonies was idolatrous and unlawful. Thus the learning of Europe passed its verdict on the learning of China.

Thus the theology of Europe passed its verdict on the science of China. The theory of Ricci that there was anything spiritual in the Chinese conceptions of Deity was regarded as a disastrous mistake. The Confucian philosophy was pronounced atheistic and materialistic, and to complete its discredit with the orthodox, Voltaire became its energetic champion, and delighted in contrasting the simplicity and dignity of the Chinese worship with the superstition and priestcraft of the Catholic faith. Doctrines which were believed to have been once favoured by the Jesuits and were lauded to the echo in the 'Philosophical Dictionary,' were not likely to find favour in the Protestant world; and it is one of the many startling contradictions with which this controversy abounds, that the men who went to China holding the opinion which Benedict XIV. held of the Chinese sages, but regarding the pope as in a condition almost as perilous as the pagans, should find themselves involved in dissensions very similar to those which wearied out Maigrot and Tournon; while men who regarded Voltaire as the eldest son of the father of lies, went further than he had ever dreamed of going, and discovered in the chief idol of the Chinese Pantheon the veritable God of Christian worship. We must not anticipate, however; it will be best to show, by a brief sketch of early Protestant missions in China, the way in which the great question of the materialism or spiritualism of the Chinese was forced upon the new evangelists, and what is the present state of the controversy.

Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, landed at Canton in 1807. He belonged to the sect of the Independents, and was sent out by the London Missionary Society, then thirteen years old. Morrison studied in England before he started, and procured from the British Museum a 'Harmony of the Gospels' and the 'Pauline Epistles,' translated by an unknown Roman Catholic missionary. These books and a manuscript Latin and Chinese Dictionary formed his literary equipment for his great task. An impress of sterling truth marks the works and the character of the pioneer of evangelical religion in the Middle Kingdom. The narrative of his labours is a plain home-spun story, showing a gigantic aptitude for hard work, strong north-country common sense, and, underlying all the rest, an unshaken confidence in the support which spiritual religion offers to its children.

Robert Morrison was born in 1782. He embarked for China in 1807 to found an Anglo-Chinese College. From the day when, to quote his own words, 'the good hand of God 'brought him' to the place of his appointed labour, until the day when his body was buried beneath the willow trees at Macao, he lived like a hermit and worked like a horse to get at the heart of those two mysteries, the Chinese language and the Chinese mind. We get glimpses of him toiling by the light of his earthenware lamp, with a folio volume of 'Matthew Henry's Commentary' set on its edge to prevent the wind from blowing out the flickering flame. At one time his type-cutters are seized by the Chinese and his work delayed by the loss of the blocks; at another the Romish priests forbid any of their converts to help him in learning the language. But steadily, with patience that was never exhausted, and a temper which was never exasperated, this son of a Northumbrian farmer worked at his gigantic task and completed his dictionary. He was assisted by an able coadjutor in Dr. Milne, who however died before his predecessor, and the two produced the first version of the Bible ever made by Protestants into Chinese. Twenty-six books of the Old Testament and thirteen books of the New were wholly the work of Morrison, though, as he always stated with characteristic candour, the Chinese MS. in the British Museum, a copy of which he procured under the Missionary Society's care, was the foundation of the New Testament in Chinese which he completed and edited.

The first problem which presented itself to Morrison was the discovery of a term for God. To quote his own words:—

'I have put down in my Diary for this day that I was perplexed, not knowing what words to make use of, to express to the Chinese, with

whom I conversed, the Supreme Being; whether to adopt the Tëen-choo of the [Romish] missionaries, or to make use of words which are commonly understood by the heathen to denote spiritual and superior beings, or their gods, which are many. I do not now feel on that head any difficulty. I make use of both modes of expression, but give the preference to their own, viz. *Shin*, which is the most generally understood. When I make use of other names they imagine that I bring to them another God—the God of my country. From this notion, which is perfectly in unison with all heathen ideas of gods, I keep as far distant as possible. I do not bring to them another God, but endeavour to convince them that their ideas of *Shin* are erroneous; that there are not many gods but one, and He is the same to every nation under heaven. I even let them retain the word Tëen (heaven), but engraft upon it proper ideas, as we do in our own language. Those who know anything of religion have lost the heathen idea of heaven, and mean by it the God who reigns in glory there. It is a matter of small importance to give to the heathen new words in comparison to the giving of right ideas of things. It appears to me that the Roman missionaries have made much noise about forcing the Chinese to receive the word Tëen-choo (the Lord of Heaven, which, by the way, is a good expression); but then they have brought to them at the same time numberless objects of worship, saints and martyrs perfectly of a piece with their old heathen ideas.'

It will be seen from this passage that the first Protestant missionary adopted the word *Shin* in his version of the Holy Scriptures, and we know that in the last prayer that he composed he used that word and none other in addressing the Supreme Being!

Dr. Medhurst, the second of the Protestant Missionary sinologues, adopted Shang-ti, but it is well known that he said, 'if *Shin* could only be found to be used in the classics κατ' ἐξοχήν, 'I would adopt it and recommend its adoption.' Abel Rémusat, a sinologue of exceptional abilities, could not tolerate the use of *Shin*. Dr. Bowring strove to cut the Gordian knot by proposing the introduction of a new character for the Christian God, and suggested the Greek Θ, the first letter of Θεός. Later a compromise has been arrived at in Peking, and certain Protestants agree to adopt Tëen-choo, the term in use amongst the Roman Catholics. But in the south of China one missionary uses one term, another another, and some all three! *

* An amusing story is told showing the state of feeling on this 'burning question.' At a prayer-meeting where missionaries of several different sects were collected, the minister at whose house the gathering took place thanked God for the abundant blessing which had everywhere followed on the use of the term *Shang-te*. His brethren—those at least of the number who used *Shin*—though prevented by decorum

The end at which we have arrived is sadly like the last chapter in 'Rasselas,' a conclusion in which nothing is concluded. The contest still continues, and we frankly acknowledge the results are most disastrous. It is above all things necessary that, in China, the Christian missionaries should, as far as in them lies, forget or conceal their differences, and present an unbroken front to the heathen. Unhappily, this dispute about the character to be used for God prevents them from even assuming the virtue of unity. It is not a question of things indifferent on which the Church is at issue, it is a root question and one that concerns the essentials of religion. The man who preaches the *Shin* 'JEHOVAH' preaches a different God from the man who preaches the *Shin* 'SHANG-TE.' We are not speaking out of book when we say that this difference causes many earnest missionaries poignant grief, and increases the difficulty of their work among the natives to an appreciable extent. There is no authority in the Protestant Church to pronounce distinctly, and in terms not to be controverted, a decisive opinion on the question. This may at the first blush cause regret, as we are all apt to regard any settlement as better than a condition of uncertainty. But we must never forget that we are only slowly and tentatively gaining an insight into Chinese beliefs. The early missionaries did what they could, but they only penetrated a little way below the surface. We must go to the fountain-head. Confucius, Mencius, and the 'Book of Odes' have been translated not perhaps in a satisfactory way, but still, with the Chinese classics in an English dress before us, we may advance to an appreciative study of the ethics of China. In order, however, to gain a true notion of their deeper beliefs, and of their conceptions of the controlling forces of the world, Choo Tsze and the Yih King have to be studied, and have to be placed in the position they bear with relation to other cosmogonies. 'So long as comparative mythology continues to be neglected by Chinese students, so long must the Yih King remain a sealed book to them.' The service done by Canon M'Clatchie to the controversy of which our readers have probably heard enough is obvious. With his two volumes in our hands we are in a position to view the 'Shin and Shang-te question' from a higher stand-point than was before attained; or rather we see the whole subject illuminated by a new and bright light. Had Ricci read the works of Choo Tsze and the Yih King,

from rising from their knees, testified their disapproval by audible coughs.

he never would have imagined that the 'Tien,' the heaven of the Confucianist's worship, had any points of similarity with the Christian's God. Had Longobard read the works of Choo Tsze and the Yih King, he would have been able to take so strong a stand against the advocates of the spiritual view that they would have yielded without calling in the authority of an Innocent, a Clement, and a Benedict. And in later times had the Protestant missionaries devoted themselves to a dispassionate study of these two uninviting but most instructive books, they would, we feel assured, have hesitated before they adopted a term for God so likely to be misunderstood as Shang-te.

But if we look beyond the missionary question into a screener air we see that Canon M'Clatchie's labours have a very distinct scientific value. One point at least is ascertained: these publications prove that the Chinese system is material, like most other heathen systems, and that the Great Monad of Confucius resembles the Monad of Pythagoras. It will be strange indeed if we discover that the doctrines of the most advanced modern philosophy are found to have been seen afar off by Choo Tsze. In the renowned Belfast Address matter is spoken of as 'the universal mother of all things,' and thus the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, which has developed into the materialism of a Huxley and a Tyndall, appeared more than a thousand years ago to the Chinese scholar when pondering over that mysterious Yih King, the Chinese 'Canon of Mutability,' the oldest book of the oldest nation; as venerable to Confucius as the writings of Confucius were to that Choo Tsze, of whom we must now take our leave.

ART. LII.—1. *Mes Souvenirs*: 1800–1833. Par DANIEL STERN. Paris, 1877.

And by the same author:—

2. *Nélida*. 1 vol. Paris: 1846.
3. *Essai sur la Liberté*. 1 vol. Paris: 1856.
4. *Florence et Turin*. 1 vol. Paris: 1862.
5. *La Révolution de 1848*. 3 vols. Paris: 1853.
6. *Dante et Goethe. Dialogues de DANIEL STERN*. Paris: 1866.

COUNTRESS D'AGOULT, better known in literature and politics as 'Daniel Stern,' was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main, on the last day of the year 1805. Her mother, who was one of the Bethmanns of Frankfort, had been left a widow at eighteen years of age, and when still quite a young woman she displeased her family by contracting a second marriage. Her choice fell this time on no merchant prince, on no associate of their own great banking-house, but on a handsome young French *émigré*, named Alexandre Victor François, Comte de Flavigny. After their marriage this couple resided in Frankfort, Dresden, Vienna, and Munich, until political events made it possible for M. de Flavigny to return to France, and to Touraine, the province with which his family was connected. Three children were born to them. Of these one died in infancy, one, a son, survived to carry on their historic name, and one, the author of these Memoirs, lived to become well known to Paris, and to Europe, as a woman of fashion and of letters.

Marie de Flavigny, born in exile, and of mixed parentage, inherited gifts from both sides of her house. From her father she got beauty, nobility, courtesy, wit, and a prescriptive right to a place in the society of the French court, and of the Faubourg St. Germain. From her mother there descended to her a great fortune, a pair of blue eyes, a cloud of golden hair, and a dash of German sentiment; while along with such feminine qualifications she also got a passion for liberty and freedom of thought, and a taste for music and literature. These things were not unnatural in the descendant of a line of Lutheran bankers, or in the countrywoman of Goethe, Mendelssohn, and Heine.

The De Flavignys were Royalists, and as such always refused favours at the hands of the Bonapartes. They had therefore the more right to expect them under the Restoration. But they never courted notice. Poor and proud they remained in the country, and there brought up their children. Their *château*, situated as it was between Tours and Châteaurenault, was insignificant in a province so full of beautiful and historic houses. Their daughter implies as much, yet she is not so ungracious as to forget all that Touraine has to say to the poetic temperament of a worshipper of Nature. Though not herself such a painter in words as her greater rival George Sand, Madame d'Agoult vividly recalls the features of her childhood's home—fruits and flowers in abundance, streams 'with a soft inland murmur,' limpid air, and plenitude of liberty in a smiling country. Touraine is a land of little hills, of little woods, of vineyards, heaths, and commons; of coverts of all sorts, of leafy alleys where the song-birds build, of terraces open to the sun, of orchards and pastures, and beyond all these a horizon of forests, 'where the doe, the wild boar, and the roe-buck still have their haunts.'

In this sylvan world wandered a little girl, tended by her German maid, strengthening her young limbs by exercise or rest, gleanings after the reapers, or pulling the late clusters of the vines, when the presses and vats were already purple with the vintage of the year. Here, too, she nourished her fancy, learned German rhymes and Breton legends, was spoiled by her parents, and lived ignorant of any more serious troubles in life than of some passing quarrel with her brother. She was also, we must add it, ignorant of any religious ideas whatever, though duly taught, when at the village mass on Sunday mornings, to stand up for the '*Domine, salvum fac regem.*'

This idyllic existence was broken up by the return of Bonaparte from Elba. The De Flavignys left Touraine for Paris, and then in haste quitted it for Frankfort, which they reached on the evening of the seventh day. When the little Marie woke next morning she found herself in a new and strange setting: in the old wooden Baslerhof, in the Büchgasse, the house of her uncle, the Geheimrath Moritz von Bethmann. Here in this rich, busy free city, the merchant princes lived in affluence, and the present head of the house of Bethmann had around him a splendour and a liberality that might well have recalled the palmy days of the Fuggers or the Medici. His family, which was of Dutch extraction, had emigrated from the Netherlands during the wars of religion. The city in which

they founded their banking-house then preserved many of the features of the middle ages. There were the rough black ruins of its ramparts, the cathedral, the narrow alleys, the filthy Judengasse, and the great fair, of which the rights and privileges dated from the fourteenth century. Frankfort was an essentially Protestant city, culture and a desire for progress leavening even the lower classes of society, while Luther's Bible and the popular hymn-books, with the legends of the Rhine and Main valleys, fed the hearts and imaginations of the burgher populace. The artisans had their share in its municipal government, and were as proud of their liberties as the merchants were of their foreign credit. The head of the house of Bethmann had advanced money to many of the crowned heads of Europe, and after the Congress of Vienna he received from the Emperor of Austria a patent of nobility. Those who remember Moritz von Bethmann feel that in his case Nature had, however, been beforehand with the Emperor Francis, having already given to the banker great ability and great geniality, strong good sense, and a charm of manner which made him popular and beloved.

His house was presided over by his mother, a blind octogenarian, but one of those women who contrive to rule three generations of men by their strength of mind and will. She was a native of Bâle, and Holbein or Rembrandt ought to have returned to life to paint her. This old lady represented to perfection the proud old Lutheran *bourgeoise* of a free German city. Her grandchild's portrait of her in words is as vivid as possible. We see her furred velvet robe in winter, her white gown in summer, her old laces, her strings of pearls, her deep pockets, her great sightless eyes, and the big chair which she always occupied at the head of the table. Moritz von Bethmann had made a love-match, and we perceive in this account of the family all the old lady's rather scornful toleration of his pretty wife, as well as her own stout-hearted Lutheranism, kept free from the crop of neologisms which has since overrun Germany to the destruction of her old faith and her old virtues. Into the *salon* of her house came sovereigns and burghers. There one saw Metternich and Hardenberg, Woronzov and Dalberg, mediatised princes, prelates, and ambassadors, and generals famous either by the losing or by the winning of truly epic battles.

Heine, who is always satirical, in writing of the Bethmanns and their compeers, says, ' Ils ont pour église un comptoir, pour bible un agenda, pour confessionnal un pupitre, tandis que leur sanctuaire intime est leur dépôt de marchandises, et que

'la cloche de la Bourse leur sonne l'angélus.' As far as the family in the Baslerhof were concerned, this was a grossly unfair picture, for the men of letters who gathered round Moritz von Bethmann were attracted by his sympathy quite as much as by his culture and wealth. Thither resorted the Humboldts, and Frederic Schlegel, Goethe and his mother, Madame de Staël, and little Bettina von Arnim, who confesses that, when young and giddy, she used, if Catalani sang or 'Delphine' was read aloud, to make marionnettes in a corner with her pocket-handkerchief to amuse herself and her friends. These scenes generally took place in the garden temple built for Dannecker's statue of Ariadne, and nothing can have been more brilliant than such gatherings in the very midsummer splendour of intellectual life in Germany.

Die alte Frau von Bethmann was, as we have said, a staunch Lutheran, and her household, which consisted of a widowed lady in waiting, a doctor, and a chaplain, was expected to practise a becoming conformity. When her daughter married the Catholic *émigré*, a promise had been given that the girls should be brought up in the Protestant faith, and little Marie, born as we know in Frankfort, was certainly baptised there by a Lutheran pastor. But through all those sunny seasons in Touraine the pastor came to be forgotten, if, on the other hand, the *curé* was not often invoked. The result of this system was that the young lady's mind now presented a theological blank, and that the *alte Frau von Bethmann* was angry. In fact a family quarrel was impending, and it was only averted by a middle line of conduct, recommended by uncle Moritz, that of sending Mdlle. de Flavigny to school. During a holiday in the autumn of one of those school years an incident occurred which was never forgotten, and to which, says Madame d'Agoult,—

'was attached perhaps all that was best and highest in my moral life. As I was amusing myself in the garden of the country house of my uncle (the one in which Napoleon and his staff slept after the battle of Hanau), I saw coming towards us by the long straight alley an old man to whom all the family seemed to pay the highest honours, and we stared our very best at him. "It is the Herr von Goethe," cried my cousin Cathau. Almost at the same moment I heard myself summoned by name. I should have liked to run away, but there was no chance of being able to do so: they were all already much too close upon us. So I had to go up to the imposing group. "This is my little niece De Flavigny," said my uncle Moritz to Goethe. The old man smiled, and said to me, while we walked on, some words which I could not catch. Then seating himself on a bench, he kept me near him. I was speechless. Presently, and while he was talking to my parents, I ventured to lift my eyes. As if he had felt them he turned and looked at me.

His two enormous pupils and his fine open luminous brows dazzled me. When he took leave Goethe put his hand on my head, and left it there as if caressing for a moment its blonde curls. I did not dare to breathe. A little more and I should have dropped upon my knees. Did I then feel that there was a benediction—a promise conveyed by that magnetic hand? I know not.

The fall of Napoleon was the signal for a return to Touraine, and there, until Mdlle. de Flavigny was eleven years old, she resumed the old rustic life—she romped with her brother Maurice, and with her father's big dogs, learnt to play on her spinett the melodies of Haydn and of Mozart, and listened with enthusiasm to the oft-repeated tales of Vendean heroism. M. de Flavigny had shared that Royalist faith, and its memories long lingered among the Suzannets, Bourmets, Labourdonnays, and Autichamps of Western France; families in which loyalty and piety are hereditary.

At eleven years old Mdlle. de Flavigny was to make her first communion. The gentry of the west were all good Catholics, so her Protestant baptism was overlooked, and the Lutheran principles of the *alte Frau von Bethmann* had to give place to the fashions of La Vendée. Something also had to be conceded to the sensibilities of her paternal grandmother, Sophie Huguenin. It was true that that old lady personally belonged by her theory and by her practice rather to the eighteenth than to this nineteenth century, when an overgrown Vaticanism has taken the place of that strange mixture of learning and ignorance, piety and impiety, which had characterised French Catholicism under the most Christian kings. The Vendean grandmother belonged to that old *régime*. Still she held it to be fitting that well-bred people should from time to time make '*une visite au bon Dieu*.' To prepare Mdlle. Marie for the ceremony, she was consigned to what was called the religious instruction of a certain Abbé Rougeot.

'The whole thing (says our authoress) found, and also left me, in the most complete ignorance of the things of God. From the so-called religious teaching which was given to me, I learned neither the connection of faith with reason, nor that of the law with the conscience, nor yet any just insight into duty, and the rights of all human relationships. To my intelligence, already so greedy for knowledge, and to my heart, so famished for love, they gave as sole nourishment only some dry formulas, and some pitiable common-places. This intimate union, so real and perfect—this union of our flesh and blood with the Man-God, this Eucharist, which the Catholic Church not unjustly calls its leading dogma, holds hardly any place in my recollections, though I brought to it my robes of girlish innocence, and all the candour of my mind. If I recall it, it is as a purely external act, and one of the most insignificant in my moral life.'

We quote these passages because of their bearing on the moral life of this gifted girl. It is not likely that she exaggerates the nullity of her training. It is easy to say that she does so to excuse the frailty or the extravagance of her later life, but M. de Montalembert, who was certainly able to give an unbiassed opinion on the Catholicism of that epoch, says that there really seemed to be nothing for it but, since it was dead, to take it away, and give it a charitable grave. The soil which was left so deplorably fallow by father and mother, alike by *alte Frau von Bethmann* and by Vendean grandmother, by German governess and by French *abbé*, could not always remain in that state. We shall see that what was planted there by the benediction of Goethe was to bring forth fruit after many days; and that in proportion as the early life had been barren of any serious impressions, or of moral progress, so prodigious was to be the overgrowth of its enthusiasm of humanity. The girl who had received this superficial training in La Vendée lived to reproach Christianity for its mixture of phantasy, emotion, and dogma, and to be herself, unfortunately, of phantasy, emotion, and strange doctrine all compact.

But to return to the Flavignys, and to the education of their daughter. They went up to Paris, and she attended the *cours* of the celebrated Abbé Gaultier, where boys and girls learnt Latin and history side by side on the benches. Music had charms for her, and it was a taste which was to influence her subsequent life and its friendships in no common degree. In the meantime she grew into womanhood, read Madame de Genlis' novels, and took lessons from Hummel, then Kapellmeister to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Her brother returned from England, pleasant friends came to settle near them in Touraine, and she began an incipient love-affair with a *hobereau* in the neighbourhood. Her account of this juvenile experience is full of humour.

'He was one or two years older than myself. His name was Louis. He was fair, and pink and white. He rode on a little Breton pony with a flowing mane. He went out shooting with a little gun made for his size. One day he brought me home a partridge which he had shot. He offered it to me with an expression at once proud and submissive. He was made to sit next me at table—his skill was praised and his health was drunk. He said nothing to me and I said nothing to him, but he no doubt perceived encouragement in this silence, for next day, seeing me looking for a glove which I had lost, he told me that he had found it in the wood of Belle Ruries, and that he would never part with it. In this he fibbed, as gallants were wont to do, for I found the glove for myself in the garden; but, as my novels had instructed me, here was a declaration. . . . His parents, as I understood, had little or

no fortune. Well! that would be an obstacle, and as such it was just the thing that was wanted. I was enchanted, and prepared myself for the coming struggle.'

In fact, life was beginning to have charms for Mdle. Marie, when a sudden blow fell. Her father died after a three days' illness. She had been his idol. For him she had practised all her little accomplishments; to him she owed all the pleasures of her life; he had spoilt her, and she had adored him. Now he was dead, and he had carried away with him, out of the frivolous little world he lived in, the suprême secret of Death—that which the dying never reveal to those who may be left to mourn them.

Maurice, who had been absent, arrived in haste, and then began in earnest the friendship which till now had been only a sort of rough play between the two children of M. de Flavigny. But it seems that nature, in casting these two young creatures, had mistaken the moulds. Maurice was kind, but his character was not strong enough to control that of others, while into the girl there had been poured strength, and the power of suffering, passion, and many perilous gifts of imagination and wit.

The widow and her family next removed to Frankfort. Maurice went into diplomacy, and the young lady into society, where, though forbidden to *valse*, she still managed to amuse herself, and to commence a life-long series of acquaintances with the most celebrated men of her day. They went one evening to the French embassy to meet M. de Chateaubriand.

'I felt much moved at the prospect of so much glory. I had read the "*Génie du Christianisme*" and "*Les Martyrs*." . . . I believed myself to be a prey to the *vague des passions*, and to that *ennui* of which the source is divine, and which, as a dangerous intoxication, M. de Chateaubriand had shed from his enchanted cup over my generation! I, who had as yet done nothing, and almost thought nothing, felt myself (like René) "*weary of glory and of genius, of work and leisure, of prosperity and misfortune.*" In short, I was *Chateaubrianised* to that extent that it has required two revolutions to free me from his influence.'

Our readers will feel for Mdle. de Flavigny when they hear that she duly went to her party, but that the great man never so much as looked at her that evening. If she was half as amusing to talk to as her memoirs now are to read, the ambassador certainly had a loss, and the girl's disappointment no doubt was as great as Madame Roland's when she made that pilgrimage to see Rousseau, and found his house forbidden to her, and the door abruptly shut in her face. Time, however, gave Mdle. de Flavigny her revenge. When the author of

'René' was broken down, and about to quit the stage where he had long exercised such fascination, some one read to him the 'Nélida' of Daniel Stern. 'I like that singular curious talent of hers,' said the dying old writer; and the young novelist felt as if she had never been praised before.

The introduction of Mdlle. de Flavigny into the society of Frankfort, though pleasant, was premature. Her brother Maurice, ever thoughtful of her interests and of her appearance in the eyes of the *bienpensante* society of Paris, remonstrated. He urged with justice that her education was really unfinished, and that the conversation of the *corps diplomatique* was not precisely the means most likely to enable his sister to fulfil the ideal of a Parisian young lady. So the following winter saw her established in the Convent of the Sacré Cœur in Paris.

It must have been a strange change from the glories of the Bundestag, and from the *salons* of the Bethmanns and Brentanos, to the *parloir* and garden of the Hôtel Biron, then the most fashionable convent of the capital. What the life there was like we gather from the pages of 'Nélida'—clearly a faithful transcript of our author's recollections. Most of the pupils were of noble or illustrious birth, and here many friendships were formed, some of which were to endure for years, while others, like our heroine's admiration for the Sœur Antonia, were destined to have no second chapter. What a scrape Mdlle. Marie got into one day by offering to this Sœur Antonia a bouquet composed of red, blue, and other bright-coloured flowers, all blossoms of unsanctified hues, and as such an outrage on the virginal purity of the Community of the Sacred Heart! Besides the narrow pietism of which this is a specimen, there were other blemishes in the conventual system more fitted to repel than to attract. Yet, in spite of this, and of the perfect indifference to all religion with which Mdlle. de Flavigny avers that she had entered the convent, she underwent the oft-told experience of the cloister, and felt all the charm which asceticism, seclusion, and picturesque devotion have often exercised on minds of great strength and power. Lamennais, than whom no man was to wander further from the Catholic fold, began by desiring the robe of St. Dominic. Madame Roland had an incipient longing for the devout, and even for the conventual life, though she too was soon to renounce, not only all the superstitions of her creed, but nearly all the tenets of revealed religion, reposing herself solely on the love of a God of justice.* George Sand, in spite of her strange education,

* 'Juste Dieu ! reçois-moi ! —Madame Roland.

or perhaps on account of it, went through the same phase of feeling, breathed an atmosphere of unspeakable sweetness, heard heavenly voices murmuring in her ear, bidding her 'take and read,' and felt that faith had taken hold of her by the heart. From the pages of the 'Mill on the Floss' we may also see that an English rival of George Sand has been no stranger to this devotional charm, when a young girl's heart is first touched by the emotions of piety, and when the sensitive young spirit shrinks in anticipation from the rude conflict and the stronger passions of maturity. 'I was afraid; afraid of my youth; afraid of life,' says Madame d'Agoult, when recalling her farewells to the Hôtel Biron.

She was next transplanted to an apartment in the Place Vendôme. She tells us that at that period there was nothing about her to presage either the wit or the historian of two revolutions. She went through the usual routine of fashionable life, of idle occupations, of occupied idleness. She was put through the hands of a good milliner, she went to concerts, and played well herself. She acted in little pieces, heard Delphine Gay recite verses, went to balls in Carnival, and to sermons in Lent, to charitable *quêtes* and to little *sauteries*, where simple toilettes and high breeding made the young people of the best French society content with very little. The passion for dress, the excitement, and the display of modern society had not then invaded the circles of the Faubourg St. Germain, or even of the Chaussée d'Antin. There were the *salons* of ladies who affected literature, and who gathered men of letters about them, and there were the dowagers, with their rouge and their snuff-boxes, their high-backed chairs, their talk 'of persons ever in their sight,' their lists of *demoiselles à marier*, and of swains with suitable fortunes and pretensions. The Court of Louis XVIII. was itself stiff; old use and habit still maintained their value there, Bohemia had not as yet enlarged its borders, the *lionne*, loud in talk and questionable in taste, and her compeer the *gommeux*, had not been invented, the plutocracy had few representatives, or only such specimens of *la haute finance* as blind old Baron Delmar, whose house, like the Bethmanns', was the resort of all that was best and most cosmopolitan in Europe.

At the Court the brightest thing was the young Neapolitan Duchesse de Berri, with whom Mdlle. de Flavigny made friends one summer at Dieppe. The following is her portrait:—

'She had her charms, from the splendour of her wonderful complexion, of her waving fair hair, of the prettiest arms in the world, and of feet that were a pleasure to look at—so little and so well-shaped

were they. Then goodness, sweetness, wit, and gaiety were all written on her candid face. In spite of a modesty that made her blush or hesitate at nothing, one felt that she wished to please, and that you wished to please her. It is true that the Dauphine's ladies did talk of her dresses that were not closely enough fastened, of her thread stockings that were too transparent, of her eyes that roved about during vespers, and of the candle that during the procession shook about in her hands, and so spilt the wax over a dress that was too short. Still, as her husband had nothing to say against all this, and as the couple gave, in the cool fresh gardens of the Elysée, balls which were redolent of joy and spring, people ceased to talk of these little *inconvenances*. Not, however, that the Duchess was ever looked upon as a thoroughly serious person. It required the tragedy of that night when her ball-dress was stained with the blood of her husband, and when that blood was spilt by an assassin's knife—it required *that* to show what she was. They saw her then, great and simple in her courage, in her love and in her grief, and inspired by the frankness of a good heart. . . . She took a great fancy to Dieppe, and coming there every season for seabathing, she attracted many people to the place. . . . On the opening day of the season, etiquette commanded (though by whom invented I know not) that a gun should be fired at the moment at which Her Royal Highness went into the water. She did this duly accompanied by the inspector, or doctor in chief. Dr. Mourqué wore, on this grand occasion, his finest suit, had on new pantaloons, and gave a white-gloved hand to the princess as if they had been at a ball! One was ready to die of laughing! This first solemnity got over, the princess recovered her liberty to splash about like any ordinary mortal, inviting her neighbours to share her sports. The game consisted in *asperisions* of all sorts, administered right and left by the gay little hands of the princess, and she liked to have her *douches* returned. I had very often the honour of joining this royal bathing party. Young and fair, and brave enough in the water if timid in society, unmarried, and not even *come out*, I was a capital playmate for her. She complimented my mother on my beautiful hair, and on my eyes, and made me the fashion for that season.

The Duchesse de Berri saw a good deal of the Orleans princes, and it was in their circle, at the Palais Royal, that Mdle. de Flavigny's eyes first lighted on the men who were to play so great a part in 1830, and again in 1848. Here, though never in the *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain, she met MM. Guizot, Molé, Casimir Périer, and others, whose fame lay folded in the unguessed-at future, and who have since achieved every degree of success, and every form of reward and punishment, except that of being forgotten, which is impossible. Their future historian was in the meantime a fair blue-eyed girl, who looked like a princess out of one of Schiller's ballads, and who still liked romping in the waves,

even though allowed to join the society of those who had such stakes to gain or lose in the great game of politics.

For a woman, however, the great game is that of matrimony. Nor was Madame de Flavigny indifferent to that fact, and, as in duty bound, she made plans for the establishment of her daughter. This was to be secured by the help of the most influential dowagers and *abbés* of their society, and after the most blameless model of a *mariage de convenance*. The ideal consists in bringing together two noble names and two great fortunes. This young lady was to inherit at least a million of francs, and to meet so laudable a slice of the fortune of the Bethmanns, the coronets, castles, genealogies, and functions of many aspirants were inspected. Their owners were paraded before the eyes of Mdlle. Marie, at a ball, or at church, on the steps of S. Thomas d'Aquin, in an *allée* of the Tuileries, or at a *soirée intime*. One only of her suitors found favour in the eyes of the pretty heiress—a man of forty-five years of age—a strange choice for a very young girl, but M. de Lagarde had qualities which won her, and it was surely by some fatality that these two friends, never coming to understand each other, were parted.

‘I was not called to such a destiny. I was only to find peace at the close of my life. Before finding it I was to seek, to doubt, to struggle, to fall, to be miserably torn in all the fibres of my heart, and disquieted in all the aspirations of my mind. I found peace at last, but it was the peace of solitude, and the tardy wisdom which grows over graves, like the ivy with its scentless leaves and its useless fruit.’

These sad words carry us from the presence of the fair-haired girl to that of the sorrowful author of ‘*Nélida*,’ and they might well form the preface to a novel which is really, as such novels are apt to be, the *Apologia pro Vita sua*. Its pages give, if we may use such a phrase, a lively description of the nullity of the heroine’s life, and of the want of reality of the marriage tie, in her own eyes and in those of all about her. But to return from the fiction to the facts. Mdlle. Marie de Flavigny was married to the Comte Charles d’Agoult. The bridegroom was descended from the best Provençal houses, from the Sabrans, and Castellanes, and Simianes, and his uncle was first *écuyer* in the household of the Dauphine. The young couple were the fashion, and their contract received among other signatures the ill-omened one of King Charles X. Their wedding took place in the church of the Madeleine.

The bride’s sketches of the Court have a lifelike freshness which answers for their truth.

‘I saw Louis XVIII. twice, on two solemn occasions. The first time

was at a distance ; the second, on March 23, 1824, was at the opening of the session which was to be the last of his reign.

‘The ceremony was a stately one, in the *Salle des Gardes* of the Louvre, and in presence of his whole court. . . The old king, for he was then seventy years of age, was dressed as was his custom, in a *frac* of blue cloth, with gold epaulettes, and covered with orders. His hair was powdered, and fastened with a queue of black ribbon ; he had a three-cornered hat, and a sword at his side. His swollen legs were wrapped in large gaiters of crimson velvet, and he entered rolled by pages in his arm-chair, and surrounded by the princes and officers of his household. But the eye of a Holbein would have detected resting on the crimson chair of the sovereign pale Death’s busy and malicious fingers. Louis XVIII. had not more than a month to live, and he knew it. . . The following year I was wearing mourning for the king, a parent’s mourning, which it was said we ought to wear for a year. But after the funeral, and when the royal coffin had been let down into the ancestral vault, and when the king-at-arms had proclaimed, to the sound of cannon, in the basilica of St. Denis, Charles, tenth of his name, and by the grace of God most Christian, most august, and most puissant King of France and of Navarre, the signs of public mourning began to be mitigated. The fêtes of the season were not depressed by them. . . It was on the day of his entering Paris, after his consecration, that I saw Charles X. for the first time. . . The following year I also saw him in a great procession, May 3, 1826 ; and this time also he wore violet, as mourning, not for the death of Louis XVIII., but in memory of that of Louis XVI. He was then going to the Place de la Concorde to place the first stone of an expiatory building, voted *par la chambre introuvable*, and in accordance with the wish of Marshal Soult, to the memory of the *martyr king*, on the place that witnessed his execution.

‘In the year 1828, after my marriage, I was presented at court. . . The habits and etiquette of the house of Bourbon having now acquired a sort of historical interest, I will tell what I saw.

‘It was the custom for a newly married lady, on her entrance into society, to be presented to the king and to the princes. One had to be assisted by two godmothers, chosen from among the nearest or the most influential of one’s relations, and as the ceremony was a very complicated one, special lessons were given by M. Abraham, the court dancing-master. He it was whom the Duchesse d’Angoulême (occupied in restoring the old etiquette) had summoned to the Tuileries in the early days of the Restoration. He it was who was charged to instruct the lively young Neapolitan whom the Duc de Berri had married, in the slow fall of the curtsy, the art of turning out the feet, and the other elements of French graces. Alone, after more than a quarter of a century which had been spent in emigration, in prison, and in misfortune, M. Abraham had preserved all these recollections unaltered in his brain. He alone professed the traditionally becoming carriage. According to custom then, M. Abraham, with a *jabot* and cuffs of lace, came to make me rehearse three times the curtsy that I was to make to the king. As many more lessons were needed to make me accustomed to my long train. One must learn and also remember the three deep

curtseys at equal distances, before approaching the king. . . The pre-occupations and emotions of this *début*, if one lost one's presence of mind, furnished occasions for accidents and *gaucheries* of the most afflicting sort. The memories of the courtiers were all filled with histories of the same, and to the lady about to be presented they failed not to relate a host of them, so as to carry dismay and irresolution into her mind and her demeanour. . . My two godmothers were the Comtesse d'Agoult, my husband's aunt, lady in waiting to the Dauphine, and the Duchesse de Montmorency-Martignon. As a special favour to the friend of her long exile (for the Comtesse and Duchesse d'Agoult had never left Madame Royale), the Dauphine sent to express her gracious wish to see the *présentée* in private, and before she went to the king. We therefore betook ourselves to the apartments of the daughter of Louis XVI. a few minutes before the hour indicated for my presentation. Hardly had we entered the *salon* of the ladies in waiting than the door opened. Walking straight up to me, the Dauphine looked at me from head to foot, then turning brusquely to the Duchesse d'Agoult, she said in a decided tone, "She's not got on enough rouge," and without one other word reached the door, going, as she had come, with a startling rapidity. "How did I not see that before?" said the Duchesse, now in her turn looking at me, and without appearing to be in the least astonished at the singular reception which her princess had given me. What was to be done? Nothing now, for they had come to tell us that the king's apartment was being thrown open. Five minutes later the Comtesse, the Duchesse de Montmorency, and I (all three in single file) had made our three slow and deep curtsies to the majesty of King Charles X.

'The king, in spite of his seventy years, had preserved a certain air of youthfulness, along with that *je ne sais quoi* of a French gentleman, which is very popular among women. His figure was supple and slender. Neither in the thin and elongated oval of his face, nor yet in his uncertain eye, nor yet in his white hair, was there any real beauty or authority, but the *ensemble* was noble and gracious. At the Tuileries the affability and the *mots* of the royal discourse were much praised. . . . Madame Royale, Duchesse d'Angoulême, was not gifted with the charms of mind or with the manners which had made the familiar intercourse of Marie Antoinette so attractive. She was far from aspiring to them. Something in her always seemed to protest against those imprudent graces to which, according to some royalists, the misfortunes of the Revolution had been partly due. Marie Thérèse of France, at the time of her marriage at Mittau (June 10, 1799) to her cousin Louis Antoine, duc d'Angoulême, had a nobility of features and a splendour of hair and complexion which, it was said, did recall her mother's beauty. But by degrees, and with time, her likeness to her father became more marked. There was the thick figure, the hooked nose, the gruff voice, the brevity of speech, the ungracious accost. Against the adversities of a fate that had always been adverse to her, and under the perpetual threats of a sombre future, in prison and against proscription, Madame Royale had made her breast of steel. Simple and straightforward, generous and courageous as it has very seldom been given to women

to be, intrepid in the boldest resolutions, neither seeking, nor wishing for, nor even knowing anything but duty, faithful in friendship, and capable of great sacrifices, she was also charitable to the last degree; yet, in spite of all these virtues, Marie Thérèse did not make herself pleasant, and thus, by the French, she was never loved as she deserved to have been. France, which she loved with such a mournful tenderness, never forgave her her mournfulness. The passionate secrets of that heroic heart were never really guessed, neither by the husband who bowed to her superiority, nor by the king her uncle, nor by the king her father-in-law, nor yet by the faithful servants who served while they admired her. Motherhood was denied to her. She lived and she died known to God alone.'

The world to which Madame d'Agoult belonged, and of which she was one of the acknowledged ornaments, did not in any way resemble the society of modern France. One revolution had already passed over it; but if it be true, as Béranger sings, that '*Jamais l'exil n'a corrigé les rois*,' it had also failed to alter the tone of the upper classes. The old habit of intermarriages kept that society small and closely united. The court still gave the tone to its manners, women ruled by the prestige of their birth and manners, the new republic of letters had not really asserted itself; frivolity was good style, but so was devotion; journeys were infrequent, Paris was France, and it was also French, which it has now ceased to be.

The Revolution of 1830 was coming to give a serious check to this old-fashioned order of things. The *haute bourgeoisie* was then to come into power, and still later, 1848 was to bring in a genuine democracy of tone. From its levelling influences society in France has never recovered. Society in France is now a most chequered piece of cloth, and the *gâchis* is not the less complete because during one period the Empire built, on the ruins of all the old distinctions, the strangest social edifice that the world has ever seen. The old *grande-dame* has taken away with her the grace of a day that is fled, and *la femme démocrate*, for whom, by the way, 'Daniel Stern' seems to have very little partiality, neither knows what she is nor what she is to become. She is at the best an unconscious disciple of that philosophy of Epicurus which for twenty-three centuries has influenced social judgments and opinions; and this is true whether her personal bias be towards parsimony or towards extravagance.

When Madame d'Agoult began to feel the power of her charms and of her intellectual acquirements, the old stars had already begun to wane, and Chateaubriand, as we know, was failing and broken when '*Nélida*' was written, and Madame Récamier was no longer a queen. Lamartine, in his '*Sou-*

'venirs,' has left an exquisite portrait of that beauty in her old age. Scarcely less finished is the one which Madame d'Agoult draws when, one day in March 1844, she climbed the dark damp stairs of the Abbaye au Bois to visit the woman who during a quarter of a century had never known a rival to her loveliness.

'We possessed friends in common. One of these, M. Brifaut, having told her of a work on Madame de Staël which I thought of making, Corinne's friend very kindly sent to tell me that she had some letters which might help me, and which she should be happy to put at my disposal. . . . I found her in a large old-fashioned *salon*, seated at the corner of the fire-place, on a *causeuse* of blue silk, sheltered by a grey screen. She rose to meet me, and advanced a few steps, with the hesitation of a person whose sight is imperfect. She was still slender and above the middle height. She had a black dress and cape; a white cap trimmed with grey ribbons, enclosed a pale face, of which the features were delicate. Her physiognomy and the tone of her voice were both gentle, and her reception gracious, though not easy. After murmuring a few confused words about the pleasure of seeing me, she looked at M. Brifaut, as if to give herself a backing, and then began on the subject of our meeting. It was a very great subject, she said: no critic had as yet succeeded completely. It was reserved for me—my talent was great enough for it—a very very great talent; she was aware of that, M. Brifaut had said so, and M. Ballanche, and also M. Ampère, and M. de Chateaubriand had talked of me one day. She had long wished to know me. . . . She complained of her eyesight, and with her little thin fingers kept caressing my ermine muff, of which, no doubt, the whiteness had caught her eyes. "I have put on my spectacles to try to see you a little; I do see a charming apparition. . . . Would you be so kind as to read out loud, that not being able to see much of you, I may at least *hear* you?"'

Madame Récamier died in the same year, and Madame d'Agoult never carried out her intention of writing the life of Madame de Staël. She found that it was all too soon to speak the truth. It was impossible to do so without offending many excellent and respectable persons still alive.

The same difficulty exists for us in 1877, as regards the life and the works of Marie de Flavigny, Comtesse d'Agoult, better known as 'Daniel Stern.' Her memoirs close with the year 1833. Not that the present volume by any means represents all that she had written. She continued them up to a very late period, urged to do so by many friends, among others by Mazzini; but the mass of these papers is wholly undecipherable, and the world will never see more than the volume we have before us now. It is as well, since all the incidents and all the names to be recorded must have been antipathetic to her own family, and to that of her husband.

Life, after 1833, did put on very strange hues for 'Daniel Stern,' and of those vicissitudes the pages of 'Nélida' may be taken as giving a fair reflection. We see Nélida yielding to the passion with which an artist has inspired her, leaving her husband, and forfeiting her place in society. Then comes the old story of 'infinite passion, and that pain,' of which Heine says, that though old it is always new, and that for one who has just felt it, it breaks the heart in two. For there come both disappointment and regret, and that sad period 'in imperious loves, in those affections which have wished to be exclusive and solitary in a life. Against them fate at last turns with bitter irony the very force which once made them triumphant, and did also seem for a moment as if it ought also to have rendered passion invulnerable.' But when was a woman of the Nélida type able to secure the affection of a man of the artist type? Guermann, the hero of Nélida's tale, certainly has what Heine says Liszt had, '*le caractère mal fait*,' and Nélida's misery is completed by having to fly before a successful rival; but that was not at all the case with her prototype and authoress. Nélida then falls into the bitterest phase of her sorrow, into the *cui bono* as regards the passion to which she had sacrificed her life, and into a nerveless dismay before the future.

'And nothing saw for her despair,
But dreadful Time, dreadful Eternity—
Remaining utterly confused with fears.'

From this depth Nélida is represented as having been raised up by a singular and ambitious woman, once the abbess of the convent where Nélida had been educated, but now a member of a democratic league. Though lost to her place and name, happiness is to be found for the future in combined and secret action for political purposes. Nélida's is to be a passion not for personal joys, but for the weak things of the world; her talent must only echo her song who saw that God had 'filled the hungry with good things, while the rich he had sent empty away.' Nélida's teachers next instruct her in the catechism of humanity, in the principles of Socialism, and in the 'spite' between capital and labour, which was to bring about the revolution of 1848. To the nobles and to the poor 'Daniel Stern' allows the possession of many noble qualities, but for the middle classes she has not one good word to say. They are represented as being enervated by comfort, greedy, ignorant, and selfish. 'Why then,' asks our author, 'can the nobles and the proletariat not coalesce? Why do not women

‘ who possess at once all the breeding and delicacy of their class, ‘ and all the ardent charity of the people, why should they not ‘ become the apostles and intermediaries of this alliance ? ’ The Nélida thus inspired and become an enthusiast in the cause of the people is ‘ Daniel Stern ’ herself.

Madame d'Agoult had been absent from Paris for five years—five years of an exile divided between Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and during which she had given birth to two daughters, better known as Madame Emile Ollivier and Madame Richard Wagner. She must have returned to Paris in 1838, and she proceeded with a mixture of perseverance and tenacity, allied in her to an adventurous disposition, to reconstruct what was then the task and the triumph of every French lady of rank—a *salon*. The undertaking was not an easy one, for her life had startled the most tolerant of societies by its laxity, though the drift of her political and literary opinions was still unknown, probably even by herself. Such as it was, her house resembled in some measure the brilliant circle collected at Gore House about the same time, some forty years ago, by Lady Blessington ; but the Parisian *salon* surpassed the English one in point of refinement and elegance. The high breeding of Madame d'Agoult was perfectly natural and genuine ; she was born to the manner of it, and she never lost the charm of an incomparable grace. Lady Blessington was humorous and good-natured in society ; but her manners were homely when they were not artificial. In either house, few women were to be seen, but statesmen, poets, critics, painters, musicians, in abundance and of the first order. We remember to have met there Alfred de Vigny, M. Mignet, M. de Viel-castel, Sainte-Beuve, and a host of other well-known names. In that *salon* and in that company, we heard Ponsard read his tragedy of ‘ Lucrèce ’ for the first time ; at that dinner-table poor Felix Liechnowski appeared, between his adventures in the Carlist war, and his murder by the democratic rabble at Frankfort. If Madame d'Agoult had carried her recollections into this period of her career, she could have left us a charming picture of an interesting society. Nor must it be forgotten that her brother, Count de Flavigny, a peer of France and a distinguished diplomatist, however much he might disapprove his sister's conduct and opinions, never withdrew his countenance from her, and was ever ready to do honour to her guests.

During the whole of these ten years (1838 to 1848) Madame d'Agoult's *salon* had no political character, nor do we believe that she took at that time any strong interest in politics. But the fall of Louis-Philippe in the revolution of 1848 was one

of those earthquakes, which have more than once, in our time, broken up society in Paris and in France. Madame d'Agoult, excited perhaps by the example of George Sand, who had written some of the most inflammatory placards of the revolutionary government, threw herself into the movement. The choice and sensitive representatives of letters and of the arts ceased to frequent a house where they were exposed to meet the wretched parodists of the Girondins and the Montagne. Madame d'Agoult found herself in a new world, as remote as the poles from her earlier tradition and her later tastes. She sacrificed to it all other passions and affections. She became the Clio of the ultra-democratic party, who held that the first revolution had been incomplete, and that of 1830 no better than a delusion and a snare. 'Daniel Stern' adopted the theory, and prepared for a crusade against capital and property, orthodoxy and family, the four enemies of the cause she had embraced. Thenceforward society itself was closed against her. She had declared war on society. But men of the most advanced opinions now sought her out—St. Simonians like Rodriguès and Enfantin, communists like Pierre Leroux, poets like Lamartine, democrats like Louis Blanc, enthusiasts like Lamennais, ready now to plant the red cap of Liberty on the top of the Cross he had once adored. She became known wherever either democracy or literature was in vogue, and by her 'Essay on Dante and Goethe' she charmed some of the last suffering years of Mazzini's life. They never met, but they corresponded, and he taught her to share his hopes for Italy at a time when her name was but a name—

'When to desire thee was a vain desire;
When to achieve thee was impossible.'

'Daniel Stern' had become a power in democratic Europe. No one spoke to her and no one spoke of her with indifference. All the restless heads, the men tormented by all the doctrines, all the experiments, all the sufferings, and all the chances of the times, poured their hopes into her ears. The grace and distinction of her old life which still clung to her, gave to her all the pathos of a fallen angel, while she had all the tunefulness of a Muse. Her indefatigable ardour after light made her welcome every fresh upheaval and social innovation; she hailed them as dim sweet visions of that dawn which she expected for the human race. Her diligence was untiring, and her pen worked in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' to please the more prudent, and in the 'Indépendante' to please the more ardent, of the *doctrinaires* who were her friends. There her collabo-

rators were Pierre Leroux, Viardot, and 'George Sand.' If 'Daniel Stern' was, as we have said, the Muse, the Clio of the party, 'George Sand' was its Pythoness. This is 'Daniel Stern's' portrait of her greatest rival.

'A marriage tie openly severed, an existence full of fantastical movements, a rare beauty, and a finished art, even in the most spontaneous of her creations, all these things gave to the person and to the works of George Sand an extraordinary attraction. The Saint Simonians, then in the fervour of their apostolate, wished to direct this talent, so marvellously fitted for a propaganda. But Madame Sand's intelligence could not accept the hierarchical principle of the Saint Simonian Society. . . . The Communism of Pierre Leroux and that of Louis Blanc woke echoes in her. She devoted her pen to the propagation of Communism, and to the cause of the proletariat considered from the point of view of absolute equality. The influence of Madame Sand, which we shall trace later in the cabinet of the Minister of the Interior, was, in spite of the strength and beauty of her talents, a disturbing one. She knew how to adorn, with all the graces of her inexhaustible imagination, objects which till then had never been thought to be subjects fitted for the inspiration of poets. She chose for her new novels the proletariat of the towns and country, their labours, and their miseries, and she opposed to their virtues the selfishness of the rich and great, but she did not attack directly the philosophical or historical doctrines upon which the rights of democracy are founded.'

'Daniel Stern' followed in the track of the same opinions, though she never approached the great democratic novelists in vigour of style or in dramatic and literary power. She wrote an Essay on Liberty which was not unphilosophical, and a History of the Revolution of 1848, which is a very remarkable work. Even when compared with the book of Louis Blanc it has merits; and as being the work of a woman, and of one who wrote immediately after the event, it must be looked on as no common performance. Needless to say, that not only is Daniel Stern merciless to the mistakes of M. Guizot's cabinet, but she is severe on the whole theory and practice of constitutional government under a king whom she chose to consider as the embodiment of the reprehensible *bourgeois* epoch in politics. Though she gives us of course enough and to spare of 'the blind hysterics of the Celt,' the style of her volumes is sober enough: in fact it sometimes approaches the kind of which we are told that it only is the inadmissible one, namely *le genre ennuyeux*. Her portraits do not, like those of Louis Blanc, seem to draw themselves, but they are careful, and she never forgets herself so far as to indulge in merely personal feeling. As a book of reference the work will always be a useful one to any reader who wishes to trace the growth of that

revolution of '48, which though long prepared, and really long threatened, did seem, when it came, to take Europe by surprise.

The *mot d'ordre* of the New Democratic movement was social equality, not only before the laws, but with regard to the condition of the lower orders. They also demanded 'a central power, elective, temporal, and responsible; the sovereignty of the people acting by universal suffrage, the liberty of the communes, a system of public education, the reorganisation of the public credit, the emancipation of the working man by the better division of labour, an equitable repartition of produce and association, and a federation throughout Europe, founded upon these principles on which the sovereignty of the people reposes.' This programme, shared by 236 Clubs, promulgated in fifty newspapers, and taught by a dozen catechisms, was unequally held by some of its devotees. Men, according to their different turn of mind, saw more importance in one point than in another; but those tenets which had regard to labour and capital were held by all, and they reechoed from all the *ateliers* of labour. The proletariat was to be the hero of the new epic; if it had once been an axiom that 'the king can do no wrong,' it was now the turn of the *ouvrier* to be infallible. The excesses or mistakes of the *plebs* were excused by 'Daniel Stern' and her friends, who said that the people accomplished its phases of change and transition in a blind heroic fashion, and progressed, though without being conscious of it. This hypothesis might be a pleasant one to hold, but when 'Daniel Stern,' in her history of 1848, praises the magnanimity and noble behaviour of the people at the barricades, we must beg to differ from her. Nothing could exceed the causeless fury of a mob that by no stretch of the imagination could fancy itself the worse either for the white hat and green umbrella of the citizen king whom the Communists denounced, or yet for the Spanish marriages which all Europe agreed to condemn. The cruelty of the populace on the barricades was as senseless as it was excessive, and those who saw it felt that it foreboded many dark days for France. The terrible Commune of March 1871 shows how justly they then read the temper of the workpeople of Paris, and even 'Daniel Stern' herself must have wondered at that second crop of the harvest of 1848, with its prodigious aftermath of *pétroleuses* and assassins.

Those events are still so near that it is very difficult for us to judge the demagogues of the party to which 'Daniel Stern' belonged, and of whose principles she was so fearless an

exponent. The great eddies which they made still swirl about our feet; the problems they raise are still unsolved, and the passions which they roused still beat in men's breasts. They still have admirers ready to kiss their feet, and to hail them apostles of a better Gospel, harbingers of a great future for humanity. On the other hand the blood they caused to be shed still cries from the soil of Paris; their relations still speak of them with bated breath, and their country has not yet recovered from the blows which they have given to property, marriage, religion, and order. Theirs was a twofold attitude, of revolt against the old social order, and of the expectation of a golden age through equality. Against the government which they attacked faults of egotism and of procrastination might fairly be urged, but it is certain that from the thoughts of these doctrinaires and demagogues the public weal (that is the just claims of all orders and estates of men in the realm) was further than it had been from the minds of any sovereign since Henri III.

So much for the public spirit of this coterie. When compared with the men of the first Revolution and with the votaries of the somewhat goddess of Reason, some of these socialists must be allowed to have been men of a strong if mistaken faith. Fourier, Cabet, and Proudhon were, it is true, disciples of Bentham, and visionaries who did not allow themselves any religious weaknesses, but it was different with the St. Simonians. Instead of despairing of men and morals, and of looking on the world as a great and perpetual pasture-ground for pain and loss, they nourished the hope

‘ That somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.’

St. Simon believed that he had realised it. ‘ The golden age is before us,’ he cried, but human nature is sure to be either maimed or perverted where Imagination is allowed to rule both the scope and the direction of our actions, and the hierarchy of St. Simon, the religion of Humanity, and the Universal Republic of Mazzini, had all alike no solid ground in experience.

The attitude of this school to Christianity is very different from that of the Voltairians of the last century. Upon the dominant religion in France, the folly, ignorance, and worldliness of society had no doubt reacted in the way in which ‘ Daniel Stern ’ represents it. And in France, unfortunately, religion and Catholicism are synonymous terms, Protestantism being a

leaven too small to take any effect upon the mass. We say unfortunately, and yet, so far as Daniel Stern is concerned, it may be doubted whether she would have been more amenable to an orthodox Calvinism than she was to an orthodox Catholicism, to which, in her later life, some futile attempts to reconvert her were made by her relations. She nevertheless approached Christianity with a certain sympathy, perhaps because her sense of the insecurity of human life and affections prompted her to look beyond the visible. Then Leroux indoctrinated her with his semi-mystical plans, with his belief in a Palingenesia of the race which should be at once ethical, cosmical, and political. Like Leroux, she began to seek in the Christianity they had both renounced for the justification of much of their liberal creed, and made its great Founder responsible for the root ideas of fraternity and equality. She saw that the golden kernel of His teaching had been crusted over with a redundant ritual and a quantity of arbitrary dogmas, but she thought that in His rule of life and philosophy of conduct was written the doom of the old social order. Her master Leroux looked even further than this. He held hope with faith, and looked implicitly for a coming of the Golden Age. Through the early preaching of the Christian Church he observed that there certainly did run a hope, almost a prophecy, that before that generation should have passed away the Christ of God would return to earth, to judge the world, and to bring in a new social, and some thought even a new physical order. A like Palingenesia was now to dawn through progress and the perfection of the human race. These Socialists held with Fontanelle that men 'never degenerate,' spoke as Leibnitz had once done of 'the chain of human perfectibility,' and watched with Lessing 'to see the race pass through all the phases of 'successive evolution.' They thought that the hour was fully come for another of the great births of time.

Does one know whether to weep or to smile when one thinks how this beatific vision has been fulfilled? By frantic action and frantic reaction, till eighteen years of Imperial despotism brought about a loss of territory and of national influence. Then came the Commune, and again 'the gentlemen 'of the pavement,' having their day, played their fantastic tricks 'before high heaven,' till their day also closed in rolling petroleum-smoke and burning tongues of flame; and at last the 'great æon sank in blood'—the blood of internecine strife.

And for the men and the women themselves, for those who were to have brought about this renovation of the earth, and to have made the morning stars sing again for joy—for them what shall be said? They rise upon the stage of memory, no

longer the angels of the dawn, but the genii of the day's decline. Their brows are no longer radiant; from their grasp has fallen 'the sword with myrtles dressed;' their garments are rolled in blood; on their heads are the ashes of their pagan fires; in one hand they grasp the civic wreath, in the other the last torch ill-quenched in the last gore. Sad ghosts of disappointed men and women, they see that their larger hopes are all unfulfilled. In all their public capacities unpractical and rash, they sacrificed every principle that stood in the way of the principle they pressed forward; they sacrificed the real, the practical, the near, the dutiful (and therefore the divine), to the lawless, the chimerical, the unproved. In all their private capacities, carried about without polestar of duty or rudder of self-control, their own ardent temperaments were to them a perpetual snare. Their coarse loves and their fierce hates, which darkened all the windows of their souls, became the common talk of every town in Europe. They complained often of society, and more often of each other, but their true stumbling-blocks were their own passions. There they stumbled, and there they fell, and the social problems they had done so much to exaggerate remain, if not insolvable, at least unsolved. 'The world,' as Southey once said, 'wants mending; but they (God help them!) did not set about it exactly in the right way.'

- ART. IV.—1. *Ueber das Leben und die Lehre des Ulfila*. Von GEORG WAITZ. Hannover: 1840.
2. *Ueber das Leben des Ulfila und die Bekehrung der Gothen*. Von Dr. W. BESSELL. Göttingen: 1866.
3. *Gothic and Anglo-Saxon Gospels*. By Rev. JOSEPH BOSWORTH. London: 1865.
4. *Mæso-Gothic Glossary*. By Rev. W. W. SKEAT. London: 1868.
5. *Ulfilas. Die Heiligen Schriften in Gothischer Sprache*. Von H. F. MASSMANN. Stuttgart: 1857.

IN the dying days of the old Roman Empire of the West, when men with strange barbarian names were sitting on the curule chairs of consuls and riding at the head of legions; when nothing but the Imperial Purple was withheld from the Germanic soldier of fortune, and hardly anything but that faded garment was left for the descendants of Æneas to aspire to,—in those days of startling ethnologic upheaval, some poet, unknown to fame, sat wearily through a long and noisy ban-

quet, at which the loudest of the talking and the deepest of the drinking were done by the unwelcome strangers; and returning home tired of the clamour, and exceedingly filled with the scorning of the alien, poured forth his indignation in the following epigram:—

‘Inter HAILS Goticum SKAPJAM jam MATJA ja DRIGGKAM
Non audet quisquam dignos educere versus :
Calliope madido trepidat se jungere Baccho,
Ne pedibus non stet ebria Musa suis.’ *

We read this curious effusion with a mingled feeling of shame and pleasure, in the thought that these masterful conquerors, whose rough speech jarred so harshly on the delicate Italian ear, were, if not precisely ancestors of ours, at least kinsmen of our ancestors; that their words are our words; that we may perhaps lay claim to a little of their strength, while their besetting sin is still our national vice and bane—drunkenness. ‘HAILS goticum’ we know well enough in *Hail* and *Wassail*: SKAPJAN is the German *schaffen*, our own *shape*. MATJAN connects itself with the English *meat*, and DRIGGKAN (pronounced drinkan) is but too obviously our ancestral *drink*. These four Gothic words on the surface of a Latin epigram, like boulder-stones on a glacier, might very easily have been all that history could trace of the language spoken by the Germanic nations at the time of their descent upon the Roman Empire.

It is to Ulphilas, the Gothic translator of the Bible, a name dear to philologists, but scarcely yet familiar enough to the majority even of educated Englishmen, that we owe nearly all other knowledge than this epigram afforded of the earliest forms of Teutonic speech. And our acquaintance with Ulphilas himself, and our motive for the study of his writings, have been wonderfully augmented since the beginning of this century. One paragraph in Gibbon’s 37th chapter expressed, with his usual accuracy and force, nearly all that was then known concerning him. It commences thus:—

‘Ulphilas, the bishop and apostle of the Goths, acquired their love and reverence by his blameless life and indefatigable zeal; and they received with implicit confidence, the doctrines of truth and virtue which he preached and practised. He executed the arduous task of

* ‘Round me the hails of the Goths—their skapjam and matjam and drinkam

Harshly resound; in such din who could fit verses indite?
Calliopé, sweet Muse, from the wine-wet embraces of Bacchus
Shrinks, lest her wavering feet bear her no longer aright.’

translating the Scriptures into their native tongue—a dialect of the German, or Teutonic language; but he prudently suppressed the four Books of the Kings, as they might tend to irritate the fierce and sanguinary spirit of the barbarians.’

Already also a century before Gibbon, Francis Junius (whose name was Latinised from the French *Du Jou*) had published Ulfilas’s translation of the Gospels, and had acquired in the process a certain number of Gothic derivations for English words, of which Dr. Johnson freely availed himself in his Dictionary while quizzing Junius’s wild notions of etymology in his preface. But the great philological movement at the beginning of this century, of which Jacob Grimm may be taken as the type, was the first cause of a true appreciation and scientific study of the work of Ulfilas. Scholars had found out what incalculable assistance was rendered by the study of Sanskrit towards the affiliation and comparison of the various languages of the ‘Indo-European’ stock. Grimm and his fellow-workers perceived that Gothic offered a promise of similar assistance to him who would study the history of the languages of the Teutonic family. Nor has this promise been belied. The Bible of Ulfilas has illustrated our kindred languages, as might have been expected from this venerable monument of Teutonism, which is seven centuries older than the Scandinavian Edda, five centuries older than the High German *Nibelungen Lied*, three centuries older even than the ‘Paraphrase’ of the Northumbrian Caedmon.

While the work of Ulfilas has thus received an unexpected increase of value from the services rendered by it to one of the youngest of modern sciences, Philology, light equally unexpected and not less valuable has been thrown upon his life and opinions by the discovery at Paris of his biography, written by *Auxentius*. To this biographer we owe almost all that is vivid and personal in our present knowledge of a character which was dim and almost mythical in the days of Gibbon. The Auxentius to whom we are thus indebted was not either of the two bishops of Milan with whom we are brought in contact in reading the life of Ambrose. His see was Dorostorus in Mœsia, a place familiar to our generation by its modern name of Silistria. He tells us himself that he was a pupil and friend of Ulfilas, and we may conjecturally assign to him a date between A.D. 330 and 390. The story of the decipherment of his MS. at Paris, in the year 1840, by a German student, has a little of the romance of bibliography about it, and shall be told at the conclusion of this paper.

Lastly, ‘Where did Ulfilas work?’ For that also is a point

which modern—very modern history happens to illustrate. The province of Mœsia, which was the scene of the labours of this earliest of Teutonic authors, and from which the somewhat unfortunate name of Mœso-Gothic has been applied to his language, was pretty nearly conterminous with Servia and that Bulgaria ‘of which we have heard so much.’ And his birth-place was in Dacia, that province which Trajan conquered with so much toil, and which Aurelian, 170 years after Trajan, with such true statesmanship abandoned to the Goths. But those 170 years of Roman occupation of Hungary, Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia produced among other results these two. First, Ulfilas must have imbibed in his childhood some knowledge of the Latin tongue, as still spoken by the subject provincials in Dacia; and hence, probably, the fact that his translation shows traces of the influence of the old Latin version (the *Itala*) as well as of the Greek original. Secondly, at the present hour, the interposition of some millions of men in Roumania and Transylvania, speaking the Daco-Romansch language, and thrust like a wedge between the two great masses of the Slavonian race, decidedly affects, and in some degree may facilitate the solution of the Eastern Question. Marcus Ulpius Trajanus still moulds the east of Europe.

The scenes in which the life of the Gothic apostle was passed almost necessitated so much of reference to contemporary politics; but we shall not transgress in the same manner again. Henceforth we concern ourselves with no events that have happened within the last 1,400 years. Our proto-Teutonic author was not of pure Teuton origin. His ancestors were Cappadocians, carried away captive by the Goths, about the middle of the third century, from the village of Sadagolthina, near the city of Parnassus. This place was in the very centre of Asia Minor, near the large inland sea of Tatta. But in the two generations which passed away between that enforced migration and the birth of Ulfilas, there was plenty of time for the Cappadocian captives, while still perhaps retaining their ancestral Christianity, to become Goths in language and thought, a change which seems to be attested by the very name which the parents of Ulfilas bestowed upon their offspring. As for that name of his, it is written in various ways, in consequence, no doubt, of the barbarous northern W with which it commenced. Wulfila, Vulfila, Hulfila, Gulphilas, Οὐλφίλας, Οὐρφίλας, are the different forms under which it appears. The first is probably the correct one, though the Grecised *Ulfilas* has now so thoroughly established itself that it is not worth

while to attempt its eradication. It is conjectured that its meaning may have been 'wolf-cub,' a name which would have been most appropriate had the boy turned out a Visigothic freebooter, while it is paradoxically inappropriate for him who was to be the shepherd and bishop of so many of his fellow-countrymen, and the first to write down for them the words—*ih im hairdeis gods* ('I am the good shepherd')—*asneis gasai*—with WULF *qinandan* ('the hireling seeth the wolf coming')—*jah sa WULFS frawilwith tho jah distahjith tho lamba* ('and 'the wolf teareth them and scattereth the sheep').

The birth of Ulfilas occurred at a critical time in the history of Christianity and the Empire. In that year (311) the Emperor Galerius died, and the persecution of the Christians ceased. Next year Constantine adopted the *labarum* upon his standards, and *in hoc signo* defeated his Roman rival, Maxentius. In 323, when Ulfilas was twelve years old, Constantine overcame Licinius, and the Christian, or rather Christianising, emperor became sovereign of the whole Roman world. When the future Bishop of the Goths was fourteen years old, the great Council of Nicæa was assembled, and five years later the new capital was dedicated, which bore the name of the city of Constantine.

More relevant, perhaps, to our present purpose, than these dates, would be the history of the wars which, during this time, were fitfully commenced and abandoned, between the Romans and the Goths; but our information as to these is fragmentary and the dates are not well ascertained. It seems pretty clear, however, that a war of this kind was waged in the year 332; and when we hear that it terminated unsuccessfully for the Goths, and that their king, Araric, sent hostages, of whom his own son was one, to Constantinople, we may perhaps, without making too large an assumption, couple this fact with the statement of a biographer friendly to Ulfilas,* that he, during the reign of Constantine, 'was sent with others by 'the ruler of his nation on an embassy to Constantinople, for 'the barbarians of his country were subject to the emperor.' The difference between a hostage and the envoy of a subject people is not so great as to put the two narratives very far asunder; and the age of Ulfilas, twenty-one, (supposing we have got the year rightly fixed) would fit the former character better than the latter.

At any rate it seems probable that much of his time between 331 and 341 was passed at the great metropolis of the Eastern

* Philostorgius, ii. 5.

Empire, that he then obtained that thorough knowledge of the Greek language, which he certainly possessed, and that to this time must be assigned his conversion to the Christian faith, unless, as we have before suggested, Christianity, of some sort or other, was the religion in which he was born and educated. But, even so, the Christian Goths in Dacia, during the years of his childhood and youth, are probably well described by Auxentius, as ‘living an indifferent life, in hunger and poverty ‘of the preached word’—*in fame et penuria predicationis indifferenter agentes*; and the residence at Constantinople may well have been the turning-point in his life, the influence which changed languid acquiescence into missionary earnestness on behalf of his ancestral faith.

The young Gothic stranger who, whether hostage or envoy, seems to have taken up his residence for a time at Constantinople, was, before long, ordained *lector*. This was a subordinate office, the lowest but one in the whole ecclesiastical hierarchy, but it is a significant fact that the ceremony of ordination was performed by handing to the new reader a copy of the Scriptures, and that the duties upon which he then entered consisted not only in reading to the congregation the lessons taken from the Gospels and from St. Paul’s Epistles, but also in exercising a librarian’s office and taking charge of the sacred codices when they were not being used in divine service.

We may, therefore, with much probability conjecture, though we cannot prove, that it was during these years between twenty and thirty, while he was officiating at Constantinople as lector, perhaps at times making missionary journeys to his kinsmen in Dacia, that the great thought occurred to his mind—‘Why ‘not put down the Gothic speech of my childhood in written ‘words, and translate into them the Greek codices which I am ‘daily handling?’ Surely we are not wrong in calling it a great thought. The missionary of to-day, with the experience of many generations of predecessors to guide him, does not find it an over-easy task to fix the gutturals, the breathings, the aspirates of a barbarous tribe in characters invented for the use of a nation speaking a very different kind of language; and even when this is done, the labour of translating the Scriptures into the newly-written speech is often life-long. But this man, with no guides or precursors on his difficult path, conceived in his own brain the idea of both tasks, and accomplished both. He comes before us as a Cadmus-Wickliffe, bringing as gifts to his nation the first Teutonic alphabet and the first Teutonic Bible.

Translations of the Bible into various Syrian and Egyptian dialects had been made before the time of Ulphilas, but these were already literary languages. We may safely assert that his version was the first that had been made of either the Jewish or the Christian Scriptures into a language that was then accounted barbarous. On such an important subject as the invention of the Gothic alphabet and the translation of the Scriptures, it will be well to quote, even at the risk of a little repetition, the *ipsissima verba* of our authorities. Unfortunately Auxentius is too deeply engaged in doctrinal discussions to give us any information as to his master's greatest claim to the gratitude of posterity. We have, therefore, to take our details from three ecclesiastical historians who flourished half a century or more after the death of Ulphilas, but who, though differing as to many other circumstances of his life, speak with remarkable unanimity as to this.

Philostorgius, the Arian historian of the Church, who lived from about 358 to 427, says (ii. 5):—‘Ulphilas carefully watched over his people in many other ways, but, especially, he invented for them letters of their own, and having done so, translated into their speech all the Scriptures except the Books of Kings, which contain the history of wars: whereas this nation is already very fond of war, and needs the bit rather than the spur, so far as fighting is concerned.’

Socrates (about 380–450) writes (iv. 33):—‘Then also Ulphilas, the Bishop of the Goths, invented the Gothic letters, and by his translation of the Divine Scriptures into the language of the Goths, enabled the Barbarians to learn the oracles of God.’

Sozomen (also about 380–450) says:—‘Ulphilas was the first inventor of letters for them’ (the Goths), ‘and he translated the holy books into their own speech’ (vi. 37).

Jordanes, or *Jordanes*, the historian of the Goths, speaks of ‘their Primate Vulfila, who is said to have instructed them in letters’ (*De Rebus Geticis*, li.). But he should, perhaps, hardly be considered an independent authority, as he flourished about the middle of the sixth century, and evidently builds, as much as possible, on the foundations laid for him by the ecclesiastical historians, *Socrates* and *Sozomen*.

If this great literary labour was begun at Constantinople, and in the third decade of the life of Ulphilas, we may, nevertheless, safely conjecture that it was not ended then. Many years were doubtless spent upon the task; yet his friend *Auxentius* tells us also that he left behind him ‘many tracts and many expositions, written in the three languages—Greek,

‘ Latin, and Gothic, useful and edifying for those who heard them, and for himself an eternal memorial and reward.’ As the middle and later years of his life were passed amid much stress of persecution, exile, controversy, and ‘ that which must have come upon him daily, the care of all the churches,’ we have proof of considerable literary activity on the part of this first of Teutonic authors.

Of this life of intellectual toil we yet retain some of the most precious fruits. Deservedly the most famous representation of them is the *Codex Argenteus*, a manuscript of the four gospels. The actual writing of this Codex cannot be referred to an earlier period than the close of the fifth century, fully one hundred years after the death of Ulphilas, but there is no reason to doubt that the text is substantially his. The history of this single MS., adequately told, would require an article to itself. Written originally in Italy, probably at Ravenna, carried thence either by the fortunes of war, or by some matrimonial alliance of royalty, or (as some German philologists unkindly suggest) by a dishonest English student in the middle ages, who fell ill and died on his homeward journey, it appears next—and that is all that can be said with certainty—at a Westphalian monastery, in the early years of the sixteenth century. Transported thence to Prague, in the Thirty Years War, it becomes the prize of a Swedish general, who sends it as one of his most cherished trophies to Stockholm. Christina, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, careless in this, as in so many other things, of her countrymen’s desires, allows her secretary, Isaac Vossius, to carry it away with him when he leaves her court and returns to his native Netherlands. From him, however, it was repurchased in 1662 by the Swedish Chancellor, Gabriel de la Gardie, for the moderate sum of 600 reich-thalers (about 30*l.*), and thus, after a few years’ exile, it returned to Scandinavia, the traditional home of the Gothic race. There, in the library of the University of Upsal, it still remains, probably the most precious literary treasure which Sweden possesses.

Outside, it still bears the solid silver binding in which Count de la Gardie invested it; within, its noble Gothic characters, illuminated in silver upon a purple ground, explain the real reason of the name *Argenteus*. A few words at the beginning of each section are blazoned in gold instead of silver. At the bottom of each page, a sort of gallery of four arches, resting on Corinthian columns, suggests the influence of the architecture of Ravenna on the mind of the amanuensis, and serves

the useful purpose of enclosing the numbers which, under the well-known name of the 'Eusebian Canons,' enabled the student, before the introduction of chapters and verses, readily to compare the text of one Gospel with the parallel passages in the other three.

The *Codex Argenteus* once consisted of 330 pages, of which unfortunately only 187 now remain. Thus, nearly one-half has perished. A few of the blanks left in the four Gospels are supplied from another source, to which we are also indebted for the fragments, not inconsiderable, though far less than we could desire, of the Epistles of St. Paul. The other Epistles and the Acts of the Apostles are entirely lost.

This other source to which we have referred, and which supplies us with an amount of Gothic text equal to about three-fourths of the *Codex Argenteus*, is the Ambrosian Library at Milan. In this great library, so rich in palimpsests, are three MSS., one of which, to a superficial observer, seemed to contain only a Latin copy of the Gospels; another, Pope Gregory the Great's Homilies on Ezekiel; and a third, St. Jerome's Commentaries on Isaiah. But, under these Latin treatises, the patient labour of Count Castiglione, prompted by the celebrated Cardinal Mai, discovered, about the year 1820, those fragments of the Gothic version of St. Matthew's Gospel and of St. Paul's Epistles, which, as we have said, fairly supply the deficiencies of the *Codex Argenteus*, and enable us to read a considerable part of the New Testament in the same form in which Ulphilas circulated it among his brethren in Dacia. Some minute fragments of Genesis, of Ezra, and of Nehemiah have been similarly preserved; but, practically, the Old Testament of the Goths is lost.

To the same source, the palimpsests of the Ambrosian Library, we are indebted for several pages of a Commentary on the Gospel of John, which modern scholars have agreed to call by the Gothic term, *Sheireins*, 'an elucidation;' and a very interesting fragment of an Ecclesiastical Calendar, from the 23rd October to the 30th November. Both these documents, thus recently fished up from the sea of darkness and oblivion, are found to throw valuable light on the life and teaching of Ulphilas.

The personal and religious interests, however, of these remains, great as they are, will doubtless always be subordinate to that philological interest of which we have already spoken. Here we have the actual language spoken by Alaric and his long-haired Goths, when they stood under the walls of Rome;

the language of Theodoric the Ostrogoth; probably also of Genseric the Vandal, and Alboin the Lombard. And this language, when we have made acquaintance with a few of its unfamiliar particles (*jah* = and, *jabai* = if, *unte* = for, and the like), and when we have learned to recognise the stately and beautiful grammatical forms which it contains,* but which we have lost, is seen to be in very truth and essence the same language as our own, to explain our dialectical peculiarities, and sometimes even to ennoble that which we call slang by its illustrious kinship.

Take in illustration of the first point, the complaint of the Jews, in John vi. 60: *Hardu ist thata waurd: whas mag this hausjan?* It only needs, as to the last word, that we should be reminded of the interchangeableness of *s* and *r*, and that we should further compare the German *hören* (to hear), and the sentence will at once read off into English: 'Hard is that word; what (man) may hear this?'

Again, when we find in the 15th chapter of John, that *frijan* = 'to love,' and that *jus frijonds meinai sijuth* = 'you are my friends' (that is, they who love me); and when we further find that *fijan* = 'to hate,' and the participle *fijunds* = 'one who hates, an enemy;' we then at once perceive how it has come to pass that *friend* and *fiend*, so like in form, have such different meanings; though it is true that the difficulty still remains, to understand how our Teutonic ancestors could allow that one little letter *r* to bridge over the vast gulf between loving and hating. From *fiend* to *ogre*, however, is an easier transition; and when we find in Luke i. 30, as part of the angelic salutation, *Ni ogs thus Mariam*, 'Fear not, thou, Mary,' we at once understand that an ogre was originally anything that causes fear.

With this word *fijan* for a clue, we can now thread our way through a longer verse, the 26th of the 14th chapter of Luke. *Jabai whas gaggith* (pronounce the double *g* as *ng*) *du mis jah ni fjaith attan seinana jah aiththein, jah quen, jah barna, jah brothruns, jah svistruns, nauhuth-than seinu silbins saivala, ni mag meins siponeis visan*. 'If who' (= anyone) 'gangs to me and hates not his father and mother' (in the Gothic equivalents of these words we have an extraordinary deviation from a very wide-spread type) 'and his wife' (the Gothic for woman has risen into *queen* by a converse process to that by

* Such as *theinamma* = German *deinem* = English *thine*; and *habaida*, *habaides*, *habaida*; *habaiedum*, *habaieduth*, *habaiedun*; all represented by our significant word *had*.

which the Italian *donna* has descended into woman) ‘and his bairns and his brothers and his sisters, and still then’ (nauh = German noch) ‘his self’s soul’ (compare the Scotch *sawl* and the German *seele*), ‘he may not be my disciple.’

We spoke of the study of our own dialects as being illustrated by the labours of Ulfilas. In the northern, and, we believe, in some of the eastern counties of England, the word to *wilt* is used of the decay of fruit (as, ‘these pears have ‘wilted’); and this dialectical word, like so many others, is retained in the American vocabulary, though in a rather different sense. Thus, in describing an action in the American Civil War, a journalist wrote, ‘Our troops wilted’ (ran away). This word is accounted for by the Gothic *ga-swiltan*, to die. Again, the Yorkshire *mickle* and the Scotch *meikle* correspond to *mikils*, the regular Gothic equivalent of great. The Scotch *sib* (of kin to) is represented by the Gothic *sibja* (relationship). When a north-countryman says, ‘I’m ganging ‘to my bairns,’ he speaks, as the texts above quoted show us, almost pure Gothic. We may have been sometimes puzzled to know why Londoners now talk of *shop-lifting*, and why the Scotch borderers used to talk of *cattle-lifting*. But when we read the beautiful Gothic translation of the tenth chapter of John, we see at once that ‘to lift’ in the sense of ‘to rob’ is a rightful Teutonic word. *Saei inn ni atgaggith thairh daur in gardan lambe ak steigith aljathro* (‘He that goes not in ‘through the door into the yard of the lambs, but mounts ‘another way’), ‘*sah hlifstus ist jah raidedja*’ (he is a thief ‘and an evildoer.’)

Then, as for words which cannot aspire to a place in a dictionary of dialects: few words in the whole range of slang could seem less dignified than ‘spry;’ yet this, too, can claim a legitimate descent from the Gothic *sprauto*, quickly. In John xi. 29, we are told that Mary, when she heard of the Saviour’s approach, *urrais sprauto jah iddja du inma*, ‘arose quickly ‘and went to him.’ And in this connexion, though not as illustrating the history of slang, we may notice that the Gothic word for ‘immediately’ is *suns*. Thus, Matthew viii. 3: *jah suns hrain warth thata thrutsfill is*, ‘and immediately ‘cleansed was his leprosy.’ The inveterate habit of promising an earlier fulfilment of our intentions than we can hope to perform—that habit which so often makes our five minutes equivalent to thirty—has, in recent times, since the date of the Authorised Version, broken down the meanings of both ‘by- ‘and-by’ and ‘presently,’ rendering them quite inadequate representations of the Greek *εὐθέως*, to which, in our translators’

day, they were equivalent. It is interesting, and somewhat reassuring, to see that the very same tendency was at work in the very dawn of our history, turning the energetic *suns* of the soldiers of Alaric into the languid 'soon' of our English forefathers.

We have already hinted at the value of the study of Gothic, as illustrating the relationship of the various Teutonic languages to one another, and their affiliation to the great Aryan parent stock. As Sanscrit is not itself the Aryan, so neither is Gothic the Teutonic *ur-sprache*, the original speech from which the others have sprung; but each is so many steps nearer to the *ur-sprache*, that by mounting up to it we gain a wider and clearer horizon, and can discern the common origin of streams of language which otherwise might have seemed to us hopelessly dispersed.

For instance, who, judging from the existing forms of Teutonic speech, would have supposed that we ever had the Dual in our grammar? And yet, when we turn to the *Codex Argenteus*, we find dual forms marked out with great clearness and accuracy. For instance, in Mark xi. 2, where Christ sends two of His disciples to bring the ass upon which He is to make His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, He says to them, '*Gaggats in haim tho withra-wairthon iggquis.*' 'Go ye two into the village which is over against you two.' Had He been addressing more than two persons, the proper forms would have been *gaggith* and *izwis*.

Again, the universal termination of the neuter plural of substantives and adjectives in Gothic is *a*. Thus, the *goda waurda* of our kinsmen show a relationship to the *bona verba* of the Roman and the *ἀγαθὰ ῥήματα* of the Greek, which no termination in our own 'good words' reminds us of.

One more illustration may be permitted, though it is by this time one of the commonplaces of comparative etymology. Who, judging from the mere aspect of the words, would suspect a kinship between the *tear* of English speech and its French equivalent? But Ulfilas furnishes us at once with the missing link. We rise from the English *tear* to the Gothic *tagr*; thence, by an easy transition, we pass to the Greek *dakru*; thence to the Latin *lacruma*; from which we descend again into the plain of modern languages, and recognise in French the clipped and abbreviated form, *larme*.

As we have said, these illustrations now take their place among the very rudiments of philological science. Still, they retain a great interest, especially for the student who is willing to re-discover them for himself, by a patient study of the

Gothic tongue. To read a list of Gothic words in a dictionary or a comparative grammar, is like viewing a *hortus siccus*, valuable, it may be, and scientifically useful, but somewhat uninteresting. To read Ulfilas in his own tongue, and find, here a trace of the old long-extinct speech, which was once common to all the Indo-European nations, there a word, or a vowel in a word, which recalls some peculiarity in the dialect of Yorkshire or of Dorsetshire, is like wandering through the forest at spring-time, and gathering its ferns and flowers for ourselves.

We return to the life and times of the great translator. In the year 337, when Ulfilas was twenty-six, the Emperor Constantine died, and was succeeded in the eastern part of the empire by his son Constantius. And then was commenced one of the most peculiar reigns of which history has preserved a record; the reign of a man deeply dyed in the blood of relatives and friends, who used the obsequious service of eunuchs instead of entrusting the affairs of the state to honest and capable ministers, whose feeble haughtiness and cowardly ambition bear no trace of the influence of Christianity upon his life, but who, nevertheless, plunged into theological discussions with an eagerness, and continued in the same with a patient endurance, such as we should scarcely find now-a-days in a salaried professor of divinity. Now, under the fostering care of this imperial theologian were produced those wonderful eighteen creeds, the offspring of nearly as many toiling councils; now, to quote a well-known passage from Ammianus, 'The very posts of the empire were disorganised by the troops of bishops galloping backwards and forwards at the public expense, to attend what they call "synods," convened by the emperor's order, in the hope of bringing every man round to his opinion.'

One such synod was held at Antioch in 341,* in order to depose Athanasius, and to expunge the word '*homoïasion*' from the creed. The president was Eusebius, long known as Bishop of Nicomedia, well described as court chaplain of Constantine and Constantius, and now, just at the close of his life, Metropolitan of Constantinople. It was at this synod of Antioch, according to the conjecture of Dr. Bessell, that Ulfilas was ordained bishop. We may perhaps doubt whether the words 'he was elected by Eusebius and the bishops who were with

* Generally known as 'the Synod of the Dedication,' the alleged object of the meeting being the dedication of the Great Church of Antioch.

'him' are quite sufficient to bear the weight of this conclusion. Is it not more probable that some one of his biographers would have mentioned at least the name of Antioch, had that been the place of his ordination? But, at any rate the date, and the name of the consecrating bishop may now be considered as fixed. It was in the thirtieth year of his age, A.D. 341, that Ulfilas was raised from the humble post of lector, and, by Eusebius and the bishops of his party, was elected 'first bishop of those who were embracing Christianity in the Gothic country.'

The name of Eusebius of Nicomedia, as the patron and friend of Ulfilas, brings us at once to the question, 'Which side did the Gothic bishop himself take in the long theological 'duel of the fourth century?' To this question but one answer can, with any regard to historical fairness, be returned. Ulfilas was an Arian; and, if the apparently unimpeachable evidence of Auxentius be accepted, he was, or believed himself to have been, an Arian all his life. It would have been indeed surprising had he not been on that side. All his religious training appears to have been received in that great city, the centre of ecclesiastical and intellectual activity for the Danubian countries, which his admiring disciple calls '*Constantinopolim inmo vero Christianopolim.*' And Constantinople, when he entered it, was feeling the reflux of the tide which, in 325, had borne her and her emperor up to the Nicene high-water mark. Nor would it be too much to say that, from the accession of Constantius in 337, to that of Theodosius in 379—except for a parenthesis of three years under Julian and Jovian—Arianism, in one form or other, was the dominant creed, the state religion of the East, and that the Athanasians were considered by the majority, at least of the ecclesiastics, to whom Constantinople was the metropolis, as not less of heretics than Sabellius himself.* Now, these forty-two years, from 337 to 379, fill up all the best of the life of Ulfilas, from his twenty-sixth to his sixty-eighth year. From a purely secular point of view, and looking only to the disastrous consequences of the Arianism of the Teutonic invaders of the Roman empire, we may well regret that this should have been the form under which the Gothic apostle received and propagated the Christian faith; but to blame him for his religious position would be, in fact, tantamount to blaming him for having been born in the

* And in this connexion we ought not to forget that Marcellus of Ancyra, whom the Church now regards as a Sabellian heretic, was till 347 fighting side by side with Athanasius against the Arians.

early part of the fourth century, rather than fifty years earlier or fifty years later.

As for Arianism itself, we must say a few words, in order to prevent the life-work of Ulfilas from being misjudged. We are in danger of forming a wrong estimate of that system of doctrine, if we class it with certain modern forms of religious thought, which are popularly supposed to be its representatives. In point of fact, we probably should not err in asserting that Arianism is as dead as the worship of Jupiter Olympius, and that there is nothing which corresponds to it, or represents it in any of the schools of belief or disbelief at the present day. Yet, the maxim '*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*' does not apply to creeds and philosophies, and we wish to speak the truth concerning Arianism, whether it be for good or whether it be for evil.

In the first place, we greatly mistake when we suppose that the Arians represented the reaction against 'dogma.' They hungered and thirsted for dogma; they could not endure to confess ignorance or to acknowledge inexplicable mysteries. Matthew Arnold's criticism upon certain orthodox writers, that 'they seem to know as much about God as about the 'man in the next street,' exactly expresses the mental attitude of the Arians. The veil which reverence and love had permitted in primitive times to rest upon the relation of Christ to Him whom he spoke of as His Father, must now be torn down, and a clear exact account of the whole matter, such as would commend itself to the understanding of every man, such as would stand the test of a vigorous dialectical debate in the Agora of any Hellenic city, must be given to the whole world. Looking at the entire course of the controversy, we may fairly say that but for the Arian question we should never have had the Athanasian reply, and that the '*Ομολοσίον* of Nicæa is really the offspring, though the hostile offspring, of the '*Εξ οὐκ ὕψους ἐγένετο* of Alexandria. And hence it was, that during the half-century of Arian ascendancy the party could never 'continue in the same stay.' Creed gave birth to creed, and sect split off from sect with a rapidity which would be amusing if we could forget the subject-matter of the controversy; and the efforts of Arian and semi-Arian to frame a religious platform upon which a sufficient majority of bishops could stand to make their views pass for catholic verity, and to ensure that everything above or below their exact mark on the theological thermometer should be condemned as heresy, remind one more of a presidential campaign in America, than of the earnest discussions on high themes of single-minded seekers after truth.

But, secondly, we shall much mistake the feelings and the tendencies of an Arian of the fourth century, if, judging him by his supposed representatives in the nineteenth, we imagine that he wished to eliminate the supernatural from Christianity, or consciously took up a position of antagonism to the authority of Scripture. It would be dangerous to venture on a sweeping assertion as to the conduct of any party through the whole of that vast and stormy controversy; but we think it will be admitted that the doctrines of the incarnation, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ were firmly held by a large majority of the Arians, and that the sacrificial import of His death was at least not zealously controverted. In their arguments with opponents, they do not appear to wish to evade the appeal to Scripture, or to be satisfied to say, 'True, the Bible says so and so, but we teach differently;' nor do they seem to have been charged, as Marcion was, with mutilating any of the sacred books, or manipulating texts to suit the purposes of controversy. In short, the aim of the Arian creed-makers was to devise a scheme whereby the passages in the New Testament which speak of Christ's subordination to His Father, might be reconciled with those other passages which speak of Him as God, and as One with the Father. And this scheme was to be one which could commend itself by dialectics alone to the mere understanding of the natural man. One may think such an attempt unwise or irreverent; one may lament the time wasted over word-mechanisms as complicated and as unreal as the epicycles of the Ptolemaic astronomy; but one may yet allow that their authors did not consciously distort or falsify the texts which they were labouring to bring into harmony with each other. Nor is it historically correct to ascribe to men who appear to have accepted the Christian revelation as unquestionably true, the doubts or the denials of the modern rationalist.

Ulfilas himself, in the fragments of his translation which have been preserved, reproduces the passages which assert the deity of Christ without any trace of faltering or equivocation. One exception, perhaps, should be made. In the celebrated text, Philippians ii. 6, he writes—'*saci in Guttha-skaunein visands, ni vulva raknida visan sih galeiko Guttha*' ('who, being in God-form, reckoned it not rapine to be himself like to God'). Here, surely, some Arian feeling must have caused the pen of the translator to swerve from its usual fidelity; at least, no Gothic scholar seems to doubt that *ibna* (even or equal) rather than *galeiko* would have been the true rendering of the Greek text.

In the biography of which we have spoken, Auxentius describes at great length the theological position of his master. He seems to have belonged to what we may call the Left Centre of the Arian party, the partisans of Acacius and the favourers of the Homoeon, who, while rejecting the words 'essence' and 'substance,' confined themselves to the assertion that the Son was like unto the Father, 'in such manner as the Holy Scriptures assert.'

We must admit that he shared fully in the religious intolerance of his age; and it is important to notice this point, because a historian of later date (Theodoret, IV. 37), in describing the alleged conversion of Ulfilas to Arianism in his old age, says that Bishop Eudoxius got him over to his own side by representing that the whole matter was only a strife about words, and that there was no real difference of doctrine between the two parties.

Not so says Auxentius:—

'In his preaching and expounding he was wont to assert that all heretics were not Christians, but Anti-Christ; not pious men, but impious; not religious, but irreligious; not reverent, but foolhardy (*non timoratos sed temerarios*); not in the hope, but without hope; not worshippers of God, but without God; not teachers, but seducers; not preachers, but prevaricators—and this whether they were Manicheans or Marcionists; whether Montanists, or Paulinians, or Psabellians (*sic*), or Antropians (Psilanthropists), or Patripassians, or Fotinians (*sic*), or Novatians, or Donatians, or Homo-usians, or Homoc-usians, or Macedonians.

'But as a true emulator of the Apostles, and imitator of the martyrs, having made himself the enemy of the heretics, he repelled their evil doctrine and built up the people of God, while he put to flight the grievous wolves and dogs, and through the grace of Christ kept his flock as a good shepherd, with all prudence and diligence.'

We will now leave for the present the region of polemical theology, and hear Auxentius tell the story of the forty years' episcopate of his master:—

'Thus preaching and giving thanks to God the Father, through Christ, he flourished gloriously for forty years in his bishopric, and with apostolic grace he preached the Greek and Latin and Gothic languages without intermission in the one only church of Christ: for one is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth; and he used to assert and contend that one is the flock of Christ, our Lord and God, one cultivation and one building, one virgin and one spouse, one vineyard, one house, one temple, one the *conventus* of Christians, while all other *conventicula* are not churches of God, but synagogues of Satan.

'To praise him as he deserves I am not able, and altogether to be silent about him I do not dare; since to him above all others I am

debtor, for he laboured more abundantly in me, having in my tender youth taken me from my parents to be his disciple, and taught me sacred letters, and made manifest to me the truth; and by the mercy of God he educated me both carnally and spiritually, as his own son in the faith.

'He, by the providence of God and the mercy of Christ, for the salvation of many souls in the nation of the Goths, was from a reader promoted at the age of thirty to the office of bishop, that he might be not only an heir of God and co-heir of Christ, but in this matter also an imitator of Christ and His saints.'

The examples of David, Joseph, and our Lord Himself, all of whom were, at the same age of thirty, especially manifested as rulers or deliverers, are then adduced and illustrated copiously:—

'So it was, when he was thirty years old according to the flesh, that Ulfilas took in hand the aforesaid nation of the Goths, then living indifferently in spiritual poverty and hunger of preaching, that he reformed them according to the evangelical and apostolical and prophetic rule, and taught them to live unto God, and manifested that they were Christians—Christians indeed—and multiplied their numbers.

'And when, through the envy and mighty working of the enemy, there was kindled a persecution of the Christians by an irreligious and sacrilegious judge of the Goths, who spread tyrannous affright through the Varbarian (*sic*) land, it came to pass that Satan, who desired to do evil, unwillingly did good—that those whom he desired to make prevaricators and deserters, by the aid and companionship of Christ became martyrs and confessors, that the persecutor was confounded and his victims crowned, that he who tried to conquer had to blush as a conquered one, and they who were tempted rejoiced as conquerors.

'Then, after the glorious martyrdom of many servants and hand-maidens of Christ, as this persecution was still raging vehemently, after only seven years of his episcopate were expired (*i.e.*, A.D. 348), the aforesaid most holy and blessed Ulfila, with a great multitude of confessors, being driven from "Varbaricum," was honourably received on the soil of "Romania" by the then Emperor Constantius of blessed memory; so that, as God by the hand of Moses delivered His people from the violence of Faraoh and the Egyptians, and made them pass through the Red Sea, and appointed that they should serve Him, even so, by means of the often-mentioned Ulfila, did God set free the confessors of His holy and only-begotten Son from the Varbaric land, and caused them to cross over the Danube and serve Him upon the mountains (of the Balkan) like His saints of old.

'Thus did he settle with his people on the soil of "Romania," where, omitting those seven years previously named, during thirty and three years he preached the truth—in this also an imitator of those holy men, for' (how often the space of forty years is mentioned in the Old Testament in connexion with judgeships and kingships, we know very well).*

* The text of this paragraph is in a very fragmentary state.

This comparison of Ulfilas to Moses, naturally suggested by his bringing the Goths across the Danube to a place of safety, seems to have been a favourite theme with his followers. Philostorgius tells us that ‘the emperor himself’—apparently Constantius—‘held Ulfilas in high honour, so that he would ‘often speak of him as the Moses of his day.’ It seems probable, then, that these two men, Constantius and Ulfilas, met in personal conference, it may have been more than once or twice. A strange contrast must have been presented by the earnest energetic Teuton, weather-beaten by the storms of Mount Hæmus, his brow furrowed by the brain-toil of his great translation, and the dainty theologising emperor, waited upon by a herd of sleek eunuchs, ‘who was never seen to ‘wipe his nose in public, nor to spit, nor to turn his face from ‘one side to the other, and who never tasted an apple in all ‘his life.’* As the emperor was born A.D. 316, he was five years younger than the bishop.

Ulfilas and his Christian refugees, distributed through Mœsia according to the decrees of Constantius, received the name of ‘The Lesser Goths.’ We have a slight notice of them in Jornandes, the native historian of the race, who wrote about two centuries after the time of which we are now speaking. No one who has been accustomed to consult this historian will place much reliance on his accuracy; still we have often to be thankful to him for details which no one else will give us:—

‘There were also certain other Goths who are called *minores*, an immense people, with their bishop and primate Vulfila, who is said, moreover, to have taught them letters; and they are at this day dwelling in Mœsia, in the district called Encopolitana.† They abode at the foot of the mountains, a numerous race, but poor and unwarlike, abounding only in cattle of divers kinds, and rich in pastures and forest timber, having little wheat though the earth is fertile in producing other crops. They do not appear to have any vineyards; those who want wine buy it of their neighbours; but most of them drink only milk.’‡

As to the history of the Goths in Dacia during the nine years that we suppose to have been occupied by Ulfilas’ residence in Constantinople, and the first twenty-two years of his episcopate—that is to say, from A.D. 332 to 363—we have scarcely any authentic information, and are therefore unable to fill in any details into the meagre sketch given us by Auxentius.

* Ammianus Marcellinus, xxi. 16.

† Possibly intended for Nicopolitana. ‡ De Rebus Geticis, cap. 51.

Only, during this period, we hear of the vast extension of the half-mythical empire of *Hermanric*, a stern old warrior, who eventually died of rage, at the mature age of 110. If we may believe the Gothic historian, his kingdom extended over the whole of what is now called Lithuania and Southern Russia, and touched both the Black Sea and the Baltic. His especial subjects were the Ostrogoths, who had in former times been the eastern, but were now the northern half of the great Gothic nation, and he bore the title of king. The Visigoths, in their Dacian settlement, seem to have occupied the position of subject-allies towards their northern brethren. And for this reason, probably, it was that their rulers bore the title not of king, but of judge. But, to understand what manner of judges they were, we must let our minds dwell rather on the wild forms of Ehud and Jephthah, and other warrior-judges of Israel, than on the ermined sages of Westminster Hall.

It will be observed, therefore, that it is in strict accordance with the political condition of the Visigoths of that day that Auxentius speaks of the persecution which led to the exile of Ulfilas, as kindled 'by an irreligious and sacrilegious *Judex* 'of the Goths, who tyrannised over the barbarian land.' But who this *Judex* was, or what were the names of any of his martyrs, authentic history entirely fails to inform us.

We get another glimpse of the Gothic bishop in his theological relations in the year 360.* A synod of Arian prelates was then assembled at Constantinople. They drew up a creed nearly the same with that which had been so dexterously used at Rimini, recognising the likeness of the Son to the Father, 'in such a manner as the Holy Scriptures declare and teach,' but forbidding the use of the terms 'essence' and 'substance'† as unscriptural and liable to be misunderstood by the common people. This creed, we are expressly told,‡ was subscribed by Ulfilas.

In the year following, 361, the man of many synods, Constantius, died, and Julian, the would-be restorer of the classic mythology, was sole Augustus. We have no information as to any influence which this change may have exerted on the fortunes of Ulfilas and his *Gothi minores*. The former had now reached the fiftieth year of his life, and the half-way point of his forty years' episcopate. Though we have heard so much of him as an Arian controversialist, it is reasonable to

* Some make the date 359.

† *οὐσία* and *ὑπόστασις*.

‡ Socrates, ii. 41.

suppose that the strife with heathenism and with the easily besetting sins of his barbarian converts occupied a far larger share of his energies. Acacius against Athanasius, the Homocon against the Homo-usion, might be his watchwords when he was face to face with his brother-bishops in council beside the Bosporus; but doubtless, when he returned to Mœsia, his chief toil, next to the life-work of his Biblical translation, would be to guard his people against relapsing into the drunken orgies and the wild fevers of gambling which Tacitus notes as characteristic of all the Germanic nations. Often he may have ventured—though this is mere conjecture—across the Danube by one of Trajan's bridges, into his own ancestral Dacia; and, if so, we may be sure that Sabellius and Photinus, Marcellus and Macedonius, were for the time well-nigh forgotten, as he strove to eradicate from the Gothic heart the worship of Odin, 'the father of slaughter, the god that carrieth desolation and fire;' as he contrasted Asa-Thor's defeat by Hela with Christ's eternal triumph over death; and as he sought to dim the glories of Valhalla by depicting St. John's vision of the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, descending from God out of heaven.

The conjecture that the Gothic apostle had thus been working among his fellow-countrymen is strengthened by the great progress which we find Christianity to have made among them, when, in A.D. 367, the curtain again rises, which for thirty years has hid their nation from our sight. It may be remarked, in passing, that it never again completely falls, since we have a fairly detailed continuous history of the Visigoths from this date down to the overthrow of their monarchy in Spain by the Moors, A.D. 711.

In the year 363, the imperial line of Constantine came to an end by the death of Julian, on the plains of Mesopotamia. After the short and unimportant reign of Jovian, the two brothers, Valentinian and Valens, were raised respectively to the western and eastern thrones. But for the first two years of their reign there either smouldered or else burst into actual flame the rebellion of Procopius, an imperial notary, who, as a relative of Julian's on the maternal side, made some faint show of an hereditary claim to the succession. The Goths sent him some unimportant succour, professing, and perhaps believing, themselves to be bound to afford him this assistance by loyalty to the house of Constantine.

After the death of Procopius, Valens, refusing to admit the validity of this plea, called the barbarians sternly to account, and, in three campaigns (367 to 369) by the Lower Danube,

appears to have obtained some material successes. Twice he crossed the river on a bridge of boats; but one year (368), operations were almost suspended by the swollen state of the stream. In the last year, according to a strange story told by Zosimus, the emperor, finding the regular operations of war too tedious, and the encampments of the barbarians among the swamps of the Dobrudscha often hard to storm, told the sutlers and camp-followers that he would pay a certain sum for each head of a barbarian that was brought into his camp. The new auxiliaries thus brought into the field swarmed at night into the forests and marshes, 'and soon brought an immense number of heads to the emperor, so that the remaining barbarians sued for peace.' We have heard of something like this method of making war in the same province of Bulgaria in our own day.

Peace, then, was concluded in the year 369; and though the Romans seem, upon the whole, to have had the advantage in the field, the basis of the treaty was the *status quo ante bellum*, with perhaps this difference, that the loyalty formerly pledged to the house of Constantine was now transferred to that of Valentinian.

In the conclusion of this treaty, we come for the first time upon the name of *Athanaric*, 'a very powerful judge of the Goths at that time.' He had apparently in the last year of the war succeeded to supreme power among the Visigoths, reserving perhaps some sort of semi-feudal allegiance to the great Hermanric.* *Athanaric*, who seems to have been the very type and stronghold of Visigothic conservatism, abhorring all newfangled Roman ways, whether in religion or in politics, had sworn a dreadful oath, '*sub timenda execratione*,' that he would never tread on Roman soil. It would have been beneath the dignity of the Augustus to transfer his purple buskins to the now barbarian ground of Dacia; but the difficulty was adjusted by a master-stroke of etiquette worthy of the congress of Westphalia. The ships of emperor and of judge were rowed from the opposite shores of the Danube into full mid-stream, and there the two potentates, each accompanied by a suitable number of guards, met and discussed the condi-

* Clinton, on the authority of Isidore of Seville, assigns the year 369 for the accession of *Athanaric*. (*Fasti Romani*, ii. 167.) Nor do the words of *Ammianus Marcellinus* (xxvii. 5) really conflict with this date. Some of the writers on the subject who refer the earlier persecutions of the Gothic Christians and the expulsion of *Ulfilas* (348) to the command of *Athanaric* appear to have missed this point.

tions of the treaty, and the number and quality of the hostages.

This peace between 'Romania' and 'Varbaricum' lasted, as we shall see, for eight years—from 369 to 377—that is, from the 58th to the 66th year of the life of Ulfilas. At this point of the history, or perhaps a little earlier, we cut across a portion of the internal history of the Visigoths. It is narrated to us by two ecclesiastical historians, Socrates and Sozomen, who wrote two generations after the event, who were probably ignorant of the language of the people, and whose stories are inconsistent with one another and with the known facts of history. Without wasting time in the vain labour of trying to reconcile their discordance, we will only note that, contemporary with Athanaric, and rivalling and sharing his power, was another chief, *Fritigern*. Less intensely attached to the customs of his forefathers than Athanaric, he probably leaned from the first to the Roman alliance and the Christian religion. Civil war broke out between the two chiefs. Fritigern asked the help of Rome, which is said to have been conceded to him on condition of his adopting the faith of Christ, as professed by the Arian emperor, Valens. It is said that the Roman troops then crossed the Danube and gained for Fritigern a complete victory over his enemy. But, as the laborious and accurate historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, gives us no hint of any such engagement between the years 369 and 377, this is probably only another version of the three years' campaign (366 to 369) already described.

At the period, then, whatever it be, at which we have now arrived, the Visigothic nation was divided into two parts—one Christian, under Fritigern; the other still heathen, under Athanaric. But in the latter portion also, Bishop Ulfilas, who was evidently now extending his labours beyond his own *Gothi minores* in Mœsia, wrought much and made many converts. This excited the rage of the stern Judex, Athanaric, who treated the innovators with great severity, so that eventually many of the Arian Goths of that period, says the orthodox Socrates, became martyrs for the faith of Christ. This persecution must have raged at some period in the eight years of peace (369 to 377) already mentioned, and the existence of it must be taken as a proof that neither Valens nor Fritigern had emerged from the previous struggle decidedly superior to Athanaric.

Of the histories of these Gothic martyrs we have some, though slight, traces outside of the two church historians whom we have already quoted. If one visits a library which contains

that vast quarry of Catholic biography, the Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum*, in fifty-three folio volumes, and if from the eight volumes dedicated to the month of September one selects that which includes the lives of the saints whose festivals are celebrated on the 15th day of that month, one will find a heading, '*De S. Niceta, Gotho Martyre.*' The story of the life of *Nicetas* is told both in Greek and Latin, and, somewhat condensed, here it is:—

'By the side of the famous Danube dwelt the Goths, who had migrated from their fatherland and come as settlers to that region. The young *Nicetas*, sprung from a Gothic stock, had, on account of his noble birth, his shapely body, and his generous soul, obtained one of the foremost places in the nation. Yet he was not a Goth in life, in manners, or in faith; for conviction conquered race, the love-charm of Christ conjured away the vain glory of the Barbarian, and the pursuit of virtue weaned him from the Gothic roughness and intemperance.'

Evidently it is no Teutonic hand which is tracing for us this picture:—

'He went with Theophilus, Bishop of the Goths, to the Council of Nicæa, and signed the Confession of Faith there drawn up. Not long after* [really after an interval of forty-four years, 325 to 369] dissensions arose between Fritigern and the every-way terrible Athanaric. The latter conquered; Fritigern fled, and implored the aid of the Roman emperor, who was at that time the Christ-hater, Valens.† He sent some of his troops, then quartered in Thrace, to the help of Fritigern, who, guarded by them and by the remnant of his own army, recrossed the Ister. Bearing the holy cross of Christ before them, they easily overcame the whilom victor, and Athanaric himself was fain to betake himself to shameful flight, the greater part of his army being either slain or taken prisoners. This was the cause why the Gothic nation embraced Christianity.'

Then follows a passage concerning Ulphilas, which shall be translated literally, because much stress has been laid upon it by the assertors of the orthodoxy of that prelate, though it is generally now admitted that as a piece of evidence it is of little value, and that his alleged presence at the Council of Nicæa is in the highest degree improbable:—

'But Urphilas now possessed the archiepiscopal dignity as successor of Theophilus, with which prelate he had been formerly present at Nicæa, agreeing in his views. He afterwards took part when the second holy and ecumenical council was collected at Constantinople. This man, who was both learned and intelligent, invented shapes of letters and corresponding sounds suitable for the Gothic tongue, and

* 'Ἐπεὶ δὲ οὐ πολλὸς ἐν μέσῳ διέβη χρόνος.

† Ὁβάλεντι δὲ τηρικαῦτα τῷ μισοχρίστῳ τὰ ῥωμαϊκὰ δειλίπετο σκήπτρα.

having by means of these translated our sacred and divinely inspired Scriptures into that language, he exerted himself with all his might to induce his fellow-countrymen to learn them. Hence piety took root among the Barbarians, and increased from day to day.'

The narrative then goes on to tell how Athanaric soon returned, having recovered from his losses, and raged more vehemently than ever against his enemies, but especially against Nicetas, whose nobility of character and lineage marked him out for vengeance:—

'Thus, when the pious and gentle Gratian [nephew of Valens] was exercising hereditary rule over Rome,* the blood-thirsty Athanaric broke out into cruel persecution of the Christians, and urged those who were about him to do the same. These enemies of God threatened Nicetas with fell wrath; but he heeded them not, and went on preaching the true religion. At length, breaking forth into open violence, they attacked him while he was in the act of preaching, dragged him away by force, and ordered him to abjure his faith. He neither by word nor deed desisted from making open confession of Christ and honouring him as God, but mocked and scorned at all their onslaughts; so when they had cut his body into pieces—ah! what madness!—they then also flung him into the fire.† But the saint, through all these sufferings, ceased not to sing hymns in praise of God, and to believe in Him with all his heart. Thus witnessing a good confession to the very end, he, with many of his countrymen, received a crown of martyrdom, and gave up his spirit into the hands of God.'

The rest of the 'Acta,' describing how, after a long time, the relics of the saint were transported to Mopsuestia in Cilicia, and what miracles were wrought by them, need not be told here.‡

More pathetic in their simplicity, and certainly far more

* Gratian was declared Augustus in 369, came into full possession of power on the death of his father (Valentinian I.) in 375, and was assassinated in 383.

† Τοῦ σώματος συντρίψαντες μέρη, φεῦ τῆς μανίας, εἶτα καὶ πυρὶ βίπτουσιν.

‡ The date of this document is doubtful. Apparently the Bollandist compilers of the *Acta Sanctorum* took it from a Byzantine hagiologist of the tenth century named Metaphrastes. From what source he took it, we know not; but, as a mere conjecture, and looking to the blurred outlines of the picture on the one hand, and to the amount of fresh, truthful colouring in it on the other, we may presume that the story was reduced to writing towards the end of the fifth century—a generation later than the times of Socrates and Sozomen. It will be observed that the fact of the Arianism of Ulfilas and his converts has either faded out of remembrance or else been purposely suppressed in this narrative.

trustworthy than this declamatory narrative, are the few following lines in their own tongue, which are found in a still extant fragment of an old Gothic calendar:—

‘[October] 23rd [Remembrance of] the many martyrs among the Gothic people, and of Frederic.’

‘29th.—Remembrance of the martyrs who remained with Priest Vereka and Batvin, being [members] of a full church [or of the Catholic church], and being burnt among the Gothic people.’*

The construction of the last sentence is difficult; but there can be little doubt that it relates to the same event which is mentioned by Sozomen (vi. 37), who says that Athanaric sent round a graven image, standing on one of the great Gothic wagons, to the tents of all who were suspected of having embraced Christianity, and burnt whole families of the recusants in their homes; and not only so, but that when men, women, and children (in some cases mothers with their nurselings at their breasts), had taken refuge in a certain church rather than obey his idolatrous edicts, the cruel soldiers of Athanaric burnt the church and all whom it contained.

But the great cataclysm was at hand which was to sweep all the Goths—Pagan and Christian, persecutor and victim, ‘and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman and every freeman,’ into one common abyss of misery, from which, before many years were accomplished, they were again to emerge world-conquerors.

It was last year (1876) exactly a millennium and a half since the Huns of Asia crossed the shallows of the Sea of Azof and suddenly appeared before the Gothic inhabitants of the south of Russia. Small flat-headed men, with smooth faces, high cheek bones, coal-black orbs turning sullenly in ‘the little holes which served them for eyes,’† they swarmed in upon the settlements of the stately, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, long-bearded Goth, who shrank from their touch as pollution, and flattered himself with the hope of an easy victory over a troop of such misbegotten knaves. Unfortunately, victory sat upon the other standards. The Huns were all born horsemen. Their steeds were, it is true, more like ponies than chargers; but they were wiry, strong, and swift. An absolute sympathy

* In the original, ‘k.g. (gaminthi) thize ana Gutthiudai managaize ‘martyre jah Frithareikeis.’

‘k.th., gaminthi martyre thize bi Verekan papan jah Batvin bilaif. . . aiklesjons fullaizos ana Gutthiudai gabrannidai.’

† Jornandes.

existed between the rider and his beast, recalling the fables of the ancient centaurs; and they practised in perfection the tactics of sudden attack, feigned retreat, a deadly discharge of arrows, and a rapid return upon their disordered foes, tactics which, in the hands of the Parthians, had so often proved fatal to the heavy legionaries of Rome. The Goths found themselves constantly overmatched. A panic fear seized them: they said that the Huns had an unfair advantage in their own abominable ugliness—they were not men at all, they were descendants of an unholy intercourse between Gothic witches and evil spirits.

But, however they might strive to account for their defeats, the facts remained, and soon the whole Ostrogothic kingdom in Lithuania and the Ukraine crumbled to pieces before these Tartar hordes. Hermanric himself, who was now in the 110th year of his age, lived to hear of the approach of the terrible invaders, but not to see the ruin wrought by them. Not long before, he had caused a Russian princess to be torn in pieces by wild horses. Her brothers, watching an opportunity of revenge, had wounded him in the side with a spear. The wound was not immediately fatal, but it, and distress for the Hunnish victories and the 110 years of life together, brought Hermanric to the grave. The Ostrogothic kingdom was swallowed up in the great Serbonian bog of the ravage—empire it cannot be called—of the Huns; and the uncouth horde rolled onward to the settlements of the Visigoths, to try conclusions with them—the uncles of the Turk with the ancestors of the Spaniard; a battle of Lepanto by land, and twelve centuries too soon.

Athanaric proceeded, in a slow and stately way, to prepare for a pitched battle by the banks of the Dniester. He sent forward scouts to watch the movements of the invaders. The latter, when night fell, appeared to compose themselves to slumber; but in reality they silently filed forth out of their camp, crossed the river in a shallow part by the light of the moon, and, mounted on their little ponies, dashed right into the camp and up to the very tent of Athanaric, who only just saved himself by a headlong flight. This kind of engagement, as Zosimus remarks (iv. 20), was the only one which the Huns understood; for ‘how could they take part in a pitched battle who could not even plant their feet firmly on the ground, but lived, and ate, and even slept on horseback?’

Despoiled of all his treasures, and stripped of his kingly magnificence, Athanaric sought a refuge in the Carpathian fastnesses, whither the Huns, intent on the plunder of the

plains, cared not to pursue him. Few of his subjects followed the stern old Judex thither; the main body of them, after long deliberation, decided to seek for shelter in the Roman territory. The fertile plains of Bulgaria attracted them; the knowledge that Ulfilas and his Christian colony, the *Gothi minores*, were happily settled there, was doubtless an argument with many; but all historians agree that the chief inducement was the thought that the broad Danube would then roll between themselves and the loathed, dreaded, hated Huns.

So now the late lords of Dacia, abandoning their lands to the enemy, flocked down to the Wallachian shore of the Danube, and, greatly agitated, 'stretched forth their hands to their old enemies, the Romans, bewailing with loud and lamentable declamation the calamity which had befallen them, urging their request that the passage across the river might be conceded to them, and promising to be henceforth the faithful allies of the empire.*' Fritigern was one of the chiefs of this migration; and it is probable, though only Sozomen mentions it, that Ulfilas acted as interpreter and mediator between his countrymen and Valens. The latter, a weak and vain man, was flattered by the proffered allegiance of so many well-formed warriors—estimated at little short of 200,000 men in the flower of their military age—and after some deliberation with his ministers, he agreed to receive them within the limits of his empire, to give them homesteads in the Province of Mœsia, and to supply them at once with daily rations.

The chief conditions for this generous concession were—1st, that they should surrender their arms to officers appointed for the purpose; 2nd, that the full-grown males should, when called upon, take the oath of military allegiance and serve as auxiliaries in the army; and, 3rd, that all the new settlers should embrace Christianity. This latter condition, as 'Christianity' meant the Arian form of it, to which Valens was zealously attached, is much spoken of and often lamented by the ecclesiastical historians, who sometimes write as if all the Arianism of all the barbarian races were due to this one compact with Valens. It is probable that they have greatly overrated its effect, that most of the fugitives, being adherents of Fritigern and admirers of Ulfilas, were already Christians of the only kind that they had ever heard of, and that the number of those who on this occasion finally renounced the worship of Odin was comparatively trifling.

We have described at some length this reception of the Visigoths within the limits of the Roman Empire, because Ulfilas, at this time sixty-five years old, was probably one of the chief negotiators of the treaty; we can only sketch in mere outline the well-known and miserable results of the migration.

The ships of the Romans were employed for days in transporting the Gothic nation across the Danube. The numbers of this living tide of men recalled to the mind of a Roman contemporary (Ammianus) all that Herodotus had told of the myriads of the Persian hosts who invaded Greece. The orders of Valens to strip the new comers of their arms were scandalously disregarded by the imperial officers, who, intent on helping themselves to their gold, let the steel pass unnoticed. Then came the question of rations. In promising to feed, even for a short time, so vast a tribe of men—very likely a million in number—Valens had probably undertaken more than the political economy of that day could have accomplished, even in the most zealous and most honest hands. But Lupicinus and Maximus, the Prefects of Mœsia, were neither zealous nor honest. Greedy and short-sighted as two Turkish pashas, they enhanced the scarcity by ‘forestalling’ and ‘regrating,’ and at length they offered the Goths, who as a pastoral people knew what good meat was, such carrion as dogs would scarcely have fed upon. For some time this was borne in silence. The Goths saw their last treasures melt away. They sold their children into slavery; they were on the point of selling themselves, but murmurs of discontent began to rise, and Lupicinus heard them. He made a treacherous attempt to seize Fritigern and the other Gothic chiefs, at a banquet near Marcianople, to which he had invited them. The courage and ready wit of Fritigern saved him; but the abortive attempt, like Charles the First’s meditated arrest of the five members, kindled the latent heat into a flame, and set 200,000 Gothic swords in motion against Rome. The Emperor Valens was recalled from Antioch to prosecute the war, which lasted through the greater part of the years 377 and 378. There is no need here to recount its varying fortunes; we hasten on to its terrible and memorable end. On the 9th of August, 378, near the city of Adrianople, the Romans received a crushing defeat. Valens in vain attempted to fly from the field of battle. Wounded by an arrow shot at a venture, he sought refuge in a little hut which was burnt by the Goths, and perished miserably in the flames. It is a favourite remark with the orthodox historians, that the last

Arian emperor thus endured in this life some faint foretaste of the torments to which the Goths were doomed in the next for having, at the invitation of this very emperor, embraced the Arian heresy. The loss to the Romans on this fatal day was tremendous: two-thirds of their army lay dead on the field; and the historian, Ammianus, does not hesitate to rank the defeat of Adrianople side by side with the catastrophe of Cannæ.

To Ulphilas, now verging towards the end of his seventh decade, the events of these memorable years can have brought only sorrow. The monarchy of his old allegiance beyond the Danube shattered by a despised foe; the Romans and the Goths, whom he had sought to unite in bonds of friendship, severed by bitter memories of mutual wrong; many, probably, of his own civilised and Christianised *Gothi minores* carried away on that torrent of avarice and revenge which was sweeping their countrymen through all the valleys of Bulgaria and every mountain-pass of the Balkan; and, bitterest thought of all, his own life-long work of the conversion of the Goths, misrepresented and distorted as a mere intrigue between heretics and idolaters—an unholy compact between Arians and barbarians. All this must have been hard to see and to hear, and may well have caused the good old bishop to feel that his life had been wasted. But of this we have no hint in the scanty words of his biographers.

The Emperor Theodosius, who was called to the eastern throne on the death of Valens, seems to have pursued a wise policy towards the barbarian intruders into his empire, using sufficient force to make them feel that they could not be tolerated as masters there, yet avoiding cruelty, and not attempting the hopeless task of pushing back that whole warlike nation across the Danube. He took many of their ablest and bravest men into his own service, and generally succeeded, during his lifetime, in keeping them in that position of *fœderati* (subject-allies), which they themselves had sued for in the hour of their extremity.

But his fame as a religious legislator even surpasses that which he acquired as a warrior. Everyone knows that it was to him that the Athanasian party owed its final victory; together with the legal right to assume to itself alone the appellation of Catholic, and to brand all its foes with the stigma of heresy. The great Council, held at Constantinople in the year 381, which has been accepted by after-ages as the Second General Council, closed the long Arian controversy, at least as far as the empire was concerned, by an emphatic reaffirma-

tion of the Creed of Nicæa, and a condemnation of Macedonius, who denied the personality of the Holy Spirit.

Was Ulfilas present at this Council or not? In order to explain our qualified answer to this question, we will transcribe some sentences near the end of the biography written by Auxentius. The text is difficult and fragmentary, and we can only offer a very free translation of a highly conjectural emendation.*

‘Having completed forty years of his episcopate, he went, by the command of the emperor, to the city of Constantinople, to a disputation against the *Psathyropolistæ*. Thither he went, in the name of the Lord God, in order to prevent that sect from teaching and subduing the churches committed to him by Christ, and also for their own sakes, when he had reflected on the disposition of the Council, in order that this sect might not be proved to be heretics, and thereby set down as men more miserable than the miserable, condemned out of their own mouths, and worthy to be smitten with perpetual punishment. Now, as soon as he had entered the aforesaid city, his health began to fail, and by this sickness he was taken away from us, like Elisha the Prophet.

‘Assuredly it is right to reflect on the merits of this man, who was thus led by the Lord to die at Constantinople (may we not rather say Christianople?), in order that the holy and spotless priest of Christ might receive burial at the hands of holy men, his fellow-priests, that before such a multitude of Christians, the worthy man, by worthy men, should be worthily and gloriously honoured according to his merits.’

This certainly looks as if Ulfilas, whose character evidently commanded the reverence even of those who differed from his views, was buried by the fathers of the Second General Council at Constantinople, in the beginning of the year 381, having been carried off by sickness, in the 70th year of his age, before he had been able to share in its deliberations. And such we believe to have been the case; but there is some difficulty about this disputation with the *Psathyropolistæ*, to which he was summoned by the imperial command. The sect known by this cumbrous title split off from the main body

* Dr. Bessell, who has taken extraordinary pains to make sense of this passage (without, however, a personal examination of the MS.), restores the text thus: ‘Qui, cum præcepto imperiali, completis ‘quadraginta annis, ad Constantinopolitanam urbem ad disputationem ‘* * * * * contra P(sat)hy(ro)p(ol)istas perrexit et eundo in ‘dñi dñi fñ (Domini Dei nostri) nomine ne xpi (Christi) ecclesias sibi a ‘xpo (Christo) deditas docerent et contestarentur, intrabat, et ingressus ‘in supradictam civitatem, recogitato ei im * * * de statu concilii, ‘ne arguerentur miseris miserabiliores proprio iudicio damnati et perpetuo supplicio plectendi, statim cœpit infirmari,’ &c.

of the Arians on a childish and frivolous controversy concerning the *name* of the Eternal.* As one of the watchwords of the Arian party was, 'There was a time when the Son was 'not,'† a discussion arose, whether, in that far-off recess of past eternity, before the Son was, or any creature existed, it could be right to speak of God *the Father*. A certain Dorotheus, of Antioch, said No. His rival, Marinus, the Thracian, said Yes, and was abetted in his teaching by Theoctistus, a Syrian. As the latter was a seller of baked pottery (*ψαθυροπώλης*), it was easy for his opponents, with that happy disregard of the social status of the first teachers of Christianity which controversialists have so often displayed, to taunt the new sect with being themselves base pottery sellers—mere Psathyropolistæ. Selenas, who was a bishop of the Goths (perhaps a coadjutor of Ulfilas), and, like him, of Phrygian descent, had adopted Psathyropolistic views. Probably the discussion was becoming a dangerously heated one among the yellow-haired converts to Christianity, and Theodosius, who showed throughout his reign a statesmanlike prudence in dealing with the Goths, and a desire to use and regulate, not to destroy them, sent probably for him who bore the most honoured name in all their tribes—the Nestor of the nation, Ulfilas—to come to Constantinople, and there settle their differences by his own personal mediation.

This may have occupied the early part of 381; but before May in that year, when the great ecumenical council was assembling, the old man's health had begun to fail him (*statim cœpt infirmari*), and he died. One of the first acts of the collected prelates most likely was, to follow the body of the worn-out Gothic evangelist to the grave. Arians and Athanasians, Homo-usians and Homoe-usians, Acacians and Anomœans, probably all shared the pious labour. His Arianism would be at least partially atoned for in the eyes of the orthodox by the constancy with which he had fought against the ancestral heathenism of his people. Then, too, the august council had not yet been held, had not yet thundered forth its anathema against those who should dissent from its authoritative exposition of the faith, and if the Arians claimed the venerable dead as their own, the Athanasians might still believe that, after a few months of discussion, he would finally have cast in his lot with the Catholic Church; and, above all things, Theodosius himself, the pivot around

* So at least Socrates tells us (v. 23), but it is difficult to believe that his account is entirely accurate.

† ἦν ποτε ὅτε οὐκ ἦν ὁ υἱός.

which the whole council revolved, was anxious to flatter in every possible way the pride of the Gothic nation—to make their heroes his warriors, to admit their saints into his Pantheon, to bind together, by peaceful bonds, ‘Romania’ and ‘Varbaricum’ into one state, of which he might be the head.

A striking example of this Gothicising policy of Theodosius—the best, apparently, which was then possible for Rome—was afforded in the very same year by his treatment of Athanaric, the grey old Gothic wolf, the unrelenting foe of Christianity and of Rome. Driven by men of other Germanic tribes (who were, according to one account, commanded by his old enemy, Fritigern) from his Transylvanian stronghold, Athanaric was forced to break his filial promise, to cross the Danube, and to seek the aid of the Augustus of Constantinople. Theodosius rode forth some distance from the capital to meet his guest, who was struck with admiration by the high walls, the blue waters of the Bosphorus blackened with ships, the teeming multitudes of many languages and many costumes in the streets of the city, and said—‘Truly, a god upon earth is this emperor, and he who sets himself in opposition to him is guilty of his own blood.’ He, too, like Ulfilas, fell sick soon after his entry into Constantinople; the climate, the diet, the myriad new impressions on the brain, being all, doubtless, injurious to the health of a simply-living Goth; and after a few months he died. The magnificence of the funeral which Theodosius prepared for his guest, and his condescension in riding before the bier in all his imperial splendour, were long and gratefully remembered by the barbarians.

One last quotation from the Bishop of Silistria will close our account of the life of Ulfilas:—

‘Ulfilas, in the very article of death, left to the people intrusted to his care a written exposition of his faith, included in his will, to this effect:—

“I, Ulfila, bishop and confessor, have ever thus believed, and in this alone true faith make my testament to my Lord. I believe that there is one God the Father, alone unbegotten and invisible; and I believe in His only-begotten Son, our Lord and our God, Artificer and Maker of the whole creation, having none like Himself. Therefore, there is one God of all [the Father], who is also God of our God [the Son]. And I believe in one Holy Spirit, an enlightening and sanctifying power, even as Christ said to his Apostles, ‘Behold I send the promise of my Father in you; but tarry ye at Jerusalem till ye shall be endued with power from on high;’ and again, ‘Ye shall receive power when the Holy Spirit is come upon you;’ and this Holy Spirit is neither God nor Lord, but the servant of Christ, subject and

obedient in all things to the Son, even as the Son is subject and obedient in all things to the Father——” [The conclusion of the sentence is wanting].

This fragment of a fragment is the last writing that we have from the hand of our first Germanic author. It only remains to say something concerning the literary history of the document which contains it: the invaluable contemporary sketch by the pupil Auxentius of the life and teaching of his master.

In the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris is a large quarto manuscript, known in the catalogue as ‘Supplementum Latinum,’ ‘No. 594,’ and consisting of 331 pages. The body of the MS. contains some treatises of St. Hilary and St. Ambrose, and the acts of the Council of Aquileia, A.D. 381. The parchment is white and fine, the treatises, all on the orthodox side of the Arian controversy, are beautifully written in an uncial hand of very early date; but their contents seem all to have been anticipated in previous publications, and, so far, the MS., though interesting to the bibliographer, has nothing in it of special value even for the ecclesiastical historian.

But round the top and bottom and outer margin of 26 folios of the codex, some heretic has scrawled, in a cursive hand, his passionate replies, objurgations, counter-statements, by way of comment on the uncial, orthodox text. It is in these *Randbemerkungen*, as the German commentators call them, that all the historical value of the volume consists.

In the year 1840, Dr. Waitz, one of the band of scholars engaged in editing the *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, was informed by a friend, who had been examining the volume from a theological point of view, that these marginal annotations contained the word *Gothi*, and he at once bestowed several weeks on the patient decipherment of such part of them as might be found in any way to illustrate the early history of the greatest Teutonic conquerors of Rome. The task was not an easy one. The thin cursive writing was, of course, somewhat harder to decipher than the bold square uncial character would have been. The bookbinder has in most places pared off a line at the top, a line at the bottom, and several letters from the side; but, worse than this, some orthodox possessor of the MS. in days gone by, indignant at the Arian heresies which engirdled the cherished words of Ambrose and Hilary, has gone over many passages with some sharp instrument, erasing as much of the text as he could without absolutely destroying the parchment. Faint traces of words and letters remained after the zealot had done his worst, and these some inquiring student, probably in recent

centuries, has sought to revive with gallic acid. He failed, apparently, to obtain any satisfactory result; but he has made the work harder for those that came after him. However, over all these difficulties the grand German patience prevailed, and Dr. Waitz was able to evoke out of the faded and half-erased characters a spirit which could bring before us the very form and fashion of our too-long forgotten kinsman of the fourth century.

A complete publication of the life and remains of Ulfilas is still one of the unpaid debts of English scholarship. In the early days of Ulfilan literature, England was honourably represented. The first reprint of the *Codex Argenteus* was made about 1680, by Francis Junius, who was, as we have said, a naturalised Englishman, with the assistance of Thomas Marshall, a native of this country. In the middle of last century, a very respectable edition issued from the Clarendon press, under the auspices of another Englishman, Edward Lye. But in this century, Germany, Scandinavia, and even Italy, have done more for the study of Mæso-Gothic than our own country, though it is admitted that it lies on our side rather than on the High-German, or the Scandinavian side of the water-shed of Teutonic speech. Stirred by the impulse given by Grimm's 'Deutsche Grammatik,' Loebe, Castiglione, Uppström, Stamm, Bernhardt, and, above all, Massmann, have poured a stream of light upon the works of Ulfilas and the history of the Gothic tongue. Unfortunately, not one of their books is even translated into English. It had to be left to a German professor at Oxford to write, in his Lectures on the Science of Language, the best account in the English language of the life and labours of the Gothic apostle, and, so to speak, to re-introduce him to the British nation. Since then, Mr. Bosworth has given us the Gothic Gospels side by side with the Anglo-Saxon, Wicliffe's and Tyndale's versions, an excellent idea, and well realised. We can heartily recommend both this book and Mr. Skeat's handy little volume, 'The Mæso-Gothic Glossary,' to those who wish to study the language of Alaric for themselves. But the authors of these works did not profess or desire to cover the whole ground of Gothic philology; and we doubt not that the survivor of them would, with ourselves, gladly hail the issue, from the Clarendon or the Cambridge University press, of a complete and comprehensive 'Ulfilas,' worthy to take rank as the primal document of that great English literature, of which he may be considered the real though unconscious founder.

ART. V.—*Denkwürdigkeiten des Staatskanzlers Fürsten von Hardenberg, herausgegeben von LEOPOLD VON RANKE. Vier Bände. Leipzig: 1877.*

THESE Memoirs are a most instructive and important contribution to the history of modern Europe. They throw a clear and unimpeachable light on the greatest transactions in which Prussia was engaged during the wars with France and Napoleon, more especially on the Treaties of Basel, Schönbrunn, and Tilsit. They are perfectly authentic, while the ‘*Mémoires d’un Homme d’Etat*,’ falsely purporting to be written from Hardenberg’s papers, are not. The second and third volumes are written by Hardenberg himself; and they are accompanied by an admirable and exhaustive commentary by the most illustrious living historian of Germany, Leopold von Ranke. Under these circumstances we shall proceed at once, without further introduction, to make the best use we can of the space at our disposal, by placing before our readers, in a very abridged form, a portion of the vast and original materials here laid before us, with reference to one of the most interesting periods of the history of this eventful century.

Karl August von Hardenberg was born at Essenroda, in Hanover, in 1750. His ancestry were distinguished by the merit with which they filled the posts of high civil and military trust reserved for men of their rank and wealth. Educated at Göttingen and Leipzig, the young Baron’s attendance in the University class-rooms only reached the minimum assiduity of noble students; but the signs of his rare and early promise left a deep impression on the professorial mind. He acquired a tincture of Latinity remarkable in Germany, where official reputations have never been embellished by traditions of scholarship like those which adorn the names of an unbroken line of English statesmen from Bolingbroke and Chesterfield to Lowe and Gladstone. To knowledge of ‘the tongues’ Hardenberg added various branches of aristocratic bodily accomplishment, with some skill in drawing and doubtful proficiency on the violin. A prosaic diary kept by Hardenberg after he left college would have disgusted the mystical cousin who, under the pseudonym of ‘Novalis,’ has left in the romance of ‘Heinrich von Ofterdingen’ the most conspicuous of all monuments to the family genius. The perfume of ‘the Blue Flower’ is totally absent in young Hardenberg’s measurements of the Schloss at Darmstadt, his estimates of ducal expenditure, his accounts of soldiers’ uniforms, of court officials, manners, and

clothes, and various insufferable administrative details. A period of civil employment at home was followed by a visit to England in 1781, which had a serious influence on Hardenberg's career, and therefore on the destinies of Germany and Europe. He had married a Danish heiress of great beauty, and this lady he brought to Windsor, where he established himself with a magnificence appropriate to his means and intimate courtly connexion. The Prince of Wales conceived a violent passion for the Scandinavian visitor, who seems to have been constitutionally disposed towards royal and even towards miscellaneous flirtation. The discovery of this misadventure was but too complete. Into these regions we do not descend further than to say that a deprecatory letter from the Prince to Hardenberg shows an unexpected command of epistolary style, with infinite tact and delicacy in denial, and excuses undistinguishable from truth. The husband seems to have been ready to take his alleged or actual dishonour with equanimity; but George III. insisted on the withdrawal of the *teterrima causa* of scandal and entanglement, and Hardenberg was obliged to remove to Germany. Taking for a time high office in the Duchy of Brunswick, he passed into the service of Friedrich Wilhelm II. of Prussia, under circumstances in which the planet Venus again assumed a ruling influence. The line of the Culmbach or South German Hohenzollerns was likely to expire in the person of the Margrave Alexander, whose principalities of Anspach and Baireuth were in that case to fall to the Brandenburg branch. Interested in the prosperity of his eventual inheritance, Friedrich Wilhelm asked the Margrave to take the advice of a special administrator; and the King proposed to Hardenberg to assume that duty. Having obtained the Duke of Brunswick's reluctant consent, Hardenberg proceeded to Baireuth, where he started or promoted an intrigue for bringing about the Margrave's abdication. The Margrave wavered; but was invited at the critical moment to Berlin, with his mistress Lady Craven, who passed under the euphemism of his 'adopted sister.' Lady Craven favoured the abdication; the principalities were annexed to the Prussian monarchy in 1792, and Hardenberg continued to administer them till 1797.

Hardenberg's early career had thus been a varied school of experience. He joined the special aptitudes of the bureaucrat to the worldly qualities of the courtier and diplomatist and the culture of the man of taste, in a way more common amongst ourselves than amongst the Falks and Bismarcks. Hardenberg's contemporary, Lavater, would have deduced both his

qualities and his defects from his personal appearance. Through the fog and prejudice of our authorities we discern the blue Saxon eyes, the abundant hair, the chiselled features, the well-set middle-sized form, which, with the drawling intonations of a strong metallic voice, and the movements of a mild, seductive manner, complete the portrait of a German *grand seigneur*. According to his jealous and sanctimonious rival Stein, Hardenberg was a mere soft, superficial voluptuary, addicted to facile women and loose talk, without moral or religious bottom, no depth or firmness of character, or intensity of mental power. The truth is, that if Hardenberg had fine administrative gifts, high discretion in public prosperity, a noble courage in adversity, his were not the temper and patriotism of Cromwell or of Chatham, or, we must add, of Stein. Illustrating the character of the three Prussian statesmen by English analogies, we should say that Hardenberg belonged to the epoch of 1688, Haugwitz to the Restoration, Stein to the Cromwellian or Elizabethan age. The poet Arndt spoke of Hardenberg as the 'knight of the sorrowful countenance.' But for the difficulty of understanding how in those desperate times anyone in Prussia could ever have been anything else, we should be inclined to give the preference for accuracy to Stein's picturesque speech: 'Look at Hardenberg, half fox, half goat.' The statesman's private morals were those of his dissolute day. But his alleged Sybaritical excesses in equipage, liveries, and entertainments would probably have been called parsimony in London or Paris. During his stay in the Culmbach principalities Hardenberg lived at the Hermitage near Baircuth, long the residence of the sister of Friedrich the Great, where he dispensed a hospitality too large for his reduced income, openly assisted by a stupid, ill-mannered, and ill-favoured actress, Charlotte Schöнемann, afterwards his wife, whose presence at the head of his house, there or in Berlin, did not interfere with his condescensions to many an Arbuscula or Lycoris of the passing minute. The trim alleys, the cool grottoes, the splashing basins of the rococo retreat so delightfully situated in the loveliest of Franconian landscapes, and so long forgotten by the world, became last year, at the call of a great magician, again a focus of European resort. Amongst the visitors who flocked to the Hermitage in the intervals of the love scenes of Siegfried and Brunhilde, and the dreary recitatives of Wuotan, there were, perhaps, some who paced its umbrageous paths, accompanied by the memories of Wilhelmina, of Clairon, of Lady Craven, and of the great Chancellor Hardenberg.

History is often distorted by the application to former times

of tests of policy and public duty derived from modern experience. The German princes and ministers of the epoch of the Revolution have been described as selfish and treasonable backsliders from something of which they had never heard. The conception of a united nation, only realised in our days after the arbitrament of two great wars, and the serious mutilation of the original programme, was far slower to arrive on the north than on the south of the Alps, where the notion of Italy for the Italians, propounded by patriots like Machiavelli and Sixtus IV., had its precursors in Petrarch and Dante. The first faint announcement of the German national idea appears, perhaps, in the noble exhortations of Leibnitz to unity, which sound like a prelude to the patriotism of later days. The Grand Elector's intrigues with France did not prevent his entertaining a deep sense of an Imperial interest; and there can be no doubt that in his vocabulary the word Deutschland, for the first time in the history of the House of Brandenburg, meant Germany and not Prussia. The political correspondence of Karl August of Weimar, of the historian Johannes Müller, and other adherents and promoters of the *Fürstenbund*, indicates some progress towards the notion of a united Fatherland. The chord had been struck; but its first vibrations were too feeble and uncertain to rouse Germany from that 'sleepy drench' of local patriotism, and that alacrity in disunion, which, with the incurable complications arising from differences of religion, had brought her to be another Palestine or Belgium, a perpetual cockpit for belligerents, foreign and domestic. The objects of Thugut and Cobenzl, of Haugwitz and Hardenberg, especially at first, were of necessity Particularist and not German. Neither to them nor to any of their contemporaries did the cannonade of Valmy teach the lessons suggested at Austerlitz, and afterwards more impressively taught at Jena and Wagram. Fifteen months after the retreat from Champagne dissatisfaction with the war was almost universal from Königsberg to Baden, from Vienna to Cologne. It was a hard thing that men should die in the ditch of Mainz or of Valenciennes to vindicate the lordships and feudal rights of Deux-Ponts and Salm-Salm in Elsass, or the diocesan claims of Treves in Nancy and Metz. It was worse that the grandsons of men who had witnessed, perhaps, the treacherous seizure of Strassburg by the Nebuchadnezzar of Versailles, or from the top of Meliboccus had seen the Palatinate blazing and smoking from the devastations of Turenne and Duras, should lose their lives in attempts to bolster up the throne of another Louis. The invasion of France in 1792 had been undertaken without any

serious community of aims and interests. Most Austrians would have agreed with Thugut in calling the coalition 'our monstrous alliance with the Prussians.' The secret aim of Austria was the acquisition of Bavaria, planned by Joseph, nipped in the bud by the great Frederic, and now revived by Thugut with additions of his own. Indeed, that statesman dreamed of the restitution of all the territories lost to Germany since the beginning of the rivalries with France. The *avulsa Imperii* to be recovered included ancient Burgundy as far as the Somme, Elsass, Lothringen, the three Bishoprics, and the Sundgau, Venice being thrown into the bargain, on the ground, perhaps, that it had been coveted by Kaiser Max.

Prussia's ambition was much more meagre than this. Though Friedrich Wilhelm's hostility to the Revolution may have been keener than that of Francis, he did not come up to the quixotic frenzies of Gustavus and Paul, and he joined the coalition without any very hot enthusiasm for the cause of kings. That he entered it at all was partly due to the chance that one of the occupants of his seraglio, who advised him not to interfere, lost her ground to a woman more infamous than herself, who was in the hands of a clique of mystic scoundrels whose flag was Austria and intervention. Another reason for the King's action has been found in an alleged understanding between him and Catherine, that his entrance into the coalition should be rewarded by a larger share than his due in the second partition of Poland then impending. The Austrian hatred of Prussia was thoroughly reciprocated at Berlin, where, moreover, the results of the campaign of 1793 suggested the abandonment of a hopeless enterprise. The greater part of the left bank of the Rhine was in the hands of the French, and the prospects of a restoration by the allies of the monarchy of the Capets seemed indefinitely postponed. The recriminations between the Austrians and the Prussians were endless. The fiery old Wurmser charged the Duke of Brunswick with unwillingness to advance, and the Austrians accused the Prussians of betraying their intended movements to the enemy. The Duke was so much disgusted with the Marshal, and with the King of Prussia, who had occasionally taken the liberty of sending his own orders to the Duke's troops, that he laid down his command and went home. These facts give but an incomplete notion of the predominance of the centrifugal forces in the German branch of the coalition. The receipt of an English subsidy did not deter Friedrich Wilhelm from announcing his intended abandonment of the war, and he removed part of his army from the Rhine to Poland. Nor were our own intentions beyond suspicion. Pitt's

tenacity in discouraging the earlier attempts to form a league against France, and his reluctance to proceed to hostilities, could not be forgotten. The belief prevailed abroad that he was only working for separate British objects, the principal of which was the destruction of the French power in the Indies.

There was thus, to use a phrase heard in 1870, 'no Europe,' and, above all, no Germany. But the force of disunion went further than this. So enlightened an official as Hardenberg did not desire to rise to a Prussian view of affairs, but considered and reported on the situation from the local Anspach-Baireuth point of view. Neglecting his appreciations of the probable results to the Franconian principalities if the Prussian troops were withdrawn from the Rhine, we pass to an estimate from his pen, dated January 24, 1794, of the state of feeling in Germany. The Franconian Minister speaks of a small republican band, composed of dark, subversive ruffians, who would become dangerous in case of a French invasion. A far more numerous fraction, mainly composed of men in business, desires and works for a mild, good-tempered, German revolution. A third party, described by Hardenberg as very powerful, wants a thorough liberal-conservative reform, to be based on principles of real freedom, and include the abolition of privileges and the establishment of equality before the law. The fourth party, which is mercantile and noble, has an ultra-conservative programme, sticks to every iota of mediæval privilege, and, by its antagonism to progress, aggravates the revolutionary passions of the subversive fraction. Hardenberg's own sympathies are liberal-conservative. He calls for a comprehensive political reform at home with a recognition of the state of things established in revolutionary France, and is disposed to advocate a separate Prussian peace with that power, the requisite territorial sacrifices being compensated by secularisations of ecclesiastical property. His practical experience of the administrative and diplomatic institutions of the Holy Roman Empire would naturally predispose him to an early termination of hostilities. The capacity of Germany for military undertakings compared with that of France might resemble the relation of the beggarly building occupied in Ratisbon by the Diet, and that matchless seat and symbol of Parisian government, the Hôtel de Ville. For instance, with respect to the military help due from the separate States, the commands of the Assembly often resembled Glendower's evocation of spirits from the vasty deep. When the Diet called for the contingents they might happen not to come; and in that case, which was a frequent one, there was no au-

thority to enforce obedience. Austria at this time proposing, by way of remedy, the repeal of the futile old rules of 1555, and the grant to the Kaiser of powers sufficient to enable him to act against such States as might be behindhand with their men, the Diet responded by a flat negative, Prussia having now no money; and the vital question arose as to the liability of the Empire to find Marshal Mollendorff in corn, oats, and other supplies. As the Assembly of Ratisbon could not get to the bottom of that, Hardenberg tried to obtain provisional help from the Six Circles principally exposed to the war. He moved them to convoke an inner Diet of their own to consider the point, but the Six Circles preferred to sit still and do nothing.

Such was the state of things in the spring of 1794, when the prospect was opened to Prussia of obtaining some relief in her impecuniosity. Sir James Harris was authorised to offer Friedrich Wilhelm fresh supplies, to be furnished by Austria, Holland, and England. Thereupon the King, who affected the part of a modern Arminius, said he should be glad to continue the war, but that he could not do it under 3,000,000*l*. Sir J. Harris would not hear of this figure, but said he would go as high as 2,000,000*l*. Thereupon Thugut objected to any such amount as being too advantageous to the King of Prussia, who, thus put in funds, would be able to play too great a part in Germany. After some higgling the negotiation was removed to the Hague, where Haugwitz signed with Sir J. Harris a treaty by which, in consideration of a handsome subsidy, Prussia undertook to send 50,000 troops to the Dutch theatre of war, where their specific employment was to be arranged conformably to the wishes of the Maritime Powers. England required an attack on the Netherlands, which involved a withdrawal of troops from the Middle Rhine, and would thus denude Germany of defence from Frankfort to Coblenz. Prussia treated the demand as premature pending the payment of the money, which Haugwitz complained was not coming in, while Hardenberg opposed the contemplated military measure on Franconian grounds, and Mollendorff protested that a door would thus be opened for the entry of the French. These objections were strengthened by the issue of a *conclusum* of the Diet to the effect that a Prussian corps should be taken into the pay of the Empire; which thus acquired a claim on the very troops reserved, on our interpretation of the Treaty of the Hague, for an offensive movement in the Netherlands. A scruple also occurred to Friedrich Wilhelm, who, after

accepting the subsidy, discovered that he could not sell his troops like a Landgrave of Hesse or a Duke of Brunswick.

The character of incoherent dotard and idiot given by Harris to Marshal Mollendorff is perhaps coloured by the furious detestation and contempt of that eminent diplomatist for Prussian persons and things. But there was some sense in his objections, and in that of the Prussian Minister of War, to an advance of their troops into Flanders, based on the fact that the army had no magazines or hospitals, and was quite unprepared for any such distant operation. The situation was finally cleared by a categorical threat of our representative that England would close her purse altogether. Friedrich Wilhelm took, or affected to take, this menace as a personal offence, and Hardenberg had to inform Harris at Frankfort that the King considered the Treaty of the Hague as broken. It was not unnatural that Harris should describe the agencies which tore up in October a convention signed in April as 'knavery and dotage.'

Three weeks before the rupture of the Treaty of the Hague, the Austrian army of Belgium under Clerfayt effected a miserable retreat across the Rhine in the neighbourhood of Cologne before the pursuit of Jourdan: Mollendorff repassed that river, while in Holland the Duke of York's successor in command of the English contingent, General Walmoden, was outmanœuvred or frightened into a retreat over the Yssel and the Ems, a movement which led to the establishment of the Batavian Republic. In presence of such miserable results of two years and a half of war with France, the desire for peace was almost universal in Germany. During the last months strong symptoms of this desire had shown themselves. A party in the middle States brought before the Diet a motion for a Swedish or Danish mediation between France and the Empire. Thugut cautiously ordered the answer to be given at Ratisbon that the proposition seemed premature, but that, if the Elector of Mainz would put his ideas into a practical shape, Austria's approval should be accorded. At Berlin, meanwhile, peace tendencies were in the ascendant. The wishes of the army went that way, which was advocated by old Prince Henri, the brother of the great Friedrich, whose voice was always heard, when he chose to raise it, with the deference inspired by his genius and character. The Duke of Brunswick, Mollendorff, and some of the other relics of the Frederician age had partly accommodated themselves to the ideas and necessities of the time; but in Henri, an unaltered species from an extinct world, no evolution had taken place. He had disapproved the Prussian connexion

with England established by the Triple Alliance of 1787, and disliked still more the recent alliance with Austria against France, which came to him as a violation of Frederician traditions, and grated on all his political and intellectual sympathies. The *Finis Polonia* was now causing him great anxiety. He thought that, in the event of their further successes, the French would force Prussia to quit their hold on Poland; that the end would be the absorption of the whole of the former republic by Russia—a consummation likely to subvert the balance of power, bring danger to Germany, and involve Turkey in great perils. On this and other grounds Henri had recommended his nephew to mediate between France and the Empire—a course the more advisable, as rumours were afloat of secret practices between Paris and Vienna for an arrangement to be based on an Austrian surrender of the Netherlands in accordance with the old Josephinian scheme. Henri's views were transmitted through Haugwitz to the King, whose hand appears to have been forced by an incident of a Pretorian cast which has hitherto been very obscurely known.

With the cool independence and elastic notions of discipline proper to the Prussian army at this and, as we shall presently see, at a still later date, Count Kalckreuth, the general commanding in the Palatinate, moving entirely without orders, told a wine merchant of his acquaintance to go to Basel and talk to 'the French present there' about an exchange of prisoners, an armistice, or even a peace! A subordinate French diplomatist was the recipient of this overture, which elicited a friendly answer from the Committee of Public Safety, and led up to a preliminary exchange of ideas in Basel, where Hardenberg was eventually ordered to open formal negotiations. In his opinion the signature of a peace was an immediate necessity, as the Republicans must otherwise be expected to advance into Germany, where, under the influence of their presence and proximity, a strong revolutionary contagion was now coming to the surface. The Republicans having demanded the cession of the Prussian left bank of the Rhine, it had been proposed to adjourn the decision of this point till the general peace. To protect the German territory against further enterprises of the Republicans, he conceived the plan of a line of demarcation, to be drawn from Friesland to Franconia, which the French must not cross. To defeat direct dealings between France and the smaller States, he desired that the Republic should only accord terms to those States on whose behalf Prussia might interpose. Acting almost entirely on his own initiative and responsibility, Har-

denberg embodied the above ideas in a draft treaty, which was accepted by the French representatives, who had no orders to sign, but were emboldened to take this course in the interests of moderation as soon as they heard the news of the suppression of the revolt of Germinal. The date of the Treaty of Basel is April 5, 1795. Of the further diplomatic transactions supplementary of that instrument we shall not speak. Prussia's motives and excuses in taking the earliest opportunity of coming to an arrangement with France have, perhaps, been made sufficiently plain. There is no doubt that Hardenberg expected that the Republic would be brought at the general peace to give up the idea of annexations on the left bank of the Rhine, and that he constantly held in view the territorial and constitutional integrity of the Empire. It is equally certain that no reasonable prospect existed that the continuance of the war would advance the ends which Germany and Prussia desired to secure. The neutrality and demarcation cannot be said to have been otherwise than beneficial to a considerable portion of the Empire. When we find that the first lay prince who took advantage of the new system was the patriotic Karl August of Saxe-Weimar, we may hesitate to subscribe to denunciations of the Peace of Basel as a treasonable sacrifice of the interests of the Empire, made for base Prussian objects. The truth seems to be, that Hardenberg's first international negotiation might fairly have been described in Prussia in the terms of Sheridan's remark on another inglorious treaty—that it was a peace of which no man could be proud, but of which every man must be glad.

A secret article of the Peace of Basel provided that Prussia should induce Hanover to accept the neutrality or should herself occupy the Electorate. This leads us to the proceedings in date ten years subsequent, hitherto very imperfectly described, whereby Friedrich Wilhelm, yielding to pressure and temptation from France, became temporarily master of the Continental dominions of George III. The epicene condition of the Electorate, half German, half English, had long been a source of international irregularities and troubles. In the affair of the Polish succession George II., as King, was neutral; as Elector, at war with France. In 1742 the Electorate was neutral while the Kingdom was subsidising the Empress-queen against Louis XV.—an anomaly repeated after the conclusion of the Peace of Basel. During the second coalition against France, Hanover was constantly regarded with great suspicion by the Continental belligerents, as a sallyport for the entry of English, Russian, and Swedish armies into North Germany, or

a coign of vantage suitable to the reception of French troops. Immediately after Nelson's victory at Copenhagen, Prussia, instigated perhaps by Paul, marched a large force into Hanover in order to interrupt the communications between London and the Electoral Government, as well as to stop an imminent French invasion and a probable landing of Russians. Lord Hawkesbury does not seem to have objected to the occupation, which only lasted six months. A year later, in the debates on the territorial indemnities prescribed in the Peace of Luneville, Napoleon proposed to Prussia to annex Hanover in lieu of the compensations in Franconia demanded by Haugwitz and Hardenberg. Prussia declining to do so except with England's consent, the idea was dropped; but before a few months had passed the Electorate was again giving trouble. On the rupture of the peace of Amiens, the First Consul proceeded to seize Hanover, avowedly as a guarantee for the evacuation of Malta—an object probably subordinate in his mind to the possession of a country of such high strategical and exchangeable value. Throughout all these negotiations and correspondence we observe that the acquisition of Hanover has been a constant and leading object with every Prussian statesman, though it was only given to Prince Bismarck to accomplish it.

Gradually the notion of an eventual annexation of Hanover to Prussia made way even in London. Pitt, who at one time formed the notion of a cession of the Netherlands to Prussia, recognised the existence of a Hanoverian question, and was prepared to deal with it in a very large spirit. The treaty of April 1805, between England and Russia, which formed the basis of the third coalition, provided that Hanover might be taken as a deposit by Friedrich Wilhelm until the Powers should settle its destiny at a general peace, and that sovereign was even to be authorised to make a convention with France for a Prussian occupation on condition of the general conformity of such arrangement with the principles of the coalition. After Napoleon's acceptance of the Lombard crown, the annexation of the Ligurian republic, and other outrages, the third coalition ripened into the alliances which Trafalgar could not save from ruin at Austerlitz. The original treaty, it appears, contemplated the use of force against Prussia in case that Power should adopt a policy calculated to interfere with the intentions of the allies. Before any signs of such intention were visible, Napoleon's policy had driven him to stoop for Prussian support. Lucchesini chanced to have been representing to Talleyrand that Napoleon's proceedings in Italy were inspiring serious anxiety and suspicions in Berlin. They

threatened Europe, he said, with dangers far worse than the aggressions of Louis XIV., between whose power and genius and that of the Emperor there could be no comparison. Talleyrand did not deny his master's ambition; and replied that the only way to guard against it was by an alliance between France and Prussia, on the basis of a Prussian seizure of Hanover, and a guarantee to the Emperor of his Italian incorporations. The answer sent from Berlin to this overture expressed considerable suspicion of France, but accepted the principle of an alliance, which, however, was to have a distinctly peaceable character, and leave the Hanoverian question for separate settlement. On this Talleyrand increased his bid and offered Hanover, or such other addition to his power, in territory or influence, which Friedrich Wilhelm might suggest. This invitation does not appear to have seriously tempted the King, whose leading idea was neutrality and the assertion of his pacificatory influence in opposition to the new coalition. The royal tendencies found indirect support in Haugwitz, who, for the time, had relinquished his place in the Foreign Department. That Minister had an unusual faculty of 'turning his back upon himself' in alternative fits of temerity and trepidation. His policy recalls the enchanted chamber in the Faery Queen, where Britomart saw the inscription, 'Be bold;' but soon another inscription, 'Be not too bold.' He was now in the neutral vein, and advised his sovereign to do nothing, and, in particular, not to be in a hurry. Moreover, said the future author of the Treaties of Schönbrunn and Paris, French seductions must be resisted, and Hanover is not worth the danger its possession would entail.

The sentiments of the Minister in retreat contradicted those of the active head of the Foreign Department, whose weight, as will presently appear, was by no means an adequate counterpoise to Friedrich Wilhelm's natural preference for inaction, and to the perpetually submissive suggestions of the private secretaries, Beyme and Lombard, who, with two of the royal aides-de-camp, at this time formed the real, though back-door, Government of Prussia. Hardenberg considered that the King's adherence to the system of neutrality involved in logic something more than abstinence from the coalition, namely, alliance with France. He personally leaned towards the acquisition of Hanover, which he thought Prussia ought to possess, the assumption being made of a territorial compensation for the Guelfs elsewhere. This view was shared by the Duke of Brunswick, who said he was prepared to sink any dynastic claims and objections of his own in favour of an arrangement

which would relieve Hanover of the miseries imposed on her by the wars into which she was dragged on behalf of English interests, and by her function as the North German apple of discord. The Duke further remarked that if Hanover passed into Prussian hands, Austria would probably keep aloof from the new coalition, which, it might be hoped, would then run to water, as England and Russia would scarcely continue their enterprise alone. The situation was delicate; for Hardenberg having now threatened to occupy Swedish Pomerania, in order to prevent the outburst of hostilities there between Gustavus IV. and France, the Czar intimated at Berlin that in such case he should defend that province against Prussia. Not only this, but the suspicion arose that the coalition was about to try to force Prussia to join them; while Russian armies were gathering on Friedrich Wilhelm's frontiers, and the announcement was made that an allied attack on the French was imminent in Hanover. These facts dictated to Hardenberg the necessity of preparation, perhaps of war; but the King and Beyme were for doing nothing at all.

Napoleon meanwhile had sent Duroc to Berlin from the camp of Boulogne with propositions which struck Hardenberg as being 'an immense jump.' That description might well apply to a project of an offensive and defensive treaty offering Hanover to Prussia, subject to the reserve of a British confirmation at the peace, in return for conditions tantamount to a guarantee by Friedrich Wilhelm of Napoleon's continental usurpations. Declining this overture, Hardenberg proposed that Bernadotte should evacuate Hanover, when Prussia would march in, and guaranteeing that no attack should be made on France. Afterwards, when Bernadotte began to withdraw his troops, in view of a junction with Napoleon on the Bavarian theatre of war, the Minister recommended Friedrich Wilhelm to occupy the Electorate forthwith, as well as certain Baltic harbours, so as to prevent a landing of the allies, the negotiations with France to proceed meanwhile. His sovereign could not be persuaded to adopt this course, but approved a repetition of the demand for the evacuation; whereupon the French chargé d'affaires, Laforest, produced a sketch of a treaty conceived in that sense into which had been Jesuitically slipped the phrase 'King of Italy,' and various compromising articles unacceptable by Prussia as a Neutral Power. Hardenberg would not have met this overture with a categorical negative; but the King ordered its peremptory rejection, as the acceptance of Hanover as a deposit might cause a collision with England and Russia, whose forces were now expected to land

in the Electorate. A Russian scheme, real or supposed, of an entry into the kingdom with three armies, the King was ready to meet, if necessary, by force; but the arrival of Prince Dolgorowky from St. Petersburg softened the growing asperity of Friedrich Wilhelm's relations with Alexander. The Czar pressed the King to join the coalition, and allow Russian troops to enter his domains, signifying, besides, his anxiety for a personal interview. But Friedrich Wilhelm had no desire to see his brother monarch, and pretended that he had a bad foot, which was a grand obstacle in the way of a meeting. Warned that such a poor excuse could only betray his anxiety to avoid the conference, he said he did not care for that, and he was with difficulty brought to comply with the Czar's wish.

On October 7, 1805, three days after the arrival of Dolgorowky, news reached Berlin of the violation of the territory of Anspach. Bernadotte had passed Wurzburg on his march southwards from Hanover to the Danube, and had arrived on the frontiers of Anspach, where some small irregularities were committed by his troops. The authorities put up placards to mark the limits of Prussian territory, and Bernadotte apologised for what had happened, promising to respect the local neutrality, and ordering that any French soldier who trespassed should be shot. Napoleon's Punic faith extended to one of the most humane and respectable of his lieutenants. Bernadotte's assurances turned out to be worth nothing. Kellermann forced his way across the frontier, driving back some Prussian patrols, and giving out that, even if fired upon, he should not suspend his march. Supplies were seized by the French commissariat; some excesses occurred, especially on the part of the Bavarians and the troops of Davoust, who broke open the royal granaries. The news of these events by no means aroused in Berlin the transports of rage of which some historians have contrived to hear. A certain excitement, however, they undoubtedly produced, bringing Queen Luise, who had hitherto been a partisan of neutrality, to advocate a change of front. To Napoleon's allegation that the Treaty of 1795 and other instruments granted to his troops a permanent authorisation to traverse the Franconian territories, Hardenberg triumphantly replied that he had specially warned Duroc and Laforest on this very point, and, map in hand, had laid his finger on Anspach and Baireuth, saying, 'This is neutral.' But documents and dates prove that the outrage was more than a mere local excess of zeal on the part of Bernadotte or Davoust, and that the march was due to Napoleon's special order. Further, the Franconian route was to be taken by Marmont with the Gallo-Bavarian army,

and by another French corps from Nuremberg; the Emperor, with his usual minuteness of precaution, having even descended to the detail that in Anspach there must be a conscription of horses. Hardenberg thought the proper reply to this was the occupation of Hanover, and his views were shared by the Duke of Brunswick, Mollendorff, and Schulenberg. A conference advised that the Electorate be occupied at once, the French ordered out, and the opposition to the advance of the Russians into the monarchy withdrawn. This system was too energetic for Friedrich Wilhelm, whose preference for a trimming course had not been much disturbed by the news from Anspach; and he resisted the pressure of his councillors for some time. The conservative Ranke, in amazing oblivion of the histories of Greece, Rome, England, and America, connects the vacillations of the royal purpose with the multiplicity of councillors. He thinks that 'an energetic policy can never spring from the deliberations of many; the dependence must be "on a single head," in which must be centred and preserved "the highest will."'

Those who know how feebly the slumbering public opinion of the Prussia of to-day represents the energetic gusts and currents of popular feeling that alternately stimulate and hamper policy in this country, will hesitate to ascribe to the acclamations which greeted Alexander on his entry into Berlin, any deeper meaning than the curiosity and politeness natural on the arrival of a friendly sovereign. The Czar was warm to Hardenberg, cold to Haugwitz; although that statesman, who had been principally consulted by the King, had been leaning to the Russian side. Alarm was not Hardenberg's weakness, but the presence and support of Alexander may have helped him to bear with equanimity the news of the disaster of Ulm. He came forward with a distinct recommendation of war, arguing that Prussia would risk little by entry into the contest between France and Austria, in which she would easily send down the scale on the Austrian side. Nothing can be more touching and interesting than the letters of Alexander to the King of Prussia on the eve and the morrow of Austerlitz, which are now first published, in which the Czar entreats his friend to give effect to the engagements so recently entered into at Potsdam. Prussia might at that moment have anticipated 1814 and saved Europe. But to such a decisive course Friedrich Wilhelm could not be brought; and his determination to stand aloof at that critical moment found support in Haugwitz, Lombard, and presumably in Beyme. The memoirs of the great Minister might have been expected to furnish some

evidence in confirmation, or the reverse, of the current versions of the meeting and oath of the royal friends before the coffin of the great Friedrich. But the facts of the supposed parody of the fabulous league of Grütli were as hard to ascertain then as now. Hardenberg observes that he was not present on the occasion, and that he is unaware whether the stories circulated about the oath were true, although, he adds, they fit well with Alexander's enthusiastic style. The essence of the Convention of Potsdam was the agreement of the King to undertake an eventual armed mediation, as promoter of a general peace to be offered to Napoleon on the footing of the limits fixed at Luneville, guarantees being taken for the independence of Germany. Prussia would be subsidised by England, and the Czar would try and induce King George to cede Hanover, or, at least, that part of the Electorate situated on the right bank of the Weser, in exchange for compensation in Westphalia. If Napoleon declined such equitable conditions, Friedrich Wilhelm was to join the allies with 180,000 men. When we read that the monarchs embraced and shook hands on their bargain, we may be sure that in this fact we have the real kernel of the mythical melodrama said to have been enacted in presence of the mighty dead. Friedrich Wilhelm, however, was ill satisfied with the course to which he stood committed, and avowed that he trembled for its consequences. His next step was to approve the entry of his forces into Hanover, where they encountered a few French detachments, which withdrew into Hameln.

In the Prussian Minister's Memoirs it is impossible to distinguish between the considerations really suggested to him at the time by a given event, and those which struck him afterwards. Perhaps the repose of Riga inspired the remark, that if this perpetual hankering after Naboth's vineyard was justifiable on military and political grounds, it was no dereliction of the 'legitimate idea' for which Prussia was contending. We do not know how far Hardenberg actually disapproved the agreement of Potsdam, and whether, as his Memoirs suggest, he expected Napoleon to reject the proposed terms. If he felt any stings on the subject of the Electorate, they might easily vanish on an assurance of Lord Harrowby, who arrived about this time in Berlin, that no member of the Cabinet of St. James's was authorised to listen to the word 'Hanover,' although England quite approved of Prussian aggrandisement. The assertion that Lord Harrowby hinted at Holland as a suitable object for Friedrich Wilhelm's ambition, derives countenance from Hardenberg's statement, that he talked of this to the King; who

replied, 'Nonsense! did not the great Friedrich say, "Prussia " must not try to be a sea power?"'

The mission to Napoleon, who had already passed through Vienna, was entrusted to Haugwitz, who drew up for himself a memoir to serve as his instruction, which was approved by the King and Hardenberg. The charge of delay vanishes before the fact that the Duke of Brunswick, in a comprehensive memoir written at this juncture, warned the King against over-haste, demanded time to get ready, and expressly pointed out that Haugwitz must not precipitate them into hostilities before December 15. But, in fact, he arrived at the moment when the destruction of the Austro-Russian armies, in the position they chose to hold, was inevitable; and the Czar's acknowledgment that the position of the Russian army was critical, as the Austrians were already communicating with Napoleon, showed the hazards of the enterprise on which Friedrich Wilhelm was asked to embark. The King's fears had all along been shared by Haugwitz, whose own preference of neutrality must have been confirmed when he learned, on his arrival at Brünn, that the power to whose help they were coming was in negotiation with the enemy. Napoleon received the Prussian statesman on November 28, in the Moravian capital, with a deluge of that flattery which it was his habit to employ to foreign diplomatists alternately with intimidation. 'Ah!' said the Emperor, 'they call you the old Count Haugwitz; but I see you are still a young man!' Confident that before many days had passed the allied armies would be crushed and scattered, Napoleon gave Friedrich Wilhelm's envoy no opportunity for the immediate discharge of his errand, of whose purport he was well informed. When Haugwitz broached a Prussian mediation, Napoleon replied in general terms that he would admit that idea, on condition that, while the manner of its execution was under discussion, the enemies of France should not cross the frontier of Holland into North Germany, and that his troops in Hameln should be allowed a suitable *rayon* within which they might forage and acquire supplies. Hereupon Haugwitz refrained from communicating the minatory portion of his message, and complied with the Emperor's demand that he should proceed to Vienna and continue negotiations there. Hardenberg's autograph testimony would warrant the belief that the account of the catastrophe of Austerlitz did not shake his own courage, for he says that he still desired to adhere to the letter of the convention of Potsdam. But, according to an official paper appended by himself to his Memoirs, he informed the Russian envoy that, though he

stuck to that treaty, he considered it now, from the force of circumstances, liable to large modifications. What fresh orders were sent to Haugwitz is not obvious, except that he was instructed to say that a French re-occupation of Hanover would be treated as an act of hostility to Prussia, and that the King was resolved to assert the military isolation and independence of North Germany.

If we have rightly disentangled the sequence of events from the web of German vagueness and French misrepresentation, Friedrich Wilhelm next wrote to the Czar by his quartermaster-general, Phüll, who was to discuss with his ally the measures which it might be proper to adopt in consequence of the new situation created by the battle of Austerlitz. This did not sound like immediate action; but, on the other hand, mention was made of a Prussian advance into Bohemia, instead of the movements previously ordered in Franconia. On December 15—on the day, that is, of the signature of the Treaty of Vienna—Friedrich Wilhelm received a letter from Alexander with bitter complaints of Austria, and the information that two Russian *corps d'armée* (which, however, were no nearer than Mecklenburg and Silesia) were placed under Prussian orders. On the other hand, General Stutterheim, aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Austria, who brought a letter from his sovereign to the King, was equally lavish in abuse of Russia, and declared that, if Prussia would agree to attack the French immediately, the Emperor would drag on his negotiations with Napoleon so as to secure the necessary time. This seemed satisfactory enough, until General Stutterheim admitted, on being pressed, that he was not charged to deliver any message of such a tenor, and that these were only his personal opinions of the policy proper to adopt. The disunion thus apparent between Alexander and Francis was eminently calculated to weaken Friedrich Wilhelm's resolve to persevere in his original engagements, and all movements of Prussian troops were now stopped. By Phüll, who had not yet started, Haugwitz was informed of the above details, and ordered to accept the proposed military neutrality of Holland. But, as the idea had arisen that Haugwitz might have failed in his negotiation and left Vienna, Phüll was likewise charged with a mission to Napoleon. Of instructions to Haugwitz to reiterate the King's intention to proceed to extremities in case his first demands were finally rejected, or of instructions to withdraw from such position, there seems to be no sign, and in the absence of a more complete knowledge of such details a reasonable scepticism will refrain from adjudging the palm to Prussian slow-

ness or Austrian rashness, but will absolve all parties from the charge of deliberate bad faith. It is noteworthy that a Russian diplomatist, well placed for watching and criticising these events, gave an opinion which showed no Russian soreness against Prussia on account of her abandonment of the Treaty of Potsdam. 'The Emperor of Germany,' said the Czar's Minister at Dresden to Dr. Reeve, in the spring of 1806, 'was a great ass for giving the battle at Austerlitz and for then making peace, as Prussia was ready and determined to strike a grand blow on the 15th.'

The Russian diplomatist's censure of the premature allied advance was obviously well founded. Names like Austerlitz and Jena may suffice to extinguish speculation on the probable results of any campaign undertaken at that time against Napoleon; but it is plain that, instead of yielding to the presumptuous ardour of Kutusoff, the allied sovereigns should have fallen back from Olmütz so as to pick up the Archduke Charles and the Russians under Essen and Bennigsen, and await the Prussian auxiliary force. Haugwitz at Vienna was no doubt influenced by the local dispositions, which set towards negotiation and peace. An immediate witness of the effects of Austerlitz, he was persuaded that the Corsican was invincible, and alarmed lest the storm of war diverted from Vienna might in a moment burst upon Berlin, the fear further haunting him that the Emperor Francis might co-operate in a French attack on Prussia. Napoleon saw Haugwitz at Schönbrunn on December 13, when there occurred a scene of which all that can be safely said is, that, if its actual outlines could be recorded, they might slightly justify the highly coloured pictures of it which pass for history. Far from indulging in one of his outbursts of brutality and insolence, Napoleon appears on this occasion to have assumed the manners of a sovereign and a gentleman. He neither smashed a Sèvres vase as he did at Campo Formio, nor pulled his interlocutor by the ear as he did at Tilsit. After indulging in some measured reproaches, he spoke with moderation and propriety of Friedrich Wilhelm and his military staff, complimented the Prussian army, and observed that in case of a conflict with so brave a foe he should hope in his usual luck. On the affair of Anspach he mildly observed: 'I behaved ill in that, and the blame belongs to me alone. . . . If the error I committed causes war, I must declare that I do not fear it, surrounded as I am by my troops, and strong in the devotion of my people.' Coming to business the Emperor proposed the same day the famous treaty of which it is enough to say that it completely extinguished

the Treaty of Potsdam except in the article of Hanover, which, however, Prussia was to acquire at the expense of the cession of Anspach to Bavaria, and of the remainder of Cleves and of Neuchâtel to France. Aware that Napoleon's diplomatic code was now, as Bourrienne has expressed it, 'my will or war,' Haugwitz signed the proffered treaty, and brought it back to Berlin for ratification. The discovery that the negotiator who had been sent to present an ultimatum had himself received one and had been frightened into acceptance of its terms, excited some consternation at the Prussian Court, but not the outbursts of anger which some patriotic historians have thought fit to discern. Hardenberg represented that, by making herself the accomplice of Napoleon's usurpations, Prussia was degraded to the level of Württemberg or Baden; but he shared his colleague's view that the case lay between acceptance of the treaty and war. The nature of his advice to the King may be inferred from the fact that he urged, in a subsequent memorandum on the treaty, the following fact or recommendation: 'La Prusse ne peut pas encore s'arrêter dans ses agrandissements sans tomber en décadence, et si elle poursuit la marche des quatre derniers siècles, elle ira en avant du côté que je viens d'indiquer.' The special allusion here is to Saxony, Hesse, and even to Bohemia, the annexation of Hanover presenting no casuistical difficulties to his conscience. That measure, he thought, would add to Prussia's strength, and make her more fit to cope with France hereafter—a result which the European States that still preserved their independence were interested in promoting. Into the question of Prussia's behaviour to her allies in the matter of the Treaty of Potsdam Hardenberg did not too curiously inquire. He remarked that Austria had gone away of herself, that with England there were no engagements, and that they were tied to Russia alone. The Minister's conclusions were disputed by his colleague the Minister of War, but supported by the Duke of Brunswick, who put forward the danger that the King's refusal might be followed by the cession of the Electorate to an Austrian archduke.

The concordance of opinion was in fact complete: even the conscientious Stein subsequently recorded his view that Hanover must absolutely be Prussian. The acceptance of the Treaty of Schönbrunn was, however, to be conditional. That instrument categorically stipulated an offensive and defensive alliance of the contracting Powers in guarantee of the integrity and independence of Turkey, and, more generally, of France, with her Italian aggrandisements, of Prussia and Bavaria, while

the cession of Hanover was absolute. Friedrich Wilhelm now ordered a corrected draft to be handed to Laforest, in which the territorial guarantees were diminished to eventualities to take effect only from the time of Great Britain's consent to the annexation of the Electorate, and the signature of a peace between France and Austria, so that the amended treaty would have followed the lines of the earlier Prussian proposals to Duroc. Laforest accepted these and other minor changes *sub spe rati*, and ratified the treaty. Looking to what followed, even Napoleon's average measure of duplicity must be said to have overflowed while he took cognisance on his road through Munich of the new Prussian readings, and made no sign of disapproval. His seeming assent, and Laforest's assurances, given on the strength of a despatch from Talleyrand, that smooth water was now reached, had such a tranquillising effect at Berlin, that the King adopted a recommendation to place the army on a peace footing, which, perhaps, came from Lombard or Haugwitz. Untaught by his recent failure, the vanity of the weak victim of Napoleon's cajolery and intimidation deluded him into the belief that he could beard, or bend to his purposes, the dread Imperator in the seat of his power and pride. Such was the presumption of Haugwitz, that he even expected to be able to talk Napoleon into a relinquishment of his claim on Anspach. He started for Paris; and his arrival there on February 1, 1806, was immediately preceded or followed by ominous warnings from Lucchesini that Napoleon, who had been treating Hanover like an integral part of his Empire, was talking of giving the Electorate to Murat. The announcement that the King of Prussia's special envoy had arrived was hardly noticed by Talleyrand, who at first scarcely troubled himself to see Haugwitz at all, treated him with icy coldness, and intimated that the Treaty of Schönbrunn, not having been ratified at Berlin within the due delay, was as good as annulled. When Napoleon received the Prussian he was in the flattering vein. Attacking the negotiator through his vanity, he began to dilate on his own amazement at the easy triumph which the seductive Haugwitz had obtained over him at Schönbrunn! 'You 'Count Haugwitz,' said Talma's rival in simulation and the production of stage effects, 'you, Count Haugwitz, inspired 'me with confidence—turned me away from my intentions!' There could be but one end to the battle of omnipotence and impotence, of the whirlwind and the reed. Napoleon absolutely rejected the Berlin version of the Treaty of Schönbrunn, and imposed a new arrangement which rather aggravated

the conditions Haugwitz had undertaken to get lightened. The seizure of Hanover must be immediate and final; the rivers of the North Sea must be closed against England; the guarantee of Turkey and Italy be categorical. The fear which oppressed Haugwitz at Vienna now returned in force. Again he succumbed to his dread of a war with France, and again signed a treaty which departed utterly from the instructions laid upon him by his sovereign. When Lucchesini brought this fresh sign and instrument of Prussian degradation to Berlin, a council was assembled to consider it. In spite of the gravity of the moment Hardenberg was reluctant to give his sovereign any positive advice. Pointing out that the issue was of war or peace, he balanced, in his usual trimming style, the evil case of a Prussia tied to Napoleon's chariot wheels and plunged into hostilities with England and perhaps Russia, against the prospects of a Prussia dragged into a conflict with the power of France. Both horns of the dilemma were threatening enough; but Hardenberg's sentiments were in favour of submission to Napoleon, and this view prevailed. The Treaty of Paris was now unconditionally ratified by Friedrich Wilhelm, who now issued orders to take absolute possession of Hanover in lieu of the provisional occupation till the peace named in the patent issued just after the departure of Haugwitz for Paris.

The Jupiter of the European system had given meanwhile a fresh proof of the Olympian facility with which he could assert his uncontradicted sway. Without waiting to hear whether his future vassal accepted the Treaty of Paris, he ordered Bernadotte to march forthwith and take possession of the principality of Anspach. The subserviency or negligence of Haugwitz had yet to be exemplified in the final convention which, after so much accumulated evidence of his diplomatic decrepitude, should surely have been left to another hand. Such was his execution of this supplementary work that superfluous loss was suffered through his forgetfulness in respect to the stores, artillery, &c., in the ceded territories, and the King's private property in Anspach. That it was necessary to regulate the position of the royal servants and *employés* in the principality, and make a settlement of pensions and of the national debt—all this escaped his notice.

To the occupation of Hanover and the adjacent territories, and the closing of the Elbe and Weser, Great Britain replied by a declaration of war. Fox told Jacobi, Friedrich Wilhelm's representative in London, that the British Government would have treated a simple seizure of Hanover as a matter only touching the King in his Electoral capacity, if

Prussia had not stood forth as an accomplice in Napoleon's robberies. In his place in Parliament, that great man stigmatised the annexation as 'an union of everything that was contemptible in servility, with everything that was odious in rapacity.' His language was scarcely stronger than that of Jacobi, who addressed to his superiors at Berlin a vigorous protest against their recent policy, calling the treaty extorted from Haugwitz 'the tomb of the independence of my country.' Hardenberg's own verdict of a year later was equally condemnatory of the seesaw policy with which he had been associated. We have no evidence that he revolted much, at the time, against the system which he brands as '*le joug de la servitude appelée la paix, ou d'une servitude plus flétrissante encore appelée alliance.*' On the return of Haugwitz from Paris, Hardenberg had to retire from office in consequence of the animosity which was pouring over him from all the vials of Napoleon's wrath. At Vienna the Emperor's hatred was actively and offensively vented through Talleyrand, who declared to a junior Prussian diplomatist there—'*l'Empereur en est très mécontent. Il voudrait ne plus entendre de lui.*' Presently the '*Moniteur*' grew more specific, and a sovereign who was almost reduced to the condition of a satrap of France could no longer safely keep, as his adviser, a statesman whom the Emperor's mouth-piece denounced as '*un ministre furibond qui était vendu à l'Angleterre.*' Thereupon Haugwitz on his return from Paris resumed his portfolio, which he retained long enough to be the immediate instrument of the almost total destruction of the country and sovereign whom he had twice conducted to dishonour. All this was bad enough; but it was not the worst part of the conduct of the Prussian Cabinet; for, as we shall presently see, whilst Friedrich Wilhelm was allying himself to France and accepting the spoils of a kingdom as the price of his friendship, he was also carrying on most confidential negotiations with the Czar, who was still at war with France, and entering into engagements at St. Petersburg for the support of the Russian cause. These negotiations are related in detail in the volumes before us. They also contain the text of a positive Declaration and engagement signed by the King of Prussia on June 30, 1806, that his alliance with France should never derogate from his alliance with Russia under a treaty of 1800, and that in certain stipulated cases Prussia would join her forces to those of Russia against France. This Declaration was to remain a profound secret between the two Courts, and was not even communicated to England. If it ever

became known to Napoleon, it would certainly have gone far to justify his opinion of the King of Prussia.

To describe the vacillation of a policy denounced by Hardenberg himself as shifting, egotistical, and blind, is easier than to weigh and apportion the blame which their authors may seem to deserve. The judgment of history will not descend fairly, unless due attention is paid to the extraordinary conditions of superior government then prevalent in Prussia. Going back to previous reigns we find the grand Elector surrounded by a consultative, by degrees executive, Privy Council, whose actual influence on the determinations of that prince cannot be confidently measured. Friedrich Wilhelm I. used to consult with his assembled ministers, and decide in their presence. The great Friedrich conferred with his ministers personally, or in writing, and issued his orders over their heads through the *Cabinetsrúthe*, or private secretaries, who under this monarch were mere machines, an arrangement evidently exclusive of ministerial unity, of joint policy and sense of responsibility, and fatal to the growth of a class of statesmen. Under Friedrich Wilhelm II. the supreme administration was guided, or at any rate largely influenced, by the theosophs, illuminati, and impostors of various sorts, and the concubines, actresses, and dancers of different degrees of infamy, with whom that voluptuous sovereign loved to surround himself in the orgies of the Peacock's Island and the Marble Palace at Potsdam. Under the virtuous Friedrich Wilhelm III. the private secretaries, who were mere scribes appointed to write out the King's orders, grew into working ministers, enjoying far more actual influence than the recognised heads of office. The process was, that the titular minister, Hardenberg or Stein, carried his reports and proposals to the virtual ministers, the private secretaries, Lombard or Beyme, who after reading, and, as very often happened, cooking them, submitted them to the King for his instructions, which were then issued in the guise of what was called a Cabinet order. With the titular ministers the King scarcely held any personal communication at all. They had no right to approach him for purposes of business; even highly influential statesmen like Haugwitz or Hardenberg could only compass an audience at the cost of a negotiation with the real depositaries of power, or by means of an intrigue. The only redeeming point in an executive apparatus which surpassed in absurdity Burke's imaginative chimera of the 'Double Cabinet' was the circumstance that the private secretaries formed a kind of middle-class counterpoise to the titular ministers, who were necessarily persons with sixteen quarterings.

The best of them, Beyme, who specially reported on the affairs of the interior, had previously served in the judicial department; that he was frank, honest, acute, and a hard worker, is established by the unfriendly testimony of Stein. He was vain; his manners, as will be soon seen, were bad (probably as bad as those of Stein); and he assumed a dictatorial tone towards the Ministers. Of large views and feelings he is alleged to have been incapable: his detractors usually forget to mention that Stein's appointment to office was more than once suggested by Beyme, and he was also magnanimous enough in that respect towards Hardenberg, though he had many bitter altercations with that minister. Lombard, the private secretary for the Foreign Department, who was the son of a French wig-maker, seems to have been quick and penetrating, a hard and quick worker, and to have had no personal ambition or particular political leanings. We do not decide whether he was really a good classical scholar, or whether he was the frivolous, blunted, and effete voluptuary described by Stein. Lombard was generally devoted to the views of Haugwitz, and, no doubt, had strong French sympathies: the charge of positive corruption brought against him has no tangible foundation. It was the misfortune of Friedrich Wilhelm III. that the weakness of this wretched apparatus had to be tested against the strength of the most powerful engine of organisation and aggression known in modern times. It was his fault that he aggravated its absurdities by new nonsense of his own—that he was the last man in Prussia to surrender his faith in that miserable machine—that the transition to a more civilised species of government had to be effected during a crisis when the very existence of the monarchy hung upon a hair, being even then due less to the royal conviction than to the chances of war. Friedrich Wilhelm's autocratic interference in the diplomatic department had its antecedents in previous reigns. 'The great King' habitually, though not continuously, withheld his confidence from Finckenstein or Herzberg, or corresponded in a private cypher with Solms or Luzi. Consonant with his practice, too, was the division of the Foreign Office into two departments. Improving on this, Friedrich Wilhelm adopted a device which made it almost impossible to say if a particular Minister of Foreign Affairs was in office or not. For instance, in July 1804, Haugwitz, returning to the capital from a temporary absence (when his duties were taken by Hardenberg), insisted on retiring, in conformity with a scheme he had long entertained, on the ground that he was nearly ruined through neglect of his private affairs, and that he found such

great difficulty in approaching the King. His claim was allowed, and he was put on half pay; but, stupendous to relate, with power to meddle on and off with Hardenberg's department, 'especially in winter.' Thus situated, Haugwitz was free to keep at home while it suited his comfort, and to leave Hardenberg the responsibility and hard work. If Hardenberg's own statement may be trusted, he rebelled against this outrageous dualism, and told Beyme he would by no means stand it. Thereupon the King gave way, but replaced Haugwitz in a like dubious position just before the agreement of Potsdam.

When Hardenberg resigned office, after the signature of the Treaty of Paris, his own retirement was of the same diluted sort. The King selected him to conduct the correspondence already alluded to with St. Petersburg, which, if we believe Hardenberg, was rigorously concealed from Haugwitz. The fear having arisen that the ratification of the Treaty of Schönbrunn, even with the palliatives introduced in Berlin, might disturb Friedrich Wilhelm's relations with the Czar, the Duke of Brunswick proceeded, on his own suggestion, to Petersburg to justify, documents in hand, Prussia's recent policy, and sound Alexander's disposition to admit the King's good offices in Paris in order to bring about a peace between Russia and France. Alexander was apprehensive lest the treaty should be read in a sense derogatory to the King's engagements with Russia, and asked from Friedrich Wilhelm an assurance that its territorial articles should not be interpreted as obliging Prussia to co-operate in a French attack on Russia arising out of Russian resistance to a French invasion of Turkey, or in any similar attack arising from a French aggression on Austria, Denmark, or Sweden; also that the King should guarantee to Russia, as he had already done to France, the integrity of the Powers just named. The Czar further expected Prussia to endeavour to obtain the evacuation of Germany, to place her army on a proper footing, and to consider a plan of operations for a common eventual defence. These points settled, he would always employ the greater part of his forces for the defence of Europe, and the whole of them for the maintenance of the independence of Prussia. The Czar's proposals were accepted by Friedrich Wilhelm, who observed to Hardenberg 'that he considered his attitude to Napoleon as exacted by force; that he could not trust him, and was therefore firmly resolved to hold to Russia; he should of course be true to his engagements to Napoleon, and not irritate him, and yet, in conjunction with the Emperor Alex-

ander, prepare to resist him with vigour, if Napoleon behaved unjustly, and, as was too likely to happen, pursued his usurpations to Prussia's detriment.' But the King would not go beyond the terms as above, which he considered to be reconcilable with his engagements with Napoleon; and the declarations finally exchanged were identical in tenor with the proposals just stated. All this negotiation was rigorously kept secret from Haugwitz, being entrusted on the Prussian side to Hardenberg, who was not permitted to know anything else. The correspondence lasted some months, and extended to Count Goltz, the King's Minister to the Czar, who protested with reason that 'this eternal keeping of secrets which I am always desired to observe in regard to Count Haugwitz almost entirely destroys all possibility of my doing my duty well.' At a somewhat later date, just as the King was leaving Berlin for the enterprise of Jena, Hardenberg sought an interview, and represented that Haugwitz ought necessarily to be at once informed of the declarations exchanged with Russia. His sovereign flatly refused to do this, and, moreover, did not even take the trouble to ask to hear Hardenberg's view of the state of affairs. Such being the state of affairs, it is hard to say that anybody was ever morally responsible for anything except the King himself, who was throughout cognisant of these double engagements.

The present place is suitable for the mention of an administrative hurricane, partly provoked by Hardenberg a few weeks before the battle of Jena, which can now, by aid of the new materials, be more accurately explained than was possible before. Two abortive attempts to shake off Haugwitz and the Cabinet secretaries had been made by the Ministers Stein and Schrötter, and the Generals Rüchel and Phüll, backed by the Queen, the Duke of Brunswick, and five Princes of the royal family. The malcontents caused a memorandum to be written by Johannes Müller, which denounced the destruction of the system of the great Friedrich by the tergiversations of recent policy, and called on the King to dismiss Haugwitz, Beyme, and Lombard, and institute a responsible council, with a national representation, in lieu of the abject back-door Cabinet. When this missive was ready, the conspirators hesitated to launch it; that task was at length assumed by General Rüchel, who, nevertheless, thinking better of his promise, eventually sent his aide-de-camp to deliver the memorandum to the King. The Queen, contrary to all her assurances, now deserted her friends, whose petition the King, excited to a high pitch of wrath, denounced as a beginning of mutiny and revolution. At

first determined to take very energetic measures, he eventually satisfied himself by reprimanding Rüchel and Phüll (who thereupon resigned his post of Quartermaster-general), and sending off his two brothers and his two nephews to the army. The Duke of Brunswick had stated in writing his approval of the memorandum. Like the Prince of Orange Fulda, the Duke now received a very cold letter from Friedrich Wilhelm, significant of his displeasure at such interference. English and Russian arguments, directed to the same end, appear to have accompanied this manifestation, and to have strengthened the King's obstinate resolution to stick to his men. Seventy years have passed since the delivery of the Grand Remonstrance of Prussia, to which Ranke ascribes a parliamentary vigour and significance. In spite of the time that separates him from that event, the illustrious historian is evidently unable to contemplate it without uneasiness, and he shows that his sympathies are not with its authors.

The immediate antecedents of the war into which Haugwitz hurried Prussia in 1806 have been so often discussed, and are still so dark, that we shall not enter on them here. More novelty will be found in a neglected chapter of the military diplomacy of the period—the negotiations immediately subsequent to the catastrophes of Jena and Auerstädt. The day after those battles the King of Prussia wrote to Napoleon to propose an armistice. An announcement of his unconditional acceptance of any terms which the conqueror might deign to impose would have been a shorter and as advantageous a method. In the diplomatic farce which followed, Napoleon changed his basis of negotiation seven times, every act of Prussian compliance one day being the signal for new French demands the next. Lucchesini was allowed to come to Wittenberg to treat, and was informed by Duroc that the Emperor required the surrender of the whole monarchy west of the Elbe except Magdeburg, an indemnity of 100,000,000 francs, and the renunciation by the King of all connexion with the political system of Germany. Although Napoleon offered these terms, he did not trouble himself about the King's acceptance of them. The date of their communication to Lucchesini was October 22: on October 23 an Imperial decree ordered the immediate seizure of the provinces in question, as well as of Hanover, Brunswick, and the territories of Orange. Lucchesini and General Zastrow were now instructed to endeavour to obtain milder conditions, and, failing in this, signed, a week later, at Charlottenburg, the Wittenberg programme. Thereupon Duroc brought in a new demand—

Prussia must promise active co-operation with France in case the Russians entered Moldavia, and must be prepared to join the Confederation of the Rhine. The original Wittenberg terms, as accepted by Lucchesini and Zastrow, having next been approved by a council at Graudenz, Napoleon refused to admit them, and ordered Talleyrand to negotiate an armistice. 'But,' said Talleyrand to Lucchesini, 'the Emperor has given me no instructions as to time or terms!' A new basis was sufficiently precise. Under the convenient euphemism of a 'military frontier,' Napoleon, no longer satisfied with the Elbe, demanded the boundary of the Vistula, with a similar line in Silesia, and the surrender of the fortifications of Danzig, with Magdeburg, Glogau, and some other places. When this was granted, Duroc stated that the boundary of the Vistula was insufficient—the Emperor must have his guarantees on the right bank of that river; namely, Thorn with a suitable *rayon*, the fortified place of Graudenz, and, in Poland, Praga, and a *tête-de-pont* at Warsaw. The Prussian negotiators, accepting, were asked to dine with Talleyrand, and were expecting to sign afterwards, when that Minister told them that Duroc had orders to hold his hand. The Vistula was no longer a sufficient frontier: the town of Danzig, with Colberg, must be surrendered in Silesia, Breslau, and the Prussian army must retire to the extremity of the monarchy; namely, to Königsberg. But this was not all. A later demand made all negotiation illusory by requiring, as a condition of the evacuation of the occupied territories, that the independence of Turkey should be guaranteed, to which end Friedrich Wilhelm must induce the Czar to send a plenipotentiary to Berlin, who should negotiate a peace between France and Russia.

Alexander, meanwhile, was entreating his Prussian ally to have no separate dealings with France. 'Prudence,' he wrote on November 6, 'will at last put an end to this usurpation, and favour our cause, which is the best that can be found.' This pressure was not lost on the King, who, in opposition to the almost unanimous voice of his civil and military advisers, decided, in a council held on November 20, at Osterode, to stick to the Czar, and forthwith clinched his determination by personally departing to Pultusk on the Narev, near the frontier of East Prussia, where stood 60,000 Russians under Bennigsen, at whose disposal Friedrich Wilhelm now placed the corps of Lestocq. The chief author of the calamities of the monarchy, just before so over-hasty in provocation, was now prematurely anxious for ignominious submission. Haugwitz voted in the council for peace, but with the cun-

ning reserve that he did so 'because the military personages 'take this view.' Stein and Beyme alone advised entire refusal of Napoleon's terms. At such a juncture the opinion of the ablest of the King's Ministers of State was not asked. However, Hardenberg's weight was indirectly thrown into the scale of resistance, for two days before the council he wrote to Stein vehemently denouncing the idea of an armistice. The position of Haugwitz had now become untenable. No longer a *persona grata* with Napoleon, and in disfavour with Alexander, who accused him of purposely drawing Prussia on to ruin, he was branded at home as the author of the worst misfortunes recorded in the history of the house of Brandenburg. His master said that the Czar's accusation was untrue, but felt constrained to dismiss Haugwitz, who no longer enjoyed consideration anywhere. As the King had settled to stick to Alexander, and an understanding with England was in prospect, the situation obviously dictated the appointment of a minister sympathetic to Russia, averse from a separate compromise with France, and favourable to the formation of a new coalition. But the royal selection fell on a military man with thoroughly Prussian manners, an enemy to the Russian and English alliances, a sworn partisan of France, and one whom the King himself personally disliked. General Zastrow's first care was to try and upset the system which he had been appointed to carry out; while, far from displaying the amenities of character and manner proper to his post, he made himself obnoxious for his insolence, which spared neither the foreign negotiators nor the King himself, and finally exploded, as will be seen, in a burst of professional disobedience almost unexampled in the most anarchical times and countries.

After the action of Pultusk, fought December 26, Napoleon pushed on his left towards Königsberg and Memel—a movement that drew the allies northwards to the Baltic districts between the Passarge and the Pregel, the scene of the battles of Eylau, Heilsberg, and Friedland, each of which was a step in the French advance to the Niemen. The field of Eylau witnessed one of those amazing variations of fortune of which the history of war is so full. On the second day of the battle Lestocq's Prussians, disregarding the pursuit of Ney, won a brilliant tactical success over the very corps from which they had run like sheep at Auerstädt. Undaunted by their late overthrow, or by the prestige and formidable countenance of the enemy, or by the fury of the elements, Lestocq's men, led by the admirable Scharnhorst, came at the decisive moment upon the French flank, advanced with bands playing through the driving

snow, and, dashing into a birch wood occupied by their old enemy Davoust, drove out his men with the bayonet. February 5. and 6, 1807, gave the conqueror his first knowledge of real repulse. A few weeks before Napoleon had written to the King of Prussia—'je ne crains point les armées russes, ce n'est plus qu'un nuage.' The cloud had proved to be a barrier firm as granite, on which his best troops had spent their bravery in vain, dropping into the enemy's hands no less than fourteen eagles, and leaving 12,000 killed and wounded on the field. His new experience making him anxious to divide the northern allies, he sent Bertrand to Memel, to which remote point of the monarchy the Prussian Court had now been driven, to propose a separate peace on the foot of the conditions of Charlottenburg. General Zastrow, of course, was for acceptance; while Hardenberg, who had not been consulted for some months, and was now specially invited to the confèrencè, urged continued resistance. Thus foiled, Napoleon put forward the idea of a general pacification. He proposed to go back over the Vistula while the Russians retired behind the Niemen—a compromise which Friedrich Wilhelm refused to hear of, the more so as Alexander professed his resolution to carry on the war till the entire Prussian monarchy should be recovered, and the enemy driven beyond the Rhine.

On April 2 the Czar came to Memel, and began to urge the King to place Hardenberg at the head of affairs, a recommendation backed by the English representative, Lord Hutchinson. When Haugwitz retired, the Foreign Department was offered, at Beyme's suggestion, to Stein, then Finance Minister, and by him declined. Hardenberg was equally unwilling to take the place, for fear, as he said, his nomination might irritate Napoleon. His backwardness had, perhaps, a more solid motive in his reluctance to participate again in the stupid system of government through the private Cabinet, of which he and Stein now demanded the abolition, the more so as this would involve the dismissal of Beyme, who, besides his other defects, was exceedingly odious to Alexander. Count Schulenberg, the go-between, brought the matter before the King, but dared not seriously moot the removal of Beyme, the bare notion of which, he said, drove Friedrich Wilhelm into a rage. Beyme himself, who was by no means an utter obstructive, and had no objection to reforms which did not touch his own interests, approved, and probably suggested, the formation of a council of the recognised European type, limited, however, to the three chief Ministers of State. But into the new bottles Beyme infused some of the worst part of the old wine, for the Ministers

were to be assisted by a single Cabinetsrath or Protocolist, who, of course, was to be himself. The King was brought to order the establishment of the proposed institution, which, accordingly, was inaugurated on paper with the usual formalities. But this was reckoning without Stein, who declared that he did not recognise the council, and that he would be no party to any arrangements and combinations which did not include Hardenberg. Furthermore, the King having at this time asked Stein for a report on a matter touching the Bank, the Minister of Finance ignored the royal order. Friedrich Wilhelm thereupon requested that the information wanted might be given at an approaching sitting of the council. Stein replied that he knew of no council, an answer which not unnaturally enraged the King and provoked him into writing a frantic letter to his invaluable Minister, who thereupon resigned. Soon afterwards the King got up a species of improved private Cabinet, which was to discuss and vote every day in presence of the Ministers. Hardenberg thought this an imposture, but considered that, looking to the circumstances of the country, it would be right to give it a trial. But now a new element of disturbance arose. Colonel Kleist, the Cabinet Military Secretary, a man with no other special defect than infirmity of temper, became very angry because he was turned out of the room when the Reports on Foreign Affairs came to be read, while Beyme, as Protocolist, was allowed to remain. The Colonel feigned illness, and then would not do his work at all, thus causing an embarrassment which was only removed by much negotiation. Another source of trouble was Beyme, who was sometimes very rude in the council, and constantly irritated the other members by his impertinence. According to Hardenberg, who probably was more sensitive than most Prussian officials might be on points of manners, the debates of the King of Prussia's council, in this supreme hour of the monarchy, resembled nothing so much as a Polish Diet! There was a general set at Beyme, who however maintained himself in his place, specially quarrelling with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, as was before observed, was ill-mannered and disliked by the King. General Zastrow was a third focus of administrative irritation and difficulty. Dissatisfied with his rank of *ad interim* Minister, he was intriguing to get his appointment made permanent, and expected to be named to the War Office besides. Perhaps his object was not forwarded by the description of him in one of Napoleon's bulletins, as 'M. de Zastrow, aide-de-camp du roi de Prusse, homme sage et modéré.' His wis-

dom was shown by a flat refusal to admit Hardenberg, on the King's proposal, to a share of the duties of the Foreign Office; his moderation by an offensive allusion to that eminent statesman as a mere foreigner! It is not surprising that his relations at Memel with Lord Hutchinson assumed such a venomous character that the envoy was obliged to do business with the Minister through the medium of the King's Master of the Horse, Count Lindenau. General Zastrow and Hardenberg had a thoroughly Polish squabble on the subject of the answer to be given by the King to the proposals brought by Bertrand to Memel, as above described. Curious to relate, Hardenberg, who happened to have gone to Memel, was asked to intervene in that affair, not because he was obviously the one fit man for the work, but from the chance that he was personally acquainted with Bertrand.

The contact once re-established, the King seemed desirous that Hardenberg's old confidential relations to himself should be resumed, and tried to induce him to smuggle himself back to active place by some back-door method, which the Minister of State declined. It is to the credit of Beyme that he did all he could to promote Hardenberg's return. That statesman's final appointment in due form as First Minister, which happened on April 26 at Bartenstein, was, after all, partly a chance. The King shirked it for some time, and there is little doubt that the nomination was due to the accident that when the King went to the army he took Hardenberg with him and left Beyme behind.

Although the conflicts just named were crowded into the space of a few weeks, they by no means exhausted the potentiality of Borussia ministerial insubordination, acidity of temper, and wrangling. Hardenberg himself describes a separate series of *querelles d'Allemand*, which happened after his definite appointment at Bartenstein. The Bank and See Handlung had certain functions of military supply, and of quasi-diplomatic business connected with the foreign subsidies, which were to be transferred from the competence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to that of the First Minister. Excellency Voss, of whom Hardenberg seems to have been rather jealous, received the King's orders on this matter with a strong protest, declining to give up the branches in question, or to let his colleague look generally into the affairs of his department. Instead of behaving like a statesman, he behaved like a maid-servant, and added that, unless things were left as they were, he would rather go. A similar difficulty arose with the Minister Schrötter, who stated his grievances to the King, in a half

whining, half petulant tone, in a letter, or sermon, of vast dimensions. All the parties, poor Friedrich Wilhelm included, wrote to each other with the length and infinitude of reply, counter reply, and rejoinder, lately described by Prince Bismarck, in his place in Parliament, as constituting an irremovable feature of German bureaucratic management, and as one of the enduring miseries of his own official life. Hardenberg himself was by no means short; that 'High Baronial 'Excellency' made length longer by superfluous quotations from Marshal Catinat and Horace. Beyme, previously so unpolite, appeared on this occasion to unusual advantage. He did not grumble at all, and said he thought the new plans good and necessary. Not so Zastrow, who, when superseded in the Foreign Department, lashed himself into a fury, and used highly improper language. As a sop to the offended officer, Friedrich Wilhelm made him Lieutenant-General out of his turn, raised his pay, and named him as second in command to Lestocq's corps. The Lieutenant-General met his sovereign's kindness with a disloyalty and contempt of discipline which would almost have been thought strong on the Golden Horn. No Mameluke could have surpassed the defiant disobedience with which Zastrow refused to join his corps, then before the enemy, demanded his dismissal from service, and asked leave to write to Talleyrand for passports to enable him to proceed to Berlin, then to all intents and purposes a French military town. Upon this the King addressed his Lieutenant-General, and desired him to go off at once to the army. Zastrow again flatly refused, hung on for some time without being molested for his mutinous behaviour, finally sneaked off after the battle of Friedland, and afterwards appeared in Berlin, where he attempted to get himself made Minister of War through the intervention of Beyme. After this conduct, and the lesser offences mentioned in a previous page, it was only right that the Imperial bulletin should characterise Zastrow as an *homme sage et modéré*.

Amidst such circumstances of domestic discord, and the occupation of nearly the whole monarchy by a foreign enemy, Hardenberg was restored to office. At a meeting of the Sovereigns at Kydullen he expounded his views of a general restoration of the Continental system, which was to include a new and constitutional German confederation, with Austria and Prussia at the head. Negotiations were to be opened in Vienna, London, and Stockholm, to prepare a coalition capable of realising these ideas and reducing France to suitable limits, and to prevent her troubling the peace of other States. By

the Convention of Bartenstein, signed on April 26, 1807, the monarchs pledged themselves to give effect to this programme, which was the basis of the short-lived fourth coalition. The accomplishment was slow to realise. Hardenberg wrote in his journal :—‘ Nous faisons de beaux plans, mais où en est l'exécution ? L'empereur est trop bon, et y met trop peu d'énergie.’ The partial success of Heilsberg, misused by the incompetent Bennigsen, was not calculated to harden Alexander's softness. When the news of Friedland was brought in his resolution gave way. His was not the spirit that rises with misfortune, and he was no longer master of his army, in which a temper of Prætorian insubordination had broken loose. Discipline was gone ; the troops were wandering about in bands to forage and plunder, and ferociously misusing the people in a way hardly permissible even in an enemy's country. Moreover, a party of agitators, headed by that brilliant barbarian the Czar's brother Constantine, who was now moved by very anti-Prussian sentiments, was clamouring for peace. Those who have watched the behaviour of a caged panther have seen the closest image of the Grand Duke, with his tame moments of gentle, cajoling humour, and his paroxysms of bestial, uncontrollable rage. This dangerous savage, the last Romanoff to inherit both the genius and the brutality of the great Peter, professed to disdain the veneer of Russian civilisation, and affected a Spartan rudeness in his ways and habits. The French faction in the Russian camp was alternately encouraged and disavowed by the commander-in-chief, who accurately described himself as being a partisan of peace and also a partisan of war.

By a remarkable coincidence both the principal military and the principal civil opponent of Napoleon were Hanoverians. The adventures of Bennigsen were extraordinary even for that age of surprising careers. He seems to have had a natural vein of eloquence, good intelligence, with the capabilities of prudence proper to a nature half glacier half volcano, but no parts sufficient to account for his ascent from nothing to the high place which he reached, in a foreign country, and in a profession of which he was virtually ignorant. This Hanoverian was born in poverty, rose to be a page at Court, had fought without distinction in the Seven Years' War, and, thanks to his handsome face and elegant address, had married a rich heiress, with whom he ran away to Russia. He subsequently had three other wives, one of whom brought him a second fortune, and was notoriously implicated in the murder of Paul. Bennigsen had little understanding of war, and had developed a system of strategy of his own. Before the fray as great a swaggerer as

Drawcansir or Pyrgopolinices, he always retreated after a battle, especially if he had partly won it, and ought to have followed up his success, as happened after Pultusk, Eylau, and Heilsberg. At this time, moreover, he was physically unfitted for command by very bad health. All that can be said in his favour, and in that of Alexander for appointing him, is that if it was as absurd to pit him against Napoleon as it was to send Varro against Hannibal, if the Czar could not find a better man, Bennigsen, unlike Kamenskoi, was at any rate not mad, although, as will be shortly seen, his behaviour was sometimes worthy of Bedlam.

The objects of the peace faction in the Czar's camp were promoted by the tension of England's relations with Russia, which, unless Hardenberg's testimony is to be rejected, were aggravated by defects of our diplomatic representation at the allied head-quarters. Lord Hutchinson's troubles at Memel may have been the fault of the intractable Zastrow, and it was not his fault that the English Government would only advance to Friedrich Wilhelm a beggarly 100,000*l*. Afterwards, when he got mixed up with the negotiations with Russia, he exercised, deliberately or unconsciously, an influence eminently calculated to hinder the development of the fourth coalition. This disagreeable and suspicious Fœtal (such he appeared to the foreign mind), with his *phlegme incroyable*, might recall the British ambassadorial types popularised in the operatic masterpieces of Auber and Lortzing. Hardenberg vaguely describes him as clever; but says he had neither zeal nor activity, always saw the black side of things, and, instead of preaching courage and energy, went about frightening everyone, supporting into the bargain the retreating propensities of Bennigsen. The question of a British military expedition to the Baltic, and of a northern subsidy, had already been under debate in London, and the day before the battle of Friedland Lord Leveson Gower and Lord Pembroke arrived at Tilsit. An English offer of 2,800,000*l*. and 15,000 troops, made by Lord Gower, was found insufficient. Again the fate of nations hung on the fancies of a minister and the manners of an envoy. Budberg, the temporary head of the Czar's Foreign Department, who was hostile to England, took a violent dislike to Gower, and prevented his going to the Castle of Scaw, where the sovereigns were discussing affairs after the battle of Friedland. In his autograph Memoirs, written after these transactions, Hardenberg passes a judgment on Pitt, which, if not exactly depreciatory, has something in common with Macaulay's estimate of the heaven-born Minister, refusing

him the name of a successful organiser of war, and censuring the defects of his method of endless and ill-directed pecuniary supply. Our resources may or may not have gone the right road, but it is certain that our proposals or promises to pay involved us in obvious disagreements with the intended recipients. In the present instance Alexander's exasperation at Lord Gower's refusal to open the strong box on the Czar's own terms is credibly described as a leading cause in his sudden exchange of the policy of Potsdam for the policy of Tilsit.

To Scawl news suddenly came, before any hint of such a consummation had been given by Alexander, or suspicion of foul play had arisen, that Bennigsen was negotiating an armistice with Napoleon. The coalition being thus as good as upset, Hardenberg represented that Prussia in her turn must apply for an armistice, and that the King and the Czar must conclude a definite peace. He thought the basis of a triple alliance of France, Russia, and Prussia, and even the solution of all European difficulties, might be found in an idea with which the statesmanship of that day was not unfamiliar. That idea was the partition of the Ottoman Empire. Old Kalckreuth was ordered to apply for an armistice, and to insinuate to Napoleon that—*'le partage de la Turquie européenne serait le moyen d'accorder toutes les parties intéressées.'* The spoil was to be distributed as follows:—To Russia—Bessarabia, Moldavia, Wallachia, and Rumelia; to Austria—Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Servia; to France—Thessaly, the Morea, Livadia, Candia, and all the islands of the European Archipelago. England was to take Egypt and Malta on condition of her adoption of liberal principles in maritime law, and to recover Hanover. Whether Hardenberg proposed to deal with the Mussulman population of Turkey by the drastic 'bag and baggage' method, recently recommended, does not appear. Fantastic or practical as this scheme may have been, it is instructive to remark that designs which were entertained at the lowest point of the degradation of Europe and of political morality, should have been brought to light again at the present day. Before Kalckreuth could leave Scawl, news was brought that the Russian armistice was actually signed. According to Budberg, Austria and England had done it all—a revelation which the Minister accompanied with suitable abuse of the peccant powers. How far Alexander was personally responsible for the treachery is not clear: all the Russian negotiators had done for Friedrich Wilhelm was to tack to their armistice the condition that Prussia might also sign one within four or five days. A report from Schladen, the Prussian agent at Bennigsen's head-quarters, giving an

account of a conversational escapade of that officer, did not lessen the perplexities of the situation. Bennigsen swaggered vastly about his power; alleged that he had received reinforcements, and was stronger than he had been before Friedland. The army could be well provisioned—an operation previously declared to be impracticable; they must all hold on, and he would undertake to crush Napoleon. Anyhow, Kalckreuth must be careful to exact pretty stiff terms. The Bombastes Furioso of the Cossacks went on to call Budberg a fool, and Constantine a coward. The poltroonery of the Czar's brother made him want peace; but, for all that, he, Bennigsen, to please him, had written to the Empress-mother puffing the Grand Duke's supposed exploits. The General went on to explain that the Czar, Novosilzoff, Strogonoff, and himself were for peace at any price. 'And,' added this amazing personage, 'I belong also to the war party, which further consists of Budberg and Lieven.'

Napoleon called Alexander a *grec*, a sharper of the Lower Empire. Considerable proficiency in diplomatic thimblery was implied in the Czar's rush into separate practices with Napoleon at Tilsit on June 26, after he had agreed at Scawt on June 22, that the negotiation should be joint, and in the alacrity with which he, the lord of half Europe and Asia, suddenly jumped from the championship of Prussia and the continent to shameless participation in Napoleon's schemes of conquest, and to acceptance from the common enemy of some wretched shreds of the plunder available by the partition of the territories of his abandoned ally. Hardenberg had glimpses of the proceedings at Tilsit, and his allusions suggest the huge dimensions of the nimbus of myth with which our authorised versions beautify the royal meetings and conversations there. It takes a robust faith to believe in Alexander's outburst: 'I hate those English.' Even the classical incident of the rose offered by Napoleon to Queen Luise, and half accepted by her with the words 'But with Magdeburg?' seems less fit for history than for the fine ode in which it has been so worthily enshrined by the genius of Rückert. Hardenberg is explicit enough on the circumstances which again obliged him to resign office. Marshal Kalckreuth was informed by Napoleon that he would go on fighting for forty years rather than negotiate with a Government which included a foreigner to Prussia and friend of the Prince of Wales, like Hardenberg, who had insulted himself and the French nation in the person of Laforest, his representative. The Emperor, said Kalckreuth, repeatedly pronounced Hardenberg's name, and each time his flashing eye

and changing colour marked the excitement which he felt. Napoleon favoured Friedrich Wilhelm with similar sentiments, and lectured him on the choice of Hardenberg's successor. The brusque advice—'Prenez Monsieur de Stein, c'est un homme d'esprit'—was soon to be followed by the proscription, in the choicest brutalities of Bonapartist style, of the person of that admirable statesman, and the confiscation of his house and estates.

We leave Hardenberg where his autobiography closes. Since the overthrow of Persia at the Gangamela, no great Power had suddenly sunk to depths of ruin and disgrace like those to which Prussia had been hurled by the relentless enemy whose blows were guided to their mark by the rash councillors of a feeble king. So inexorable a *va victis* as that of Tilsit had not as yet been pronounced by any modern Emperor. The work of a line of great princes was destroyed; the monarchy of the proud house of Brandenburg was dismembered, its remaining provinces were kept crushed under foreign military occupation, and burdened with war contributions and exactions of such appalling extent, that the calamities of private persons almost surpassed the misfortunes of the State and, after the lapse of seventy years, are still not obscurely felt. The politician whose career has occupied us had not, we think, the convictions, the passions, the impulses which are the soul of greatness in statesmanship, and from a certain share in the authorship of the errors and miseries of the period we do not speak him free. But in that dark hour of irremediable catastrophe he rose with an antique courage above dejection and despair. Retiring to Riga, he meditated and penned an admirable scheme of national reconstruction and reform, full of ideas foreshadowing many of the reforms which afterwards bore his name and that of Stein. It will always be the glory of Hardenberg that, turned from the ruins of a fallen world, his steadfast concern was less with the miserable Prussia of the moment than with the restored and aggrandised Prussia which he confidently saw in his mind's eye a proud and ruling member of a free Germany and a liberated Europe.

- ART. VI.—1. *Lives of Eminent Serjeants-at-Law*. By HUMPHREY WILLIAM WOOLRYCH, S.L. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1869.
2. *Origines Juridicales; or, Historical Memorials of the English Laws, Courts of Justice, &c.* By Sir WILLIAM DUGDALE, Norroy King of Arms. Fol. 1671.
3. *Observations touching the Antiquity and Dignity of Serjeant-at-Law*. By E. W. WYNNE, S.L. London: 1765.
4. *Serviens ad Legem: a Report of Proceedings before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and in the Common Pleas in relation to a Warrant for the Suppression of the ancient Privileges of the Serjeants-at-Law*. By JAMES MANNING, S.L. 8vo. London: 1846.

THE history of the Serjeants-at-law forms by no means an unimportant part of the history of the law of England. The existence of the Order of the Coif dates very far back, ages before the profession of attorneys and solicitors was legally recognised—anterior not only to the oldest of the Inns of Court, but to the oldest English tribunal. The order lived indeed before any large portion of our law was formed. It held its own during the thousand years through which the course of the English law has flowed, spite of feudal thralldom, priestly device, and professional chicanery. Among its members were the founders of many a noble house, for it included at one time *all*, and up to our times a large portion of the best of the bench and the bar; but for some object hardly intelligible, this time-honoured institution is now said to be under sentence of death. It will be no useless or uninteresting labour, at such a moment, to look back on the institution of the Coif, its intimate association with the history of our law, its legitimate position, use, and value, and the exact course of innovation to which it has fallen a sacrifice.

Of the origin of the Order of the Coif much more has been stated than has been in any way proved; but its annals go far back, and its high position and character are indisputable. The order of *Counteurs* is recognised in the '*Grand Coutumier*' of Normandy as the only regular pleaders. Matthew Paris speaks of them as well known in his time under the designation of *banci narratores*, and they are so referred to in our oldest lawbook, '*The Mirrour of Justices*,' and by our earliest text writers, Bracton and Fleta. Their title of '*Serjeant Counters*' seems attributable to their sworn obligation

to be to all the King's people 'Servientes ad legem.' As the highest feudal tenure was Grand-Serjeanty, and those who held by this tenure were styled Serjeants, and as this designation was given to a number of persons in high position, owing the Crown or the community permanent services, civil or military, of various kinds, so those who were sworn to the obligation of honourable service in the administration of justice were properly styled Serjeants-at-law.

Chaucer's description in the prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales' of

' A Serjeant of law war and wys
That often had ben atte Parvys '

not only bears out the idea of the antiquity of the order, but refers also to a very old custom explained by Chief Justice Fortescue in his lectures '*De laudibus legum Angliæ*' to the son of Henry VI. He describes the serjeants at their allotted pillars at St. Paul's, holding consultations with their clients, and taking notes of cases upon their knee: the suitors on the breaking up of the courts in the afternoon betaking themselves to the *Pervise* (the porch of St. Paul's) for that purpose; and the new serjeants after the feast ended going 'to Paul's in their 'habits, and there choosing their pillar, whereat to hear their 'clients' cause, *if any come*;' and such is the tenacity of old institutions and ancient customs, that the members of the Order of the Coif, so late as the seventeenth century, carefully observed the form, on new members being created, of accompanying them to St. Paul's and allotting to each his proper pillar.

When in the thirteenth century the work was undertaken of moulding into shape and form the legal institutions of the country; when, by the advice of the barons, with their armour on, John and Henry III. gave the royal assent to a number of important measures of law reform, and amongst others a provision that the then High Court of Judicature, the Common Pleas, should be always held in one certain or fixed place; and when Westminster Hall thus became the source from which the stream of law flowed through the land, the serjeants-at-law were already a power in the State, with rights and duties and functions well defined and respected. In the chief court of civil jurisdiction they were at once the only recognised pleaders, and associated with the judges in the administration of justice. From their ranks were exclusively chosen not only the judges, but the counsel in ordinary for the Crown, who were called the King's Serjeants, and it was to them that

Parliament continually referred questions of legal difficulty arising in their proceedings.

Thus the Order of the Coif furnished the chief supply of men for the ordinary business of the law courts. The ecclesiastical element in the administration of the law had been got rid of, the civilians and canonists put under restraint by prohibiting them from setting up new schools of law in London, and the professors of the common law under the English Justinian, Edward I., became a body of influence and importance. We find in the Rolls of Parliament, in 1292, provision made for keeping up a regular staff of legal practitioners: John de Mettingham, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and his brethren of the Coif, being empowered to select from the apprentices of the common law a certain number *de melioribus et dignioribus et libentius addiscentibus* to act in the courts and to follow the judges on their circuits, as attorneys and pleaders; and this body became of more importance when afterwards the legal profession was grouped into societies for the purpose of education and discipline, with their hostels or inns for the readers and apprentices, the attorneys of the courts, and the clerks of the Chancery.

These Inns of Court and Chancery very early formed what Fortescue calls the lawyers' university, with powers of conferring degrees, and their graduates gained a recognised status. The ruling bodies could confer no absolute *right* to practise in the courts, for they were voluntary societies for the purpose of legal education, or, as they were designated in a return to the Crown in the time of Henry VIII., 'companies' or fellowships of learning; but their degrees came to be recognised by the courts, and the call to the bar in the hall of one of the Inns of Court formed in time a sufficient testimonial to warrant the permission of the judges to practise in the courts. The Inns of Court had, first, their students or mootmen, who formed the crowd under the bar, sometimes denominated 'inner barristers; secondly, the more advanced apprentices of the law, chosen after eight years' studentship to plead and argue 'moot-points' in hall, and 'called to the bar' there, and from that time designated 'utter barristers,' sitting uttermost on the bars or forms in hall; thirdly, the readers or benchers, made from the utter barristers of twelve years' standing, from whom in due time the serjeants were chosen.

Below the rank of the Coif, the legal right to practise in the courts could only be derived from the judges. The more skilled 'apprentices of the law' seem to have been habitually resorted to by the suitors, and were called 'Counsellors.'

although they might not have the privilege of appearing in court. Dugdale tells us that even the utter barrister was not allowed to appear in court or wear a bar-gown until several years after his call. For two years, if not for five, the 'utter barrister' had to restrict his forensic powers to discussions at the mootings in his inn. Dugdale (p. 143) refers to a case where an exception being taken was declared untenable, though the serjeants said they 'had heard it oftentimes *'entre les apprentices en hostells.'*

Lord Coke speaks of all serjeants-at-law being in one sense the King's Serjeants, but there seems always to have been a distinction between the '*Serviens ad legem*' and the '*Serviens Regis ad legem*,' the latter being in the direct service of the Crown. The King's Serjeant was at the head of the law in every county, sitting in the County Court with the sheriff, and judging and determining all suits and controversies between the people within the district. Bracton describes the duty of the King's Serjeant with respect to criminal offences as that of a public prosecutor; and we have an authentic record of the institution in the words of the old form of the crier's proclamation, on an arraignment of prisoners, calling on 'anyone who can inform my Lords, the Queen's Justices, the Queen's Serjeant, or the Queen's Attorney-General, of any treasons, murders, felonies, or misdemeanours done or committed by the prisoners at the bar, or any of them, let him come forth, and he shall be heard, for the prisoners now stand upon their deliverance.'

The King's Serjeants, selected from the general body, varied very much in number; when the number exceeded three, a further distinction was conferred, by constituting one or more of them the King's Ancient or Most Ancient Serjeants. The legal position of the King's Serjeants gave precedence over all the bar, including the Attorney- and Solicitor-General, even in matters relating to the Crown. In other matters it would seem as if the law officers of the Crown had no precedence of any of the serjeants. In 1623 an order in Council placed the Attorney- and Solicitor-General before all the King's Serjeants except the 'two ancientest,' and so the seniority remained until 1814, when Shepherd, the King's Ancient Serjeant, being made Solicitor-General, instead of being discharged from his former office, gave up his precedence in favour of Garrow, the Attorney-General; the arrangement being made by order in Council, which permanently placed the Attorney- and Solicitor-General over all the serjeants. Serjeant Manning was the last who held the appointment of Queen's Ancient Serjeant—

we well remember him sitting in his scarlet robes on the wool-sack in the House of Lords with a dignity which seemed to eclipse even the Lord Chancellor's wig—and no Queen's Serjeants have been appointed since 1857, when Serjeants Channell, Byles, Shee, and Wrangham were selected to fill this high position.

The admission into the Order of the Coif was always a matter of much solemnity. A writ of summons under the Great Seal from the Sovereign in Council, in a form given in the Register of Writs nine centuries ago, and in use at this day, cites the person selected, under a heavy penalty, to attend at a day named to take on himself the state and degree of a serjeant-at-law, and the new serjeant is said not to be appointed like a mere official, but like a Peer to be created; and the form of the serjeant's oath is 'well and truly to serve the Queen's people as one of the serjeants-at-law.'

The proper course of the call to the coif is described by Fortescue, who lays it down that the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, by and with the advice and consent of all the judges, ought, as often as he sees fitting, 'to pitch upon seven or eight of the discreeter persons, such as have made the greatest proficiency in the general study of the laws, and whom they judge best qualified for the purpose. The manner is to deliver their names in writing to the Lord Chancellor in England, who, by virtue of the King's writ, shall forthwith command every one of the persons so pitched upon, that he be before the King at a day certain to take upon him the state and degree of a serjeant-at-law.' It certainly seems clear that in old times it was not regular for promotion to the coif to be solicited, nor was it competent to the persons selected to decline the honour when proffered; and some instances are recorded of obedience to the royal writ of summons being enforced against those who hesitated to obey it at once, though such instances certainly are rare. However, it is recorded in the Rolls of Parliament of 1418 (5 Hen. V. num. 10) that complaint had been made of the delay and inconvenience occasioned to the public for want of a sufficient number of serjeants-at-law, and that the King's writs of summons had issued to six distinguished apprentices of the law to take on themselves the state and degree of serjeant, and, the writs not being obeyed, the Duke of Bedford (then Regent during the King's absence in France) brought the matter before Parliament, and the refractory apprentices of the law were urged into compliance with the King's writ, and accepted the proffered honour. The names of the rising lawyers

who caused this unusual course to be taken are recorded in the *chronica series* of Dugdale as Serjeants Martin, Babington, Pole, Westbury, Ivyn, and Rolf or Rolph. The latter again made himself conspicuous in refusing to have 'honours thrust upon him,' for we find him in 1431 successfully setting at defiance the royal summons calling on him to be knighted, by pleading his privilege as a serjeant-at-law. The five others seem to have had small cause to regret being members of the Coif: Ivyn, after having been ten years a serjeant, was made Chief Baron, and twelve years afterwards Chief Justice of England; Babington was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and the names of Martin, Pole, and Westbury all appear as judges.

Dugdale describes a different course as having been taken with respect to a call of serjeants in 1577. The number of practising members of the order being small, the judges all joined in naming twelve of the 'best learned and able' of the four Inns of Court, and their names being 'written in a bill, and sent to Queen Elizabeth,' we are told that 'her Grace did electe and pricke seven of them,' who were duly made serjeants-at-law. Sir Nicholas Bacon, from the woolsack, delivered solemn exhortations to the newly-made serjeants as to 'how they should behave themselves' in their vocations, and how they should be discreet, for out of their flock may come the judges of this realm; and Chief Justice Dyer, in the Common Pleas, counselled them 'not to use delays, nor to give 'deceiptful counsel to take away any man's right by untrue 'vouchers; not to be captious one upon another, nor to mock 'one another, but to be discreet, to ride with six horses and 'their sumpter in long journeys; to wear their habit most 'commonly in all places at good assemblies, to ride in a short 'gown, and to keep the Common Pleas bar.'

Serjeants-at-law being created by writ, and having duties and obligations legally imposed, could only be released from them by solemn discharge under the Great Seal; and Dugdale gives an account of such discharges in two cases—one that of Serjeant Rokeby in 1554, on his accepting office as Justice in the North, and the other that of Serjeant Fleming in 1595, on his being appointed Solicitor-General. But such discharges were very unusual. Whatever office a serjeant-at-law may be appointed to, it seems that though he may thereby vacate the post of Queen's Serjeant, yet without a special discharge his rank and degree of serjeant-at-law remain.

Among the solemnities observed on a call of serjeants-at-law, the one most immediately worthy of notice is the coif

itself. The coif of the serjeant counter was like the helmet of the orders of knighthood, or the birretta of the Church dignitary, a mark of recognised rank and honour, and Dugange speaks of covering the head with the birrettus in the Middle Ages as part of the ceremony of the appointment to a prefecture. In its original and legitimate form the birrettus albus, or coif of the serjeant-at-law, resembled the Templar's cap, completely covering the head, with ligaments under the chin; and it was so fully treated as emblematic of independent power, that the wearer was expressly enjoined never to divest himself of it, being, like certain grandees, privileged from being uncovered even in the presence of the King. Sir William Dugdale gives engravings from monumental effigies and stained glass windows showing the coif in its original form. The first of these engravings is from a marble effigy, which he states to have been in existence in his time, on the monument in Ashborne Church, Derbyshire, of John Cokaine, Chief Baron and Judge in the time of Henry IV., but no trace of this is now to be found. The other is an engraving from the stained glass windows at Long Melford, in Suffolk, representing three other members of the Order of the Coif: Howard, Chief Justice, *temp.* Edward I.; Haugh, a Judge, and Pycot, a serjeant-at-law, *temp.* Edward IV., with their coifs completely covering their heads like knights' helmets. Thanks both to the patron and rector of Long Melford, these interesting records of the past are now in good preservation.

The coif in its original form would of course serve to conceal the monkish tonsure, should the wearer be an ecclesiastic. Matthew Paris gives a lively account of the discomfiture of a knavish monk, John de Bussy, who is said to have got himself admitted to the order, notwithstanding the rules prohibiting ecclesiastics from practising in the temporal courts, by concealing his clerical tonsure; but when his evil courses subjected him to punishment, he tried unsuccessfully to retrace his steps, by discarding his coif and exposing his shaven head, in order to prove his right to 'benefit of clergy.' The incident has given rise to a notion that the coif really originated in a mere monkish device to evade the ecclesiastical rules; but the episcopal constitutions which so prohibited ecclesiastics were first published only a few years before the incident recorded by Matthew Paris, and long after the coif had been in use; moreover, the coif in the same form continued in use for ages after it could serve any such purpose as that suggested, and the notion that the tonsure had anything to do with the form of the coif is without foundation. It is unnecessary to

go so far out of the way to look for the origin of the coif. It was in fact an honourable and distinctive head-dress corresponding to the helmet of knighthood, and it is certain that the heralds have always marked this identity—the heraldic helmet of the knight and serjeant-at-law being in the same form, with the beaver open, whilst the helmet of the esquire has the beaver closed.

The serjeants' coif in use at the beginning of the seventeenth century seems to have enveloped the whole head, but without the ligatures under the chin. It was almost covered by the three-cornered cap, and the portraits of members of the order up to the time of the introduction of the French fashion of false hair always show the coif in this manner—this is the case in the pictures of Sir Edward Coke and Sir Randolph Crewe in the collection recently presented by the Society of Serjeants' Inn to the National Portrait Gallery. When the lawyers yielded to the fashion of making a display of artificial hair, those of the rank of the coif seem to have still further covered their distinguishing badge, till, in order to prevent its being entirely hidden, they adopted the device now perceptible in the wigs of serjeants and judges of the old order; the small aperture at the top of the wig being left to show the covering of white to denote the coif, surmounted by a diminutive of the cap formerly worn over the coif.

With the coif, the members of the order seem from time immemorial to have had a distinctive costume; and this was deemed of sufficient importance to be the subject of express legal regulations. Fortescue describes the clothing of a serjeant-at-law to be 'a long priestlike robe with a cape about his shoulders, furred with lambskin; and thereupon an hood with two labels such as Doctors of the Laws use to wear in certain universities, with a white coif of silk, and on being made a judge, instead of his hood he must wear a cloak, closed upon his right shoulder; all the other ornaments of a serjeant still remaining, saving that his vesture shall not be party-coloured as a serjeant's may, and his cape furred with miniver, whereas the serjeant's cape is ever furred with white lamb.' Dugdale tells us that in past times the colour of the robes of both judges and serjeants was continually changing, both with the season and the fashion, and he gives extracts from old documents going back to the time of Edward I., showing allowances to judges and the King's Serjeants out of the 'Great Wardrobe' for cloth for summer and winter robes and liveries, and miniver for the hood and white silk for the coif. A document in the State Paper Office of the date 1624-5 is entitled, 'What robes and

‘apparell the judges are to weare, and how the serjeants at lawe
‘are to wear their roabes and when.’ The preface to Sir Harbottle Grimstone’s edition of Croke’s Reports has an account of the application of Sir Henry Yelverton, who was made a Judge of the Common Pleas, to be allowed to dispense with the serjeant’s costume on his being called to the degree of the coif; but the permission was not granted, and a general order of the judges in 1635 contains minute regulations as to the times and occasions of putting on the different robes. The serjeant’s discharge already referred to, gives an express release from the obligation to wear ‘any quaif, commonly called a serjeant’s ‘quaif, and all other apparel, garments, vestures, and habits ‘that by the laws and customs of the realm serjeants-at-law ‘ought to wear.’ The regulations as to costume in modern times are not so strictly observed as formerly: at the same time, there are usages, if not actual laws, on the subject.

The judges of the degree of the coif have hitherto very rigidly observed the old rules as to costume. What course with respect to that part of the judicial dress which specially attaches to the Order of the Coif will be taken by future judges, not belonging to that order, it is less easy to predicate. The serjeants-at-law still observe the old rule as to wearing the scarlet robes on all state occasions, such as going to St. Paul’s with the judges, or to the civic banquets at Guildhall, or in sitting in the Crown Court under the Queen’s Circuit Commission; but, with this exception, their dress is the same as that of the Queen’s Counsel, a silk gown, which is worn in the courts, and at Nisi Prius, and on circuit, and even when attending a levee or drawing-room.

Like the bishops and nobles in old times, the members of the Order of the Coif had from an early period their hostels or inns in London. Unlike the Inns of Court, where large numbers of apprentices of the law had to be housed, the serjeants’ inns were of small dimensions, adapted to the very limited number of their members; and they were simply rented or taken on lease from the actual owners, as occasion required. There were at various times three of these inns or hostels of the serjeants-at-law—one opposite St. Andrew’s Church in Holborn, called Scrope’s Inn, after one of its owners, Lord Scrope, of Bolton; another in Fleet Street, held by some of the judges and serjeants, under lease from the Dean and Chapter of York; and a third in Chancery Lane, held by other members under lease from the Bishop of Ely. Scrope’s Inn was not occupied by judges or serjeants since the fifteenth century. The inn in Fleet Street, though still called ‘Serjeants’ Inn,’ was in

1730 wholly given up by the judges and serjeants who held it, and the place called Serjeants' Inn in Chancery Lane, which was originally called Grey's Place, and then Faringdon Inn, belonging to the see of Ely, was in 1496 let to certain members of the Order of the Coif, and subsequently to other members from time to time with certain breaks until 1730, after which time it was held by nearly the whole body of members of the order for more than a century as lessees of the Bishop of Ely; and in 1833, a fund being raised for the purpose, partly by private subscription among the members, and partly by way of loan, the society acquired the freehold, and the place was entirely rebuilt out of the funds. When recently the operation of the Judicature Act presented to the members of this society the prospect of such an immediate reduction of their numbers as to make it impracticable any longer to keep up Serjeants' Inn, it became necessary to have the affairs of the society wound up. The property was sold to carry out this arrangement. There was nothing in the nature of a trust of any kind in this estate: it belonged to the Society of the Serjeants; and it is to be regretted that this very simple transaction on the part of the judges and serjeants should have been represented in an offensive light.

The creation of serjeants-at-law was from an early period marked by the presentation of rings, a ceremony in former times of serious cost, for it was incumbent on the newly made serjeant to present massive rings of gold not only to the Sovereign and the Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper, but to the great officers of state, and the Chief Justices, and rings of less value to each of the judges and serjeants, the Master of the Rolls, the Warden of the Fleet, and many officers of the courts. The presentation of rings by the newly made serjeants was regarded at one time not as a mere gratuitous compliment, but as a legal obligation, and in one of the old law reports remarks are recorded of the learned judges on the deficiency in weight of the rings presented at a call of serjeants.* The cost of all this munificence was considerable, for besides rings to the great, liveries were presented to an army of their servants. This expense has, however, in modern times been considerably lessened by the number of recipients being greatly reduced. The serjeants' rings have mottoes engraved on them. Sometimes the same motto was adopted by all the serjeants included in a call. Latterly it has been the usual practice for each serjeant to adopt a distinct

* 1 Modern Reports, p. 30.

motto. Some of them are remarkable, and often characteristic of the donors. The motto of the law-worshipping Coke on taking the coif in 1606 was '*Lex est tutissima cassis*;' the time-serving Jeffreys took for his motto, '*A Deo rex, a rege lex.*' The serjeants who were made in 1842, after Lord Brougham's ineffectual attempt to put an end to the order, took as their motto '*Honor nomenque manebunt*,' and the call included the names of Serjeants Manning, Channell, Shce, and Wrangham.

The style of the processions and ceremonies varied from age to age. Formerly they involved the cost of both time and money. There were elaborate formalities in the Inns of Court on the serjeants' writs being received, processions to Westminster Hall and considerable forms to be observed on the candidate for the coif presenting himself in the Common Pleas, and showing by his going through the pleadings in a real action that he was sufficiently versed in the Norman French formulæ to plead in the old form as a Serjeant Counter; and up to the time of the Reformation religious ceremonies were also mixed up with the legal forms and festive observances. Dugdale, in 1522, speaks of the whole ordeal being of nearly a week's duration, commencing on Friday with festivities in the several Inns of Court to which the new serjeants belonged, followed next day by an entertainment by the new serjeants, and on Sunday by attendance on the judges, and receiving their coifs, and on Monday by elaborate formalities in Westminster Hall, after which, Dugdale says, 'when the new serjeants have denied there, they go in a sober manner with their officers and servants into London, on the east side of Eastcheap, on to St. Thomas of Acres, and there they offer, and then come down on the west side of Cheapside to Paul's, and there offer at the rode of the north door at St. Erkenwald's shrine, and then go down into the body of the church, and there they be appointed to their pillars by the steward and controller of the feast;' and the rest of the week the new serjeants had to spend in court watching the proceedings, arguing matters of law specially appointed for the purpose, or conversing with 'such as lyst to speke with them for causes.'

The feasts in honour of the occasion of a call of serjeants by no means formed an inconsiderable part of the ceremonies in former times. Looking to the way in which all important events were commemorated by our forefathers, from a coronation to the ushering in of a new Lord Mayor—festivities being deemed a sort of test of the importance of the event—the

serjeants' feasts seem to have marked occasions standing high in public estimation. The ordinary business of the Courts at Westminster was suspended; the judges and other members of the old Order of the Coif, the benchers and apprentices of the Inns of Court, the ancients and members of the Inns of Chancery, with the high officers of state, and even the Sovereign and members of the royal family, nobles and bishops, and the Lord Mayor and City officials, mustered in force to mark the occasion of a new creation of members of the order entrusted with the great work of administering the law. Ely House was most frequently the place where the serjeants' feasts were held, no doubt partly in consequence of the serjeants holding the inn in Chancery Lane as tenants of the Bishop of Ely. Some of the feasts are memorable. In Michaelmas Term, 1464, a serjeants' feast was held at Ely House, 'to the which amongst other estates,' Dugdale says, 'Mathew Philip, Mayor of London, with the aldermen, shireeves, and commons of divers crafts being invited did repaire, but when the mayor looked to keep the state in the Hall, as it had been used in all places within the City and liberties (out of the King's presence), the Lord Grey of Ruthin, then Lord Treasurer of England, unwitting the serjeants, and against their wills as they said, was first placed. Whereupon the mayor, aldermen, and commons departed home; and the mayor made the aldermen dine with him. Howbeit he and all the citizens were wonderfully displeased that he was so dealt with; and the new serjeants and others were right sorry therefor, and had rather than much good (as they said) it had not so happened.' In November 1504, a serjeants' feast was held at Lambeth Palace, where, to give Dugdale's description, 'dined the King and all his nobles, and upon the same day Thomas Granger, newly chosen Shireeve of London, was presented before the Barons of the King's Exchequer then to take his oath, and after went with the Mayor unto the same feast, which saved him money in his purse; for if that day the feast had not been kept, he must have feasted the mayor, aldermen, and other worshipful of the City.' As a rule the interchange of civility and hospitality between the members of the Coif and the City magnates has been well maintained. The authorities at Guildhall, no doubt in accordance with the old system of hospitality, have from time immemorial included among their most honoured guests, on Lord Mayor's Day and at other state feasts, the judges and serjeants-at-law, who attend in full dress. A certain number of the judges and serjeants still go in state to the Guildhall banquet, and are, or rather were till the Judi-

cature Act came into operation, escorted by the Corporation officers on their state attendance at St. Paul's on the first Sunday in Trinity Term. Dugdale (p. 205) speaks of feast days at the Inns of Court, when the judges and serjeants are entertained at the halls of the inns to which they respectively belong; but City feasts and legal dinners are now rather gone out of fashion, and such tedious old customs are 'more honoured ' in the breach than in the observance.'

The old position of the serjeants-at-law fully warranted the solemnity observed at their creation, and the ceremony and form kept up in their honour. In the Court of Common Pleas, formerly, as we have seen, the highest court of civil jurisdiction, they not only formed the bar, but an integral part of the court itself, and the records of the court show a number of judicial acts regularly performed by the serjeants, such as in the old proceedings by levying a fine. In all the King's courts the serjeants were at the head of the bar, and from their number all the judges were chosen. Moreover, they not only supplied the only legal counsel to the Crown in old times, the King's Serjeants; but they also had the honour of being called on to advise the High Court of Parliament: for it was the practice for many ages for writs of summons to be sent to certain of the serjeants-at-law to attend Parliament as legal advisers. The valuable report on the 'Dignity of a Peer,' drawn up by Lord Redesdale, contains entries of such writs of summons throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the Rolls of Parliament during that time attest the appointment of serjeants, with the Chancellor and Treasurer and Judges, as 'triers of petitions,' and to survey the statutes requiring amendment. Extracts given by Serjeant Manning show distinctly that not only King's Serjeants, but other serjeants, were so summoned; and he gives instances of clauses in bills passing through all the stages, professing on the face of them to be so passed 'by the advice of the Lords ' Spiritual and Temporal and of the King's Serjeants-at-law,' and the Rolls of Parliament in 1363 (2 Rot. Parl. 276a) contain an express provision for the statutes being surveyed by the judges and serjeants.

Not only in their official capacity did the members of the old Order of the Coif aid the deliberations of the Legislature. The names of serjeants-at-law figure in the history of St. Stephen's among the most honoured members of Parliament. During the reigns of Edward VI., Elizabeth, and James I., the House of Commons almost always chose a serjeant-at-law for Speaker. Brook and Dyer, Bell and Popham, Pickering, Yelverton,

Croke, Hobart, Richardson, Sir John Glanville, and Sir Heneage Finch all filled the Speaker's chair, and were all distinguished serjeants-at-law; and the names of Serjeant Maynard and Serjeant Glynne are as familiar to the historical as to the legal student. The Great Seal, which up to the reign of Elizabeth nearly always fell to the lot of churchmen, was, after that time, continually entrusted to members of the Coif, and in 1688, the Great Seal being to be put in commission, three serjeants-at-law were selected as commissioners, Maynard, Rawlins, and Keek. In more recent times the Lord Chancellor has been usually chosen from the Chancery Bar; but Serjeant Copley as Lord Lyndhurst, and Serjeant Wilde as Lord Truro, were certainly above the average of men who have sat on the woolsack.

In the legal arena of Westminster Hall, the Order of the Coif long afforded a supply of distinguished men—erudite lawyers, powerful advocates, great judges, and masterly writers—or, in other words, a number of able men continued for centuries to wear the coif. In modern and recent times the course of honourable distinction has somewhat changed, and the Queen's Counsel have trodden close on the heels of the serjeants. But whilst the more modern and more numerous body has supplied, as successors to Bacon and North, such men as Erskine, Brougham, Scarlett, Cockburn, Sugden, Follett, Palmer, and Cairns, the older order can boast of Plowden and Coke, Hale and Maynard, with a crowd of others of less prominence, and a large proportion of the best writers on English law from the time of Plowden to this day; and in our own times among the highest samples of advocacy and eloquence will for a long time be remembered Copley, Best, Wilde, Talfourd, Spankie, Wrangham, and Shee.

Independent of other circumstances, the coif confers distinct rank and social position. The serjeants have a place in the table of general precedence, very clearly defined, and legally and socially recognised; it places them immediately after the knights bachelors, and above Companions of the Bath, and, of course, above all the lower orders. It was at one time a question whether the serjeants-at-law were not above knights bachelors. Knighthood conferred on one of the serjeants-at-law gives him no precedence over his seniors as serjeants. The wives of serjeants-at-law claim to come immediately after the wives of knights bachelors, unlike the wives of bishops and privy councillors, who take no rank from their husbands.

Recent legal reforms have placed the Order of the Coif in such a position that it must in a short time cease to exist, unless by some

means it can acquire new vitality. The old order has been the victim of innovations of a varied character. Its position at the bar has been undermined, and its relations with the bench altogether altered. All this has come to pass in a singular manner. Old institutions which are supposed to stand in the way of 'free trade' have often come to a sudden if not a violent death; but in the case of the serjeants-at-law, if they have been 'in battle slain,' it has been less in the battle between privilege and free trade than between the possessors of old privileges and those to whom new privileges have been conceded. All monopolies are to an extent invidious, and it would have been much wiser for the serjeants-at-law to have surrendered with a good grace any monopoly they possessed, rather than to have stood out against any change, and end with something very like the total sacrifice of their ancient position.

The serjeants, as we have seen, by law formed exclusively the bar of the Court of Common Pleas. There may have been, at one time, some advantage in having a fixed bar attached to that court; but it was impossible to maintain the exclusive right to practise there against the whole profession. But there were various unsuccessful schemes for throwing open the Court of Common Pleas before that work was effected. In 1755 Chief Justice Willes proposed a plan for this and other purposes, directly affecting the interests of the Coif; but after full consideration by all the judges the scheme was withdrawn. Seventy-five years afterwards, when Lord Brougham came into power, the question was again mooted, and the Common Law Commissioners reported substantially in favour of all the privileges of the Order of the Coif being preserved; but notwithstanding this result it would seem from Serjeant Manning's report that clauses were introduced into several pending bills for opening the Court of Common Pleas, and then abandoned; and it is certain that on April 25, 1834, a royal mandate appeared, directing the judges of the Court of Common Pleas to give to the whole bar the right of practising, pleading, and audience in that court, according to their respective rank and seniority, the then existing serjeants being permanently placed next after the then existing Queen's Counsel. The legality of this royal mandate was contested by the Serjeants, and after an elaborate argument before the Privy Council by the late Sir William Follett and Mr. Charles Austin on the part of the Serjeants, and Sir John Campbell as Attorney-General on the part of the Crown, the irregularity of Lord Brougham's proceeding was admitted, and the Court of

Common Pleas determined on treating the mandate as no longer in force. This decision, however, was followed by a short Act of Parliament in 1840, passed through Parliament without discussion, placing the bar on the same footing in the Court of Common Pleas as in the other courts, and thereby abolishing the privilege the serjeants-at-law had enjoyed there.

The old duties of the serjeants in the Court of Common Pleas precluding them from giving sufficient attendance elsewhere, there grew up in the other courts a regular bar, made up of the apprentices of the law, the utter barristers of the Inns of Court, who were the 'Counsellors' of the suitors; but until a comparatively recent period the serjeants-at-law retained their precedence and preaudience in all matters except where the Crown was concerned, and until Lord Bacon's time the ordinary counsellors for the Crown were the King's Serjeants. There was no other representative of the Crown in the courts but the Attorney- and Solicitor-General.

Bacon, whose biographers describe him as soliciting almost every desirable office which court influence was likely to secure for him, succeeded, when an utter barrister of Gray's Inn, in obtaining the new office of Queen's Counsel Extraordinary invented for his special advantage. The new appointment took the bench and the bar by surprise, and the recollection of some of the circumstances seems never to have been a matter of pleasant reminiscence to Bacon, who in one of his letters labours to explain that the appointment was conferred on him '*honoris causâ*,' without patent, fee, or emolument, a kind of '*indivium vagum*.' Years after, when his great rival Coke had become Chief Justice, and Bacon got the long-solicited post of Attorney-General, we find in Bulstrode's Reports that when he was about to move the Court of King's Bench on some business not relating to the Crown, and a serjeant-at-law claimed to be heard first, Bacon was much disturbed, saying 'that he marvelled he would offer this to him.' But Chief Justice Coke said, 'No serjeant ought to move before the King's attorney when he moves for the King; but for other motions any serjeant-at-law is to move before him, and when I was the King's attorney I never offered to move before a serjeant, unless it was for the King.' In Bacon's advice to Villiers he goes out of his way to stand up in defence of the old Welsh judges, 'although not of the degree of the coif;' and when at last in 1616 he succeeded in obtaining the highest object of a lawyer's ambition—the Great Seal—we find him, as we are told by White-lock, having his fling at the coif. He said in a long discourse from

the woolsack: 'I have a fancy. It falleth out that there are ' three of us, the King's servants in great places, that are lawyers ' by descent—Mr. Attorney, son of a judge; Mr. Solicitor, ' likewise son of a judge, and myself, a chancellor's son. Now ' because the law roots so well in my time, I will water it at ' the root thus far. As besides these great ones, I will hear ' any judge's son before a serjeant.' On this, as on other occasions, before Bacon's unhappy degradation, we find proof of his ill-feeling to the serjeants-at-law, on whose legitimate province he had himself surreptitiously encroached.

The Order of the Coif was left without further innovation for many years after Bacon's fall; and it is remarkable that after the death of Charles I. writs were issued by the authority of Parliament for a call of serjeants, and Whitelock as Chief Commissioner of the Great Seal, in an elaborate speech set forth in his Memoirs, addressed to Serjeant St. John and the rest of his new brethren of the Coif, spoke of ' the desire of ' Parliament, in commanding the writs to issue, to manifest ' their resolution to continue and maintain the old settled form ' of government and laws of the kingdom.' Wynn gives the names of Serjeant Maynard and Sir Matthew Hale as two of the serjeants-at-law originally made during the Commonwealth, Serjeant Maynard being made the Protector's serjeant-at-law in 1658, and Hale's name appearing in the law reports of the time as a serjeant. After the Restoration the precedent afforded by Bacon's anomalous office was followed by the appointment of Francis North (afterwards Lord Keeper Guildford) as Counsel Extraordinary to the King, an appointment which caused an expression of dissatisfaction from the bar, who demurred to his assumed precedence, and, the judges taking part with the King's patent, there was what Roger North calls a ' dumb day' in Westminster Hall; upon which the second King's Counsel Extraordinary followed the example of the first in showing his resentment and enmity to the old order as opportunity occurred. There was, according to Roger North, a second ' dumb day' when his brother became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and took advantage of his position to introduce a further innovation on the privileges of the serjeants.

The practice commenced under such circumstances of appointing ' Counsel Extraordinary to the Crown ' was from time to time followed. At first the appointments were few and far between, and every one appointed was the *bonâ fide* official of the Crown. They had a salary of 40*l.* and certain allowances, with the briefs in certain cases affecting the revenue. At the beginning of the present century the whole number of her

Majesty's Counsel Extraordinary was under twenty for all the Courts of Chancery and Common Law. It seems to have been the opinion of Lord Chancellor Eldon that they ought not to exceed that number. Political influence had a good deal to do with such appointments in those days; and certainly the brightest of the bar were not always selected if they were opposed in politics to the Government. In these days it can hardly be said that great influence of any kind is needed for the purpose. Almost any barrister reputed to be in good practice can now get himself made one of her Majesty's Counsel, but without the old salary or perquisites, or any claim to be really engaged in her Majesty's service; and we must say, that the reckless manner in which the honour has been conferred for some time past, has deprived it of all claims to real distinction. Men of real merit would hardly condescend to solicit it, if it were not necessary to secure to them their due priority and rank at the bar. The present staff of Queen's Counsel is more than ten times the number of serjeants-at-law. There are now above two hundred patents in force appointing the donee one of her Majesty's Counsel Extraordinary, with precedence and pre-audience in all her Majesty's courts, immediately after the person named in the last previous patent. The effect of such a large number of patents, each conferring special precedence and pre-audience in her Majesty's courts, is a great anomaly. The serjeants-at-law derived from the common law precedence over all other members of the bar both in court and out of court, and pre-audience in all cases in which the Crown is not concerned. This position of the serjeants, as we have seen, in former times prevailed even against the Attorney- and Solicitor-General, to whom precedence and pre-audience were granted by orders in Council. No such course has been followed in the case of the Queen's Counsel Extraordinary. Their precedence and pre-audience in all the courts are derived merely from their several patents, and assuming that the legal effect of those patents is to place the last appointed Queen's Counsel over the heads of all the serjeants who have not patents, the legal position of the latter is made as insecure as can well be conceived, being liable to be shifted by each new patent issued by the Crown. As long as the number of these patents was limited, the inconvenience was small; but when the position of the serjeants was invaded by an incessant inroad of new comers, all privileged to walk over their heads, they were in fact extruded from the rank they had enjoyed for centuries, though the patents in question do not affect the general and social position of the old order.

The relations which from old times have existed between the serjeants-at-law and the judges have been dealt with in a more legal but not less peremptory manner by Parliament. The rule requiring the appointment only of members of the Order of the Coif for judges was based on a very old custom designed to provide a secure test of legal efficiency on the bench, stipulated for in Magna Charta and the Act of Edward III. as to Justices of Assize (14 Ed. III. c. 16). It was only in 1850 that the old law was altered in the case of the Circuit Commissions. By the recent Judicature Acts, the old Order of the Coif has been so far ignored as to dispense with it altogether in the appointment of judges. But as we have lived to see the Courts of Chancery, of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Admiralty swallowed up and transformed into mere divisions of the High Court of Justice, it is not surprising that the old order of serjeants should not survive the courts to which it belonged, and the formality by which every new judge was admitted to the Order of the Coif before he ascended the Bench, had become troublesome and ridiculous: the more so, as it removed him from the Inn of Court to which he properly belonged.

We can scarcely hope to convince lawyers of the old school that there has been much gain to the public in these various changes; but there is no question as to the treatment to which the serjeants have been subjected. To them, certainly, small justice has been meted out. Their old privileges have been taken from them, their position at the bar encroached upon, and their relations with the bench interrupted, and nothing by way of compensation has been provided for them. The royal mandate, which, in 1834, assumed to take away the old privileges of the serjeants in the Court of Common Pleas, contained a provision, by way of solace to the old order, that, in lieu of their exclusive audience in the Common Pleas, the existing members should have precedence and pre-audience in all the courts next after the staff of Queen's Counsel *then in existence*; but when that *coup d'état*, as it has been styled, was declared to be illegal, the Act of Parliament which was substituted for it, contained no such reservation, and the consequence has been that the oldest serjeant-at-law is placed behind the youngest Queen's Counsel. When it is remembered what sort of men Queen's Counsel now-a-days are, such a position is, it must be confessed, humiliating.

It would be idle to talk of 'personal compensation' to the members of the old Order of the Coif for their position being thus deteriorated. Nothing in the way of solace to the order

has been even attempted. The tendency has been lately in quite a contrary direction. Though the old rule of the English law was that all the judges should be chosen from the Order of the Coif, and though for ages after this had been evaded by barristers appointed judges obtaining the qualification of the coif at the moment of their appointment being received, it is remarkable that the old order continued to supply from its working members a fair proportion of men who found their way to the bench, yet the selection of serjeants for judges has suddenly stopped, probably because not many of the more eminent members of the bar have cared to become members of an order already shorn of so much of its dignity and of its privileges. A few years ago there were four out of the fifteen judges who had practised at the bar as serjeants; at this moment there is not one. Until a recent period there were four Queen's Serjeants. Though there are now so many Queen's Counsel, there is not one Queen's Serjeant. Even in the appointment of County Court judges it is remarkable that the present Government, with a considerable number of vacancies to fill up, have not thought well on any occasion to select a serjeant-at-law. It would be idle to remark that all this can hardly be due to the serjeants themselves. It is needless to make invidious comparisons between the serjeants and the more successful candidates for office. It may be a mere coincidence, but it is not the less true that the old order of late years has been slighted.

What has been brought about so recently by the sanction of Parliament cannot be reversed. The Order of the Coif can hardly be restored to its old position, but there is still a feeling that it should not be altogether abolished. The Lord Chancellor said last Session in the House of Lords that there was nothing to prevent the Crown from creating more serjeants, if it were thought expedient to confer the honour, and if there are members of the bar who desire it. But that can hardly be the case as long as the serjeants do not even rank with the Queen's Counsel. A badge of honour at the bar is as desirable as it ever was, and as little to be disregarded as in the Navy, the Army, the Civil Service, or the Church, or the literary or scientific professions. In the legal profession at present there is really, after all, but an insufficient substitute for the old honour of the coif. High office can fall to the lot of but a few among the immense crowd struggling for fame and position at the bar. The distinction of mere successful practice is inevitably evanescent, and it can hardly be said that to become merely one of a staff of two hundred Queen's Counsel is at this day a sufficient inducement for a sacrifice of any substantial advantages.

In Ireland the serjeants-at-law rank above all the Queen's Counsel, and we see no just reason why the members of the older order should in England be subject to have their legitimate place disturbed by incessant appointments of Queen's Counsel placed over their heads. The serjeants would have mere justice done them by their being placed according to their order of seniority on an equal footing with the Queen's Counsel — without prejudice, of course, to the existing rights of anyone — and they would thus be free from the incessant liability to be displaced by fresh patents conceded by the Crown. The serjeants should also have their fair share of the judicial and other appointments; but here all attempts to help the old order must stop. The Order of the Coif has a grand history. It deserves to be honoured in death as in its former life, but its fate is probably irretrievably settled.

ART. VII.—*Mr. Anthony Trollope's Novels*—1. *The Warden*. 1855. 2. *Barchester Towers*. 3. *The Bertrams*. 4. *Dr. Thorne*. 5. *Framley Parsonage*. 6. *The Last Chronicles of Barset*. 7. *Can You Forgive Her?* 8. *Orley Farm*. 9. *Phineas Finn*. 10. *Nina Balathra*. 11. *Linda Tressell*. 12. *The American Senator*. 1877. &c. &c.

WE have little hesitation in ascertaining that the present generation owes a larger debt of gratitude to Mr. Trollope than to any other writer of fiction, living or lately dead. In saying this, we believe that Mr. Trollope with his sound sense and professional intelligence is the last man to misunderstand us, or to imagine that we mean extravagant exaggeration of his merits. If he has laboured long and successfully in his special sphere, he has learned where that sphere has its limits. He has seldom attempted to go beyond the powers he is conscious of, or to soar a sustained flight in an atmosphere too refined for his pinions. He has not the genius either of pathos, or of humour, or of satire, though he is very far from being deficient in any of these invaluable gifts. He has never written a great work of romance that will survive as the lasting monument of his fame; but then again, under the influence of too ambitious aspiration, he has never advanced to the brilliant authorship that chills and dazzles the reader with its cold, hard polish: or puzzles him with its perpetual mystery of inscrutable moral enigmas. Unlike more eminent authors, too, whom it is unnecessary and might be invidious to name, Mr. Trollope has

never 'written himself out,' and, as we are glad to flatter ourselves, he shows no signs of doing so. His talent is emphatically of the serviceable order, and wears wonderfully well. There must obviously be a good deal of the mechanical about his assiduous literary toils, since he has been in the habit of delivering a regular supply of his work with most methodical precision. No doubt that must be essentially an affair of sound stamina and healthy temper. There are novelists of the highest rank who, as we know, have been able to count on themselves at all times with the confidence of experience. Walter Scott and Alexandre Dumas—we do not place the brilliant Frenchman on a par with the Magician of the North—are instances that will naturally suggest themselves. Scott in the plenitude of his power threw off the pages of 'The Anti-quary' apparently with the ease of a clerk or a copying machine; while Dumas dashed off the multitude of his literally historical 'romances' in the longer or shorter intervals of a life of bustling distractions. But Scott and Dumas, in their several ways, were geniuses of very singular capacity, and such rare exceptions merely serve to prove an almost universal rule. Mr. Trollope long pursued a regular occupation, and could only devote his official leisure to his voluminous literary work. The result is what might have been expected. His work is necessarily unequal; occasionally, in the urgency of rapid invention, he has been hurried away after some hastily conceived idea which almost foredoomed him to failure, since he would persist in following it up. But taking the broad average of the library of fiction he has written, we can only admire its sterling merit.

Mr. Trollope, perhaps from his official training, is the most business-like of novelists. He has systematically attended to his self-education, and has steadily benefited by his accumulating experiences. He has won his way by sustained exertion, and climbed the ladder of fame by slow degrees, with not unfrequent slips and stumbles. We may presume that he started with a faith in his vocation which was gradually confirmed by encouraging results. We do not profess to have mastered the exact chronology of the long list of his stories, nor do we know that some of his maiden productions may not have been consigned to oblivion. But the earliest of those that are to be found in the reprinted editions show no little of the promise of his future excellence. There is much shrewdness and quickness of perception as well as freshness in some of his Irish stories, the Kellys and O'Kellys, the Richmonds of Castle Richmond, the McDermots of Ballycloran, &c., which very evidently were drawn

from the life, and were the fruit of early experiences. But the young author has received an appointment in the Post Office, and he characteristically turns his observations among his companions and superiors to the purposes of his art. In 'The Three Clerks' we have a faithful photograph of the embryo stage of official existence with the young gentlemen of the upper middle class, who are to run for prizes in harness of red tape. There is life in 'The Three Clerks,' and a pretty accurate knowledge of certain limited phases of the world. The scapegrace Charlie is the fast man of a certain boyish set. He has honestly tried to believe he was enjoying himself in those haunts of vulgar dissipation that preceded the modern music-halls, but he feels that his fate is pointing a moral when he has to haggle over the renewal of insignificant bills in the back parlours of disreputable public-houses. At the same time even Charlie's genuine proclivities are all in favour of good; he and his more respectable friends show themselves pleasantly sensitive to softening female influences; and Mr. Trollope begins to inculcate the maxim that every well-regulated young man ought to marry. After 'The Three Clerks,' he fairly launched himself among those studies and pictures of English society, on whose inevitable monotony he has since rung the changes with an ingenuity almost as admirable as his industry.

To say that Mr. Trollope is unequal is only to repeat that he is a most prolific writer. To borrow the language of the ring, it is not given to the most vigorous of athletes to find himself invariably in tip-top condition, and when a man goes almost daily to his desk to labour there through long regular hours, both body and brain must fail him occasionally. Nor is it so easy always to hit off a happy idea that is susceptible of felicitous amplification into a novel of regulation length, although we are inclined to believe that with writers like Mr. Trollope that useful knack may be developed with practice. Now and then Mr. Trollope has given us a book like his 'Miss Mackenzie' or his 'Eustace Diamonds'—books that are very hard reading throughout; and once, at least, he has apparently laid himself out to alienate our sympathies and take liberties with good taste, as in that unfortunate production 'The Way we live now.' We do not know, however, that we need altogether object to the element of uncertainty that is mingled with our hopeful anticipations by such occasional failures. It gives an opening at any rate to those faculties of criticism which most professed novel-readers flatter themselves they have

acquired; and the book, instead of being read as a matter of course, is discussed with a certain animation and discrimination. While, on the other hand, we have always the consolation of knowing that a *fiasco* more or less complete has no permanent significance. If we may forecast anything from a failure, it will be a reasonable expectation that the next piece of the author's work will be decidedly above his average. Mr. Trollope worked up by slow degrees to his present eminence, but there he has sustained himself ever since he reached it, and, for all we can see to the contrary, there he is likely indefinitely to remain. A chance 'Miss Mackenzie' is far more than compensated by a 'Dr. Thorne' or a 'Framley Parsonage,' and while we are shaking our heads over a 'Eustace Diamonds,' he shows himself capable of higher work than we had hitherto credited him with, by something that is altogether charming like 'The Last Chronicles of Barset.'

Mr. Trollope is very much a man of the world, and a thorough Englishman to boot, who is equally familiar with the town and the country. He is no very profound or subtle analyst of human nature, and is content to deal with it pretty much as it shows upon the surface, although every now and then comes a more suggestive touch that does unexpected credit to his powers of penetration. He is no cabinet master who puts on a pair of microscopic glasses to bring out delicate refinements of light and shadow, luxuriating in exquisite touches of colouring. He is rather an artist of the Rubens stamp, who dashes off broad yet telling effects on long stretches of canvas; and, to complete the metaphor, he carries his leading figures through an assorted succession of works, as has been done by the great Fleming in his 'Marie de' Medici' series in the Louvre. Possibly that falling in love with his own creations may seem to savour of vanity, but we are rather disposed to set it down to self-knowledge, to a well-grounded self-assurance, and to the recognition of a sound artistic principle. It is needless to say that the more you live with your characters, the more they must become living and breathing individualities for you, and the more naturally must you reproduce them as you know them better. It is the common fault of English novelists, that their delineation of character is sketchy or haphazard. They mainly rely for the interest of their stories, if not on sensation, on incident and sprightliness; and thus the actors are made to stalk through their parts, addressing themselves to anything rather than the intellect. Even second and third rate French artists, on the contrary, at all events aspire after a more artistic ideal. Imitating excellent examples, they strive

to group their converging interests round some central figure in which they compress the mainsprings of the action; and the painstaking of their construction is generally rewarded in a measure, whatever may be their vices of thought and style. Mr. Trollope comes very near to similar results, although he reaches them by a more circuitous road. To so fluent and facile a writer the practice he has adopted is specially serviceable. It dispenses him from a vast expenditure of imagination; from the alternative either of laying himself open to the charge of repeating himself, or of running into extravagances in the chase after novelties. His conceptions as he first seizes them may be crude, but they rapidly take shape in his hands, and become palpable and sentient realities to him. As he comes to a better acquaintance with his people, their characters develop, and he easily works in those innumerable little touches that have made not a few of them so irresistibly lifelike.

Had his 'Barchester Towers' stood by itself, he would have won credit for a clever novel, and there would have been an end of it. Doubtless it is a book that will bear reading a second time, but it would have been a chance whether its readers would have cared to revert to it, unless pleasant recollections had been revived by catching sight of a reprint on a bookstall. Bishop Proudie and Archdeacon Grantley might have continued to carry on their feud, but, so far as most people were concerned, they would have been out of sight out of mind. As it is, the novel has fallen into its place in the sequence which has made us so thoroughly at home in the mixed society of Barchester. It is the introduction to 'Framley Parsonage' and 'Dr. Thorne,' in which we have the *carte du pays* at once, while our old sympathies and antipathies awaken among the familiar faces. We have not to go through the awkwardness of being ushered into a circle of strangers. On the contrary, we are delighted to renew our former acquaintanceships or intimacies; to remark how our friends are looking, and whether they have greatly changed since we saw them last. Nor is it a slight test of Mr. Trollope's tact and talent, that we almost invariably find them very much as we should have expected. It is not only that they have preserved their distinctive traits, that Archdeacon Grantley is as genially noisy and overbearing as ever, and Mrs. Proudie as domineeringly aggressive. But they are thoroughly true to themselves throughout, and the incidental indications of the characters of even very subordinate personages have seldom or never played us false. Take Lady de Courcy for instance. She merely flits across the pages of 'Barchester Towers;' but

the Lady de Courcy who takes the initiative with poor Mr. Thorne, abusing the roads to his house when she has nearly spoiled his party by her unpunctuality, is precisely the Lady de Courcy who makes prize of Mr. Crosbie, carrying matters with so high a hand with the betrothed of Lily Dale in 'The Small House at Allington.' Thus in 'London Society' and in those political novels that take us into the cabinets of ministers and the crowded receptions of their wives, we have always a pleasant home-feeling when we meet the Luftons or the Greshams in a crush. For they bring back the memory of pleasant days, and charm us with their allusions to happy old times.

Mr. Trollope is generally kindly and lenient, without laying himself open to the charge of untruthfulness; and after all it is always more agreeable to contemplate life in its genial aspects. In such unpleasant satires as 'The Way we live now,' he departs from his habit, and not to his advantage. But as a rule his social pictures are good-humoured and tolerant; and without either ignoring vice or extenuating it, it is his benevolent practice to make large excuses for the frailties and follies of human nature. He hints at such *livisons* as that of the Marchioness of Hartleap and his Grace of Omnium, for he knows that notorious scandals of the sort must have their place in the panorama of contemporary manners; but as a rule he takes care that our more immediate friends are guilty of nothing worse than indiscretions. We feel pretty sure, too, that he will stretch them a helping hand when they seem to be tottering on the brink of a catastrophe. Thus we are not intended to like the frigid Lady Dumbello; but setting Christian charity aside altogether, we should be sorry, as old friends of the Grantley family, were anything untoward to happen to her. And as yet we have little sympathy with the prim Mr. Palliser, and personally should care very little were he to fall out of his wealthy uncle's good graces. But Mr. Trollope means Mr. Palliser to improve on acquaintance, and he brings the good sense of the beauty to the rescue of the pair, and forces them to keep straight in spite of the gentleman. His books have this grand recommendation, that they show how popular a writer may become while dispensing with anything like vulgar sensation. There are but a couple of murders, so far as we remember, in the whole range of his novels, although it is very possible that our recollections may have played us false, since it is no slight tax upon the memory to recall the innumerable incidents he has invented. Then there is the forgery in 'Orley Farm;' but there Lady Mason's guilt, without

being palliated, is dexterously softened down by extenuating circumstances. While, generally speaking, we are excited by nothing more culpable than some such charge as was brought against the unfortunate Mr. Crawley, a charge which turns out to be absolutely groundless.

He seeks his unfailing sources of interest in his vivid pictures of English life, with their fresh yet realistic local colouring. As we have said already, he has stuck to the sound principle of *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. He has never sent his ambition fluttering after the conception of strange and erratic genius, nor has he stooped to inventing deformities of moral perversity. We meet every day of our lives with men and women like his, only he lets us see them as they seem to themselves; tears off such flimsy masks as are worn by everybody, and interests us by an insight into those family secrets that few people care to publish if they can help it. He shows us how very little need go to an entertaining story, and that the experiences of the most apparently commonplace individuals may make excellent material for the clever novelist. A very ordinary love-affair, whose shallow flow is merely obstructed by the most trifling everyday obstacles, may be more exciting, because far more real, than a grand and guilty passion with intrigue, daggers, and death. In the one case we are invited to look on at a drama that rises to regions purely imaginary and altogether beyond the range of our personal experience. In the other the reader, with no conscious effort, can slip into the place of hero or heroine. This is the secret of the lasting charm of Miss Austen's novels. She was the greatest mistress of the art of domestic fiction who has appeared in English literature. We know all her personages. We have lived with them. Yet we return continually with fresh pleasure to their society.

We need hardly say, however, that the art of ever-entertaining repetition is far less easy than it might seem at first sight. Mr. Trollope has had a multiplicity of imitators, but no successful rivals in his particular line. Realism slightly idealised is his guiding law; yet the imagination must play no insignificant part in it. It not only lays on the colours, but defines the outlines of the sketches and traces the salient features. It is always busy filling in those suggestive details which combine to constitute romance by perpetuating sensations of illusion. Take the pains to examine those dialogues by Mr. Trollope which occupy so large a space in his works. Select a single one of them almost at random, and you will pronounce it a piece of faithful reporting and a creditable effort of the

memory. To all appearance there is really very little in it; no brilliant bits of epigram or stinging repartees; very possibly not a single line that is pointed enough to be worth the quoting. Yet if half the people we come across could but talk as well, how much more lively society would be. And when we have come to the end of the book, if we care to recall our impressions of it, we shall find that it is the undefinable qualities of that talk which have given us so hearty an interest in the speakers. What must originally have been a gift with Mr. Trollope has grown into a habit. Here we have a middle-aged or elderly gentleman worming himself into the hearts and confidences of young ladies, and identifying himself with the innermost workings of their minds; and a very remarkable phenomenon it is. If manifold theoretical experience and an assumption of ready sympathy could make a trustworthy guide and confidant in love-affairs, Mr. Trollope might stand father confessor to the spinsterhood of feminine England.

That would certainly not be the case, were there any dash of mawkish sentimentality in him. But the fibres in his nature are essentially manly. His favourite heroes are seldom intellectual prodigies; and although, in the natural course of things, they must have their fits of lovelorn sentiment, there always comes a healthy reaction. Even his Phineas Phinn, who is to make his way to high political destinies, depends as much on his handsome person and strong self-assurance as on his brains, and is represented as a hard-riding, ready-handed Irishman. Mr. Trollope is thoroughly at home in country houses, and throws himself heartily into country pursuits. His favourites among the squires keep open house according to their means and sometimes beyond them; for, as we gather from his early works, he is an admirer of old Irish hospitality. They stick to venerable vintage port, turning up their noses at claret, and think all the better of a youthful friend who is not too ready to leave them for the ladies. They take a pride in their ancestral seats, like Mr. Gresham, Mr. Dale, Mr. Thorn, or throw themselves enthusiastically into agriculture and cattle-breeding, like Lord de Guest. They have generally something good in their stables, look closely after their foxes, and like to show well-mounted at the cover-side, although they may avail themselves of their topographical knowledge in a burst instead of taking the straightest line across country. Mr. Trollope himself is evidently a hunting man. There is no matter in which he makes his country gentlemen concern themselves more heartily than the preservation of foxes—indeed

it furnishes some of the leading episodes to his latest novel; and in 'Phineas Phinn' and elsewhere he carries us through many a run with equal knowledge and spirit. At the same time, it is not only in field sports that he makes his heroes distinguish themselves. Success in these is but the evidence of higher capabilities in a manly race; and a finer courage and a nobler endurance may be shown in the strain and contest of politics. It is Mr. Trollope's opinion that public life is the legitimate field of every Englishman's aspirations; and that a seat in Parliament and success in the House should be the fitting climax of the career of every one who is conscious of the necessary powers. He has figured himself as an unsuccessful candidate, and selfishly we have no reason to regret his disappointment. And although we do not think that his political novels are by any means the most satisfactory specimens of his work, yet undoubtedly they would make both pleasant and profitable reading for the foreigner who desires an insight into our political institutions.

Before passing on to notice some of the novels in more detail, we are bound to say a word or two as to some of their blemishes. The three-volume system has been Mr. Trollope's bane, and he has marred some of his very best work by falling into the snare of book-making. There is, for example, 'The Last Chronicles of Barset.' It is our deliberate opinion that the story itself exhibits more real genius than any he has written. But while our minds are filled as they ought to be with the love-affairs of Major Grantley and Grace Crawley, we are forcibly distracted at regular intervals to a singularly uninteresting group of personages. The Dobbs Broughtons and the Musselboro's and John Eames' dull entanglement with the objectionable Miss Desmoulins have no more to do with the real narrative than an *émeute* in Paris or a revolution in Japan. But we can only presume that Mr. Trollope had to write to some regulation length, and felt bound to make a certain tale of bricks, possibly to his immediate gain, but certainly to the injury of his reputation. So he too frequently lays himself out to expatiate on some point which might apparently have been exhausted and dismissed in a couple of sentences. A young woman is thinking of her adored one, or brooding over something in his behaviour which makes her miserable; or she is pausing in hesitation, as is so often the case, between a couple of more or less eligible admirers. Mr. Trollope is not content with turning her mind outside in for microscopic examination, but he registers the course of her reflections for us again and again with results that are

almost identical. We may quote his 'Rachel Ray' as a case remarkably in point, where he spins a tolerably long and very slightly tangled skein out of the most slender material. A warm-hearted and good-looking but rather ordinary young woman reciprocates the impulsive passion of an *employé* in a local brewery, and through a couple of volumes, to her sorrow, they are separated by a most transparent misunderstanding. That is positively all, and it would have made matter for a tolerably amusing *novelette*. But the proof of the tediousness which so often tires you, and which is assuredly no part of his nature, lies in attempting to read his novels aloud. Some of them will bear it far better than others—chiefly those that, like 'Orley Farm,' have a real plot which needs room to develop itself, and consequently dispenses with the necessity for digressions. But in three cases out of four you are struck with the perpetual recurrence of similar trains of thought, and the iteration of obvious ideas which are scarcely even superficially transmogrified. We may add that there are few writers more addicted to the abuse of conspicuous mannerisms, and mannerisms which, though they may be trivial and unmeaning, are apt to grate disagreeably on the ear.

We may link 'The Warden' and 'Barchester Towers' together, since they form in reality but a single story. Very deservedly they gave an extraordinary impulse to their author's popularity. He was doubly fortunate in the choice of his subject, for it not only appealed strongly to the fancy of many of his readers, but proved to be peculiarly suited to his talents. The books were ecclesiastical, but although the general tone was excellent, they were only very indirectly religious. He did not fall into the mistake of inventing unnatural ideals, assuming perfections that do not exist, and perverting the truth in writing for edification. A fair proportion of his clergymen were men worthy of regard; some of them were deserving of reverence. But he did not assume that the clerical caste was piously irreproachable in virtue of its consecration. In short, he drew his clergymen as men like ourselves, who were sorely tried by their special temptations, and who had at least their share of human frailties while they were held in the fetters of human ambitions. So that there was no lack of decorous sensation, the more so that the calm of the old establishment was being rudely disturbed by gusts of innovation. The spirit of reform was abroad, setting the pens of profane journalists in motion, and awakening timid and scrupulous consciences like the Warden's to a novel and agitating

sense of their responsibilities. Dignitaries like Archdeacon Grantley, born to domineer and animated by something of the temper of a Becket, saw the foundations of their authority rudely shaken by enemies they could not venture to ignore. It became a question whether the venerable bulwarks of the existing state of things were as solid for resistance as had been believed, when they were fiercely assailed by the Bolds and the Slopes. But even if faith began to fail as position after position was carried, the good fight had to be fought out with courage. And in describing the campaign and its vicissitudes Mr. Trollope showed the indispensable technical acquaintance with the secular side of ecclesiastical affairs; and, what was more to the purpose, he established his reputation as a discriminating observer of human nature. As for his own favourite fields of love, marriage, and family anxieties, in these he might revel to his heart's content. For every priest in orders must make it a duty to marry, and consequently has full license to flirt, whatever other recreations may be denied him; in the dignified society of a cathedral town, there must be some eligible *partis* and many divines with marriageable daughters; while as clergymen, listening to advisers like Mr. Trollope, will marry in imprudent haste to starve and hope in meagre preferments, they are likely enough to experience the fate of Mr. Quiverful, and, overweighted with a burden of domestic cares, scramble unscrupulously for the loaves and fishes.

If Mr. Trollope is a thoroughly English writer, there is something especially English in his 'Barchester Towers.' Even Englishmen who have no love for establishments, if they have any tinge of poetry or romance in their composition must have acknowledged the impression of the air of dignity and refinement that seems to haunt the seclusion of the cathedral close. You see nothing resembling it anywhere else. There are historical and mediæval associations in the arches and sculptured gateways, the gargoyles and the flying buttresses. Often nature has been prodigal of her beauties, and, even when nature has done little, man has done much. There are shrubberies and fish-ponds and old garden walls laden with masses of creepers and ivy, and colonies of rooks cawing overhead in the branches of the venerable trees. There may be croquet or lawn tennis going forward on the close-shaven turf, while jolly priests look on complacently as they chat with the wives of their clerical brethren, and all, in short, is as different as possible from the splendid austerity of the precincts of the

continental cloister, where celibacy reigns supreme and gaiety and the graces are conspicuous by their absence. We could imagine, for instance, that Mr. Trollope had sketched his Barchester from recollections of Durham, though he has thrown in his descriptive touches incidentally, instead of giving a finished and formal picture. But nothing can well be more picturesquely suggestive than such a stroll as the pretty Mrs. Bold was persuaded to take in company of the Stanhopes, when they passed along the wooded banks of the winding stream, to look up from the vantage-point of the venerable bridge to the overhanging trees in the Warden's garden. Genuinely English, too, is the wealthy squire-parson's substantial residence at Plumpstead Episcopi, as is the delightful little country vicarage of St. Ewold's, which only needs some judicious improvements to be an ideal retreat for a cultivated gentleman who does not object to devoting his leisure to the flock that is scattered among the homesteads in the woodlands.

Ullathorne again, with its old-fashioned inmates, is one of those scenes that Mr. Trollope delights to dilate upon—scenes to which he always returns with renewed zest, and a freshness that is marvellous considering their frequency. The squire who can trace a direct descent to the Saxon times, who 'opens his eyes with a delightful look of affected surprise' if he hears anybody talk of an 'old' baronetcy, has good reason to be proud of the ancestral habitation which he is so slow to transform with modern alterations. We can recall half a dozen old English manor-houses with which we are more or less familiar as we look on the venerable walls of the quadrangle, 'built of cut stone, rudely cut indeed and now much worn, but of a beautiful rich tawny yellow colour, the effect of that 'stonecrop of minute growth, which it had taken three centuries 'to produce.' We seem to see the interior of the grand entrance hall which at the same time has always done duty for a dining-room, with the stupendous fireplace, constructed originally to receive half a cartload of wood, but where some compromise has been made with more modern notions of comfort, by introducing a portentous grate that holds about a hundredweight of coal. It is men of the stamp of the Squire of Ullathorne who give and take colour from their surroundings, and in the telling strokes that define them Mr. Trollope is particularly happy. The idea of that clinging to old ways and traditions while involuntarily compounding with new-fangled habits, is carried with strict consistency through our whole acquaintance with the Thornes, as in the state

entertainment given in honour of the installation of the new vicar, when Miss Thorne's revival of old English sports is described with very considerable humour.

It is the people, and especially the clerical personages, who give the character to the story. We get just a retrospective glimpse of the quiet old times when good Dr. Grantley occupied the palace, an easy-going and venerable gentleman, the embodiment of tolerant benevolence, spending his great resources with princely liberality ; providing for those of his own household by bestowing pluralities of preferment on his son ; sitting down to his quiet rubber of an evening with his intimates ; seeing no sort of harm in it all, and lying down on a peaceful deathbed with an untroubled conscience. Then followed the days of change, evil days as they were regarded by the archdeacon and the autocrats of the diocese. Dr. Grantley the younger, bitterly disappointed in his expectations of succeeding to his father's place, rallies the comfortably established conservatives of the old *régime* for the battle with those who have been sent to trouble the peace of the diocese. The contrast between Dr. Grantley and his antagonists is admirable ; and though it may be said that Mrs. Proudie and Mr. Slope are in some degree caricatured, on the whole it seems to us that Mr. Trollope has thrown upon his stage a light that is impartial as well as humorous. More prominence is given to the weaknesses and foibles of the combatants than to their virtues or merits. We seldom see much of the archdeacon except when he is disposed to be wrongheaded and far more bellicose than is befitting a minister of the Christian religion ; and though Mr. Trollope reminds us from time to time of his domestic virtues and the staunchness of his friendships, yet it is the unamiable side of his character with which we are more intimately concerned. So with the Proudie family. We may admit that it is almost impossible to exaggerate the disagreeable qualities of the hen-pecked bishop's immortal consort. But even as Mr. Trollope would represent her, we discover in the end that this terrible woman was better than we believed. It is only at the very last, in her tardy remorse in 'The Last Chronicles of Barsest,' that we fully realise the hard struggle Mrs. Proudie had to wage with her unregenerate nature, and we feel that in our repugnance and unsparing condemnation we have been doing her some injustice. Temptations that were too strong have utterly spoiled her. As the wife of a political churchman promoted to a see, her ambition and lust for power had almost swallowed her womanly affection. Had her husband not been so foolishly weak, she would never have been so selfishly over-

bearing. But according to her lights she had been doing her duty by him, and it was as much his fault as hers that her lights had gradually grown clouded. Then, had he only remained a bachelor, the bishop might have closed a distinguished career in the flush of success, and in the odour of sanctity. Had he married a different woman, he might have asserted his marital supremacy, and even been looked up to with loving reverence. He was an able man, largely gifted with tact, and he ought to have done credit to the choice of the statesman who singled him out for the episcopacy. But the consciousness of his domestic servitude cowed his courage, even before the doubly fatal blow was dealt in his famous interview with the Rev. Dr. Tempest; and so the wedded life of the pair is a most clever satire on the consequences of an ill-assorted marriage; while Mrs. Grantley is made to illustrate the power of the '*suaviter in modo*' in contradistinction to Mrs. Proudie with her '*fortiter in re*.'

Indeed the series of contrasts is among the most effective features of the novels. In the competition for Hiram's Hospital the Rev. Mr. Harding has but a poor chance with Mr. Quiverful, whose natural scruples and delicacy are blunted by the promptings of his overtasked wife and the clamouring of their hungry brood. The Stanhope family, denationalised and demoralised by prolonged residence abroad, throw lively if garish lights across the solemn sobriety of Barchester society. And then, above all, we have Low Church and High Church in Mr. Slope and Mr. Arabin, polemical antagonists who have nothing in common except the single bond of their common consecration. Mr. Arabin is a gentleman and a high churchman to the finger-nails, whose dissipation at the University had taken the shape of speculative license in thought and opinion, and who had a very narrow escape from following Dr. Newman in his secession. Notwithstanding distinguished manners and some acquaintance with the world, his escape from becoming a confirmed 'prig' had been still narrower. But he is still within the reach of salvation when he makes the acquaintance of the fascinating Eleanor Bold; and accordingly Mr. Trollope seizes the opportunity of illustrating the blessed effects of a congenial marriage. Arabin becomes the head of a cheerful household in place of shrivelling up in his library at St. Ewold's while bombarding his enemies with crushing articles. In connexion with Mr. Arabin we may remark by the way what may seem to be a striking proof of Mr. Trollope's literary forethought. We hear merely casually of a certain old college acquaintance who had been singularly helpful to the perplexed divine in the critical life-struggle that decided his creed. So

far as we remember, the name is not even mentioned ; but that anonymous counsellor is Mr. Crawley, the perpetual curate of Hogglegstock, whose family fortunes fill so great a space in ' Framley Parsonage ' and the ' Chronicles of Barset.'

Mr. Slope in every respect is the exact opposite of Arabin. Arabin's nature is retiring, and although controversy in public has become easy to him from force of habit, yet his modesty is taxed, and he has to make a call upon his courage, even when he reads himself into his country parish. Mr. Slope is essentially brazen and pushing ; he knows nothing of timidity, and has no conception of bashfulness, unless when his personal vanity is humiliated, or when the revengeful Signora Neroni takes her bitter revenge upon him for his fickleness. We must pronounce him a finished and forcible, if a very disagreeable study. Once give us the clue to his character, and there is no difficulty in following it up ; we find the motives of his conduct on the surface of his nature, even when his behaviour at first sight is improbable and exaggerated. He is quick enough and shrewd enough, but his schemes are repeatedly baffled, because the circumstances of his rapid rise have thrown him among ladies and gentlemen. He is capable of assuming many parts, in a hypocrisy that we may charitably suppose to be half unconscious ; but he can never successfully assume the part of a gentleman, because he has no conception of a gentleman's feelings. He is a man who might have made his way to the highest places in those dissenting communions with which Mrs. Oliphant has made us so familiar ; but in the Church of England he is all abroad. He chiefly owed his early successes to his aptitude in playing the parasite to such a patroness as Mrs. Proudie ; but his conceit and audacity prove his bane, and must infallibly have brought him to shipwreck sooner or later. We shall not dwell upon the ladies and the love-making, *à propos* to these particular novels. Mrs. Bold's behaviour is extremely natural. Her rejections of Mr. Slope and of Bertie Stanhope are told with equal truth and spirit ; but, after all, the demure flirtation of a well-dowered widow with a bashful middle-aged divine can do but very imperfect justice to the delicacy of Mr. Trollope's amatory touch.

We believe that his story of ' The Bertrams ' followed ' Barchester Towers.' Like nine-tenths of his books, it is exceedingly readable, but we notice it in passing as one of those that impress us with the notion of hasty conception. Once fairly launched he writes brightly and fluently as usual, but the merits, such as they are, may be said to be negative.

We are interested by fits and starts, episodically and in separate chapters. There is no sense of completeness in the plot, and, although we may wrong a most systematic writer, we greatly doubt whether he knows his own mind as to what is to happen even in the immediate future. It is certain that not a single character leaves either distinct or agreeable impressions behind. Many of them are meant to be repulsive or eccentric: as, for example, the niggardly, crotchety Mr. Bertram; his spendthrift brother, the venerable *roué*; and Harcourt, the brilliant but base-minded lawyer, whose rapid professional advancement, by the way, is almost as incredible as its sudden collapse. As for Arthur Wilkinson, he is weak; and George Bertram, who figures as the hero, with all the noble qualities of his nature, is captious, self-conceited, and most perversely impracticable. In spite of the graces of her manner and the charms of her Juno-like person, her hard common sense and the cold glitter of her intellect make it impossible to share Bertram's love for Miss Waddington; nor can we either blame or pity him greatly when he breaks off his first engagement with her. There is a stronger touch of vulgarity, too, than seems either natural or necessary about the elderly ladies of the Littlebath Society; and altogether 'The Bertrams' is an unsatisfactory novel, though the worst the critic can fairly say of it is that, in his opinion, the whole design is a mistake.

Nowhere, by the way, has Mr. Trollope inculcated more uncompromisingly his pet doctrine of the propriety of matrimony in almost any conceivable circumstances when the lovers are young, with the world before them, and any glimmer of decent prospects ahead. 'Ah! young ladies, sweet young ladies,' he ejaculates parenthetically, 'dear embryo mothers of our England' 'as it will be, think not overmuch of your lovers' incomes. 'He that is true and honest will not have to beg his bread, neither his nor yours. The true and honest do not beg their bread, though it may be that for a while they cut it without much butter. But what then? If a wholesome loaf on your tables, and a strong arm around your waists, and a warm heart to lean on cannot make you happy, you are not the girls for whom I take you.' Though we have the highest authority for believing that the children of the righteous never beg their bread, yet we are by no means sure that experience tells us that even personal honesty and energy assure one a credit with the baker. Health may fail, and families will come to 'the embryo mothers of England,' and the best of wives are not free from the temptation of doing as they have always been

used to do, and dressing after the station they have been born in. So earnest a preacher as Mr. Trollope assumes a responsibility proportioned to his popularity and the unmistakable strength of his personal convictions; and here is a doctrine which we should fancy might make careful mothers hesitate as to putting these pleasant stories of his 'into the hands of young people.'

If the author gained little reputation by 'The Bertrams,' he more than recovered himself in 'Dr. Thorne' and 'Framley Parsonage.' On the former, indeed, so far as its pretensions go, it would be difficult to bestow excessive praise. The power of condensation is neither Mr. Trollope's forte nor aim, but in 'Dr. Thorne' there is little writing that we would spare. In the pleasant chatty style which comes so easily to him, he introduces us to an unusual variety of characters, yet it is just such a mixed society as one might meet in such a neighbourhood as Greshambury. On Dr. Thorne himself and his niece Mary Mr. Trollope has expended no ordinary pains with the art that is artful in concealing itself and an apparent absence of effort. The Doctor is inimitable in the self-respect and independence with which he fills a somewhat ambiguous position. He is never false to himself or to the consistency of his conception. He is not polished in his manners, he is straightforward, not to say blunt, in his speech, but he is never to be mistaken for anything but a gentleman. He is represented not only as a clever physician, but as an exceedingly clear-headed man of business, and he always acts so as to sustain that character. His clear head guides him safely through intricate affairs that lie wide of his professional beat; he carries himself well in the most embarrassing situations; he comes off with the honours of war in sharp encounters of wit and tongue, whether with his jealous professional rivals or supercilious ladies of fashion. In short he takes his natural place as standing counsellor to his friends and patients from the long-descended squire of Greshambury to the rough, self-made millionaire at Boxall Hill. His pretty niece has almost a more difficult part to play, after she has succumbed to her obvious destiny and fallen in love with the heir to the encumbered Greshambury acres. Assuredly Mr. Trollope has a happy knack of making his young ladies very loveable, which is the best excuse for their becoming the objects of those imprudent passions that are the framework of his stories. As Mary was pretty and attractive, and otherwise singularly ineligible, it was inevitable that Frank Gresham should grow fond of her. But when she and other people had discovered

that her heart was irrecoverably lost to him, her life became as trying as can well be imagined, and Mr. Trollope has worked at the story of her troubles with more than his accustomed skill. The more constant her lover, the more she loves him, and the more impossible does it become that they shall ever marry. For it is being perpetually dinned into her ears that a penniless match would be fatal to him, and how can she bring him as her only dower the final ruin of his family fortunes? The ardent advances she is constrained to repel tantalize and torment this feminine St. Anthony, and the apprehension that her assumed coldness may be misconstrued mixes additional bitters in her melancholy. Moreover, to her sensitive delicacy, the circumstances are singularly trying. By education and manners she is at least the equal of the Gresham girls, who have been her playmates and intimates from childhood. But as for her birth, she scarcely can say that she has even a title to the name she bears, for she is the illegitimate daughter of a brother of the doctor's. And when she is half-banished from the little country circle of which she has hitherto been a welcome member, her pride or self-respect leaves her little to fall back upon but the sympathy of her uncle, who aggravates her griefs by suffering so intensely from them. We are assured, of course, that all is to come right in the end, nor are we troubled by any serious anxiety about her. But in her Mr. Trollope gives a vivid idea of one of those every-day dramas of misery which are all the more grievous to the victim, that neither her nearest nor dearest realise half her wretchedness. It is never very easy to select extracts for quotation from Mr. Trollope. He seldom sparkles in short telling passages: his strength, as we have said, is in the breadth of his effects; and to do bare justice to his manner, we should be inclined to borrow from him by pages. The critical passages in his love-making are rarely either very epigrammatic or romantic. He knows that an Englishman, when he feels earnestly, is not in the habit of hazarding poetical flights, and, as a rule, a timid young woman falls back as far as possible on the eloquence of silence when she knows she is disposing of her fate. But as the courtship of Frank Gresham and Mary Thorne is a favourable specimen of his imaginative powers, we are tempted to quote something of the decisive interview in which the lady was finally prevailed upon to yield her consent to an engagement. There is a pleasant dash of fun, too, in the notion of mounting her upon a donkey. In consideration of the exigencies of our space, we must leave many a hiatus in the narrative.

“He did pluck up his courage, and then rushed at once to the attack.

“Mary,” said he; and as he spoke, he put his hand on the donkey’s neck, and looked tenderly into her face. He looked tenderly, and, as Mary’s ear at once told her, his voice sounded more soft than it had ever sounded before. “Mary, do you remember the last time that we were together?”

“Mary did remember it well. It was on that occasion when he had tenderly held her hand; on that day when according to law he had become a man. . . . Mary did remember it well, but how was she to speak of it? “It was your birthday, I think,” said she.

“Yes, it was my birthday. I wonder whether you remember what I said to you then?”

“I remember that you were very foolish, Mr. Gresham.”

“Mary, I have come to repeat my folly—that is, if it be folly. I told you then that I loved you, and I dare say that I did so awkwardly, like a boy. Perhaps I may be just as awkward now, but you ought at any rate to believe me when you find that a year has not altered me.”

“Mary did not find him at all awkward, and she did believe him. But how was she to answer him?”

“The poor fellow got so far, looking apparently at the donkey’s ears, with hardly a gasp of hope in his voice, and he so far carried Mary with him that she also had hardly a gasp of hope in her heart. There he paused, and then, looking up in her face, he spoke but one word more—“But,” said he, and there he stopped. It was all clearly told in that ‘but.’ Thus would he do if Mary should declare that she did not care for him. If, however, she could bring herself so to declare, then he was ready to throw father and mother to the winds; then would he stand his ground; then would he look all other difficulties in the face, sure that they might be finally overcome. Poor Mary! The whole onus of settling the matter was thus thrown upon her. She had only to say that he was indifferent to her;—that was all.”

Mary, who has strength of mind with all her feminine softness, is equal to the occasion. She has suffered and made her lover suffer, but when she is assured his life’s happiness is at stake, she tells herself that she owes something to him, and something also to herself. Enough has been yielded to family reasons and parental objections. At last she lets her heart speak, although her lips are still silent.

“*Si jeunesse savait!* . . . There is so much in that wicked old French proverb! Had Frank known more about a woman’s mind—had he, that is, been forty-two instead of twenty-two—he would have at once been sure of his game, and have felt that Mary’s silence told him all he wished to know.

“Mary, Mary!” said Frank, throwing his arms round her knees as she sat upon her steed, and pressing his face against her body, “Mary, you were always honest; be honest now. I love you with all my heart. will you be my wife?”

‘But still Mary said not a word. She no longer bit her lips. She was beyond that, and was now using all her efforts to prevent her tears from absolutely falling on her lover’s face. She said nothing. She could no more rebuke him now, and send him from her, than she could encourage him. She could only sit there shaking and crying, and wishing she were on the ground. Frank, on the whole, rather liked the donkey. It enabled him to approach nearer to an embrace than he might have found practicable had they been both on their feet. The donkey himself was quite at his ease, and looked as though he were approvingly conscious of what was going on behind his ears.

“One word, Mary, one little word. There, if you will not speak, there is my hand. If you will have it, let it lie in yours—if not, push it away.” So saying, he managed to get the end of his fingers on to her palm, and there it remained unrepulsed. *La jeunesse* was beginning to get a lesson; experience, when duly sought after, sometimes comes early in life.

‘In truth Mary had not strength to push the fingers away.

“My love, my own, my own!” said Frank, presuming on this very negative sign of acquiescence. “My life, my own one, my own Mary!” and then the hand was caught hold of and was at his lips, before an effort could be made to save it from such treatment.

“Mary, look at me; say one word to me.”

‘There was a deep sigh, and then came the one word—“Oh, Frank!”

“Mr. Gresham, I hope I have the honour of seeing you quite well,” said a voice close to his ear.’

The portrait of Sir Roger Scatcherd is so speaking, that we believe it to have been painted closely from the life. The very type of the successful contractor who has raised himself from the ranks in spite of his vices by sheer physical and intellectual power, the salient features in his individuality are far too marked to be rubbed down by contact with his altered circumstances. Notwithstanding the value he sets upon his wealth to the last, he takes more pride in the magnificent physique by which he first began to assert his ascendancy. There is much that is at once characteristic and terrible in the death-bed scenes, where he lies hugging the brandy-bottle that has been his bane, boasting of the quantity of spirits he could swallow in his best days; yet warning the son, whom he has ruined by his solitary weakness, against that besetting sin of his own, which made his example clash with his preaching. Sir Roger’s appearances before the Barchester electors give much of their animation to the humours of the contested election. One of themselves, and professing himself ostentatiously vain of his humble origin, he is the very man to win the ears of the working-classes if he does not catch their votes. His pluck is undeniable: he is always equal to the

occasion ; and is just as indifferent to a coarse personality as to such material missiles as dead cats or brickbats.

In 'Framley Parsonage' also the interest centres, of course, in a country parish. Framley is in the diocese of Barchester. But in 'Framley Parsonage' Mr. Trollope breaks fresh ground. We are still in one sense in 'the best' country society, but many of its members are far from irreproachable. Lady Lufton is the incarnation of respectability, and a very captivating elderly lady, although she has her fancies and her prejudices. Mark Roberts, the rector, living in his delightful parsonage with his charming wife and sister, though he touches pitch is but slightly defiled by it, and young Lord Lufton's sowing of wild oats may be very easily forgiven him. But the private life of the unapproachable Duke of Omnium will hardly bear close investigation ; and as for Mr. Sowerby of Chaldicotes, he is a very black sheep indeed, and the more dangerous because a thorough 'good fellow.' We press but lightly upon Roberts when he is betrayed into the indiscretions that hang a millstone round his neck, seeing that it is Sowerby who plays the tempter. We follow Sowerby and Roberts to their interviews with such bloodsucking bill discounters as the Tozers, tenth-rate financiers, who seem as much out of place in the idyllic story of such a paradise as Framley as the vipers you may find lurking among the rose-leaves. Sowerby may be a great sinner, but it is impossible not to feel a certain kindness for him, and yet Mr. Trollope cannot be said to play fast and loose with his sins. They are shown up unsparingly, and the punishment is very heavy, when he forfeits the standing he inherited from his fathers, and has to go as a beggar from the home to which he is really attached.

Mark Roberts is very far from being a clergyman of Mr. Trollope's invention, for in truth he is an exact reproduction of the men whose lines have fallen to them in many a snug family living. But there is decided originality about him, so far as the clergymen of fiction are concerned. These range generally between the devout and hard-working divine and the easy incumbent of the old school who took the office of the priest for a piece of bread, and seldom cared to have it supposed that he had a higher purpose. Mark is a man of the world. He takes his tone too easily from his company ; and though he talks the gossip of the world at Chaldicotes, and is unparsonically knowing in horseflesh, yet having fortunately an excellent wife and a decidedly religious lady patroness, he discharges the duties of his parish conscientiously, and is anything but a hypocrite in the composition of his sermons. He

likes to have everything nice about his stables, and to have a good horse to carry him. He likes occasionally to have a look at the hounds; he enjoys the gayer country society more than is altogether befitting. But when he is sternly but lovingly reproved by Mr. Crawley, whom he has been in the habit of looking down upon socially, he bows to the justice of the rebuke submissively, accepting its severity. One moment Mr. Roberts is pressing kidneys and eggs on Mr. Crawley at his hospitable breakfast table, half apprehending the purpose of the unwelcome visitation; then a little later he is pleading conscience-stricken for leniency in his visitor's judgment, and all is perfectly natural and consistent.

We shall say nothing of the wooing of Lucy Roberts by Lord Lufton. It is a repetition of the story of a match that is unwelcome to the friends of the gentleman, though in this case the gentleman can afford to please himself in place of being driven to marry for money; and though the tale is pleasantly told, and Lucy will make an admirable wife, we half agree with her future mother-in-law that she is 'insignificant.' But what shortcomings there may be in that respect, so far as the heroine is concerned, are more than made up for by Miss Dunstable and her offers. We made the acquaintance of the wealthy heiress of the patentee of the Oil of Lebanon in 'Dr. Thorne,' and in 'Framley Parsonage' she meets her fate in the person of Dr. Thorne himself, after rejecting the master of Chaldicotes. Miss Dunstable gave us a glimpse of the feminine feelings she so studiously conceals when she refused Frank Gresham at Courcy Castle. She saw that he had been prompted by his designing relatives; that he had carried out with boyish awkwardness what he regarded partly as a joke and partly as a *corvée*. So, after reproaching him with real emotion, she consents to kiss (metaphorically speaking) and be as good friends as ever. She receives Mr. Sowerby's proposals in a very different way. Naturally they do not flatter her in any sense. But she has been in the habit of being hunted by adventurers; she is not to be surprised or put out; and there is so much drollery in her reception of her friend Mrs. Harold Smith's vicarious wooing for her brother, that that sympathetic lady, although serious enough, cannot contrive to keep her gravity. When Mrs. Smith says that the marriage would be a very good thing, she is forced by Miss Dunstable to avow that she means a very good thing for her brother, and in saying so she cannot help smiling, and in smiling she finally lays aside all pretence. We should say that the elderly heiress was doomed to perpetual spinsterhood,

for few men are likely to love her for herself, and she is becoming morbidly incredulous of honest intentions. But Mr. Trollope's inveterate propensity for matchmaking comes in to arrange a sensation for us. It would be in discordance with all his dearest theories if so deserving and amiable a woman were to go down to a spinster's grave simply because she had been cursed with an enormous fortune. So he brings our friend Dr. Thorne forward, and sets more softly insinuating agencies to work than the intrigues of the clever Mrs. Harold Smith. Dr. Thorne is led or coaxed to the proposing point; all his antecedents speak loudly in his favour, for he is about the only man of whom it may be believed that he rather regards the lady's riches as a drawback. He is accepted because, at all events, she relies upon his friendship, and doubtless she persuades herself with some reason that his well-reasoned friendship may turn into love.

Although our personal favourite is Grace Crawley, perhaps no one of Mr. Trollope's heroines has laid such a hold on the public as Lily Dale. The uncertainty of her matrimonial prospects held many a reader in suspense from one novel to another. Circumstances had been so exceedingly hard upon her that it seemed unlikely that Providence would not relent. She had great treasures of love at her disposal, and a far more experienced maiden might have been tempted as she was to throw them away. Her hopes were wrecked upon her want of fortune; had she had a few of Miss Dunstable's superfluous thousands, Crosbie would certainly have made her his wife, and then his official promotion would have come in to make things pleasant for them. Of course we are inclined to believe that her disappointment was a blessing in disguise, for assuredly Crosbie would never have been worthy of her; yet, on the other hand, she was just the girl to make an idol of a very ordinary husband. It is striking evidence of her reality that we speculate about her as if we had known her well, and the drawback on the interest with which we follow her story is the unsatisfactory rival started against Crosbie. Her mother, and Lord de Guest, and the Squire of Allington might all desire that she should marry John Eames. We do not, and that on Mr. Trollope's own showing. The original taint of an undefinable vulgarity clings to Eames throughout. It is not that his mother lived in a very humble way in Guestwick, or even that she showed her under-breeding when she received the Dales and Crosbie for a morning call. It is not that Master Johnnie could get on so pleasantly among vulgar people in a vulgar boarding-house, or even that he could make a bosom

friend of a Craddock, and get betrayed into an entanglement with an Amelia Roper. But there is an indescribable something in his ways of thought, as much as in the manner of his behaviour, that brands him with the mark of inferiority. We cannot conceive him at home in a London club even if he had passed the ordeal of the ballot; and when Lily stands trembling between her friendship for him and matrimony, if she had toppled over in a sudden impulse towards the latter, her tale would have had a regrettable and unromantic end.

In the 'Small House at Allington' not a little of our time is passed in rather vulgar company. Not that we object to that by any means, since the scenes in Burton Crescent, the struggles of poor Mrs. Roper with her penury and her lodgers, and the squabbles of Eames' fellow-clerks in the Income Tax Office, supply some of the most amusing chapters. Besides, the tone of the book is so modestly pitched that the *Lupexes* and the *Craddocks* do not clash with it. It is different with 'The Last Chronicles of Barset.' There we admire the actual story so highly as to deplore anything that does injury to its artistic completeness. Eames may very well reappear incidentally in the train of Lily Dale, who is the friend of Grace Crawley; nor do we object to his trying his luck again, or to his priding himself with innocent vainglory on the heroic journey to Venice which he hopes may recommend him to the admiration of his lady love. But what can we or the Crawley family possibly have to do with his intercourse with the *Desmoulins* or the *Dobbs Broughtons*? As we have remarked already, all that secondary flirtation and foolery among personages who are singularly dull and uninteresting are as harmful to the story as they are foreign to it. However, having made the objection and repeated it, we have only to say that through those parts of the book in which they do not figure we see Mr. Trollope rising to a very unusual level. He has never painted anything more pathetic, as a domestic picture or otherwise, than the struggles of the ill-fated *Crawleys*. We feel sincere pity for the loving wife whose many afflictions are made more poignant by the warping of her husband's noble nature under the weight of his disappointments and bitter disillusioning. It comes as a positive relief to us when the old college comrade of Dean Arabin and the sturdy reprover of Mark Roberts' backslidings has an honourable helping hand reached him at last, and emerges from the sea of his troubles upon something like firm standing ground. As for his daughter Grace, never was a girl more happily named. As a child growing into a woman she is in delicate refinement all that her

cousin Eames is not. The squalid poverty of Hogglegstock, the isolation from all cultivated society except that of the mother, who is always a lady, only bring her inherent graces and her beauty out in higher relief. Yet there is far from being anything violently improbable in her upbringing and development. She grows up a lady in every thought and action because she cannot help it, as her coarse clothing and scanty fare can do no real hurt to the charms of her person. Even when an ungainly girl, between childhood and womanhood, there is something in her that takes an artist's eye and strikes a close observer of character. Her father's faults have only been the exaggeration or perversion of virtues. Though she has been reared in an unkindly soil, she has thriven in a pure atmosphere; and when Archdeacon Grantley's son falls over head and ears in love with her we feel that he has found a pearl of price, and can only hope for both their sakes that he will be man enough not to be persuaded to throw it away.

Crawley himself is delineated with unusual subtlety of analysis. His seeming inconsistencies are consistent with the conception shadowed out in the first allusion to him in 'Bar-chester Towers.' His pride has grown with the growth of his bitterness. He has a great consciousness of the powers of his mind and of that earnest and genuine piety that somehow has served him so ill. He is almost malignantly overbearing and aggressive towards the spiritual superiors with whom he draws comparisons much to their disadvantage. He carries himself with offensive independence towards those who would act kindly by him, like the Rector of Framley or Dr. Tempest the rural dean. He will hardly accept a kindness at the hands of his old college friend Arabin, to whom he knows that he has rendered inestimable services. He hates the soft raiment and the luxuries that are removed so hopelessly beyond his reach. Yet in his heart he envies and covets them all the time for the sake of the wife and children he loves so dearly. At home as abroad he is irritable and ill-conditioned. He snarls over his cold hearth and bare board; he snubs the wife of his bosom, whom in reality he reverences as a ministering angel. Yet he never falters in the discharge of his parochial duties, although his charity and tenderness towards his humble flock have almost degenerated into matters of routine with him. In his threadbare coat and his patched boots, with outbreaks of temper bordering on lunacy, and eccentricities of conduct he cannot explain that lay him open to a charge of felony, Crawley is still the commanding figure among all the comfortable and dignified clergymen in the volumes. Nothing can be better than

his behaviour on his summons to the bishop's palace at Barchester, where he drives poor Mrs. Proudie to the verge of insanity by calmly ignoring her through his long official interview, unless indeed the success of his concluding rebuke, whose sting must have temporarily comforted him in his wretchedness.

"Sir, you will find that your wicked threats will fall back upon your own head," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Peace, woman!" Mr. Crawley said, addressing her at last. The bishop jumped out of his chair at hearing the wife of his bosom called a woman. But he jumped rather in admiration than anger. He had already begun to perceive that Mr. Crawley was a man who had better be left to take care of the souls at Hogglestock, at any rate till the trial should come on.

"Woman!" said Mrs. Proudie, rising to her feet, as though she really intended some personal encounter.

"Madam," said Mr. Crawley, "you should not interfere in these high matters. You simply debase your husband's high office. The distaff were more fitting for you. My lord, good morning." And before either of them could speak again, he was out of the room, and through the hall, and beyond the gate, and standing beneath the towers of the cathedral. Yes, he had in truth, he thought, crushed the bishop. He had succeeded in crumpling the bishop up within the clutch of his fist.

By a sublime piece of retributive justice this case of Mr. Crawley is the death of Mrs. Proudie; and we should have been aware, even had we not gathered it from the title, that her death must close the '*Chronicles of Barset*.' For we should never have known the diocese or the county without the presence of that indomitable advocate of the rights and supremacy of woman, and Mr. Trollope would have had to recast his scheme, had he continued the play of his actors when the most irrepressible of them had left the stage.

Law is a fertile source of inspiration to Mr. Trollope as to most habitual novel-writers, and in '*Orley Farm*' we have him in the full swing of it. Hitherto he has introduced us chiefly to members of the different firms of solicitors who conducted the business of our friends in the country. But here in a desperately contested lawsuit, the reputation of a lady as well as the landed property of her son is depending on the issue. The chief interests all come to be concentrated in the court where the learned Baron Maltby holds the scales of justice. Here too we may give the author high praise. He makes no profession of interpreting law, of weighing evidence, or of technical accuracy in forms. The *Orley Farm* case is very differently conducted, for instance, from that of the famous trial at York, '*Doe dem. Titmouse v. Solter*,' by the late Mr.

Samuel Warren. Mr. Trollope does not set the legal minds of eminent counsel actually in motion, following them through their game of check and countercheck, so that the unprofessional reader must acknowledge that the description is by the hand of a master. On the contrary, it is his habit to deprecate criticism by pleading that his novelist's law is good enough for the novelist's purpose. But he takes a broad man-of-the-world view of the different classes of lawyers, and traces the idiosyncrasies of their varieties with a confident and skilful hand. Mr. Chaffinbrass, the Old Bailey counsel, is almost as lifelike as any of the partners in the unsavoury firm of Saffron Hill solicitors in Warren's 'Ten Thousand a Year.' There can scarcely be said to be caricature in the portraiture of that terrible adept in the art of tormenting, whose transparent affectation of mildness only gives fearful warning of what is to come when he has warmed to his work and is irritated by resistance; when the little wig has been worked to the back of the head, and the small ugly red eyes are gleaming with the malignity of the wild boar. We can see him casting his profoundly contemptuous glance at Felix Graham, who, believing that a lawyer ought to be honest before everything, has at all events proved himself a fool by so absurdly mistaking his profession. And yet we are reminded that even the savage Chaffinbrass is human, when we follow him after his superb exertions to his home, where he is tenderly cared for by attentive daughters, to have his energies recruited by fine old port. Nor is the companion picture of Mr. Furnival in any way inferior, although it is less striking. Mr. Furnival believes in the license of conscience of the bar almost as implicitly as his brother the Old Bailey advocate; but he respects the susceptibilities of the outside world, and knows the value of reputation to a man whose branch of the profession may lead to high promotion. And Judge Staveley is the model of a noble-minded English lawyer who has attained to well-deserved distinction, and might have come to honour in many other pursuits. He has good-classical cultivation, he has a refined literary taste, and he has liberality enough to appreciate the eccentric Felix Graham, although Felix, thanks to his fine-spun scruples, is always quarrelling with his bread and butter. We need not dwell on the family circle at Noningsby, into which Felix has the extraordinary good fortune to be welcomed. The quiet charms of domestic life being Mr. Trollope's *spécialité*, he is always sure to excel in them when he is in vein as in 'Orley Farm.' But in 'Orley Farm' his vulgar life appears to us to be as much in place as it is out of it in 'The

'Last Chronicles of Barset.' The humours of the commercial room contrast the gravity of the law courts, and the Moulders and the Kantwises falling into the plan of the story, throw lively gleams of relief across what would be otherwise sombre.

Like most actively minded Englishmen, Mr. Trollope takes an earnest interest in politics. As we have said before, it is his deep-seated conviction that the crowning triumph of a fortunate career is the honour of representing a constituency. His Plantagenet Palliser is the type of the hard-working patriot whose honourable condition is helped by his advantages of birth and station, and who fully recognises the responsibilities he has inherited with his birthright. The heir presumptive to the title and great possessions of the Duke of Omnium, with his intense earnestness of purpose and his immense capacity for work, is one of those politicians who may exert an influence in the country out of all proportion to their intrinsic ability. They baffle the hopes of the socialists, and make revolutions impossible, by placing themselves in front of the party who would otherwise sap their position. But as all is made so easy for him, there is much that is necessarily tame in the career of an hereditary politician, cradled in the purple. So, availing himself of a form of legitimate sensation that excites our interest and engages our sympathies, Mr. Trollope has chronicled the parliamentary vicissitudes of the Irish adventurer Phineas Phinn. George Vavasour in 'Can you forgive her?' plays his venturesome political cards with a plausible prospect of winning. But Phineas goes in for a neck-or-nothing game, when all the probabilities are terribly against him. Even in the comparatively early days when he was eating his dinners in the Temple, a brisk competition had set in among elderly moneyed gentlemen for any seat that seemed going a-begging, and in any case some sort of property qualification must have appeared eminently desirable to the wirepullers of the parties, in the promising young men whom they hoped to make useful. But Phineas had neither money nor connection. It is true that his good looks and pleasant manners served him even more than his talents. Yet we cannot help thinking that the son of an Irish provincial doctor must have been deficient in those little points of social education that help a *parvenu* to such a rise as his; while Mr. Trollope is discreetly silent as to the inevitable brogue. So that, in our opinion, Mr. Phineas' career is even a more startling romance than it professes to be. He has such marvellous luck in the seats he finds and the friends he makes. We can easily understand the causes of the esteem in which such a man as Dr. Thorne was held; but it is by no

means made clear to us how Phineas came to be held in such consideration by the great statesmen who were leaders of his party. The tact which, according to popular notions, is by no means the ordinary attribute of his countrymen, with the readiness, eloquence, and self-confidence that are, will not explain everything. Feminine influences may count for more than is often supposed in public measures and political combinations; yet it is difficult to conceive that the friendship of a Lady Laura Standish should have pushed her *protégé* as it did. To be sure, Phineas' meteor-like transit across the political horizon, so far as the first part of his history is concerned, was as brief as it was brilliant. He fades out of the lofty spheres in which for a time he has shed his radiance, and has to console himself with a tolerable income as an Irish poor-law inspector, which he owes to the unwonted gratitude of his late allies. But, on second thoughts, Mr. Trollope determines that the retirement should only be a temporary eclipse, and Phineas Redux takes a new departure, establishing himself solidly by a wealthy marriage. Yet we should not advise any aspiring young barrister to imitate the example of this fortunate *parvenu*, who began at the wrong end, as his counsellor Mr. Lewes pointed out to him.

But in following Phineas through the fluctuations of his luck we get a very fair popular notion of the inner working of parliamentary government, and of the ways of men in exalted office. We are admitted to the confidences of Premiers and Secretaries of State with colleagues and whips, with their private staffs, and the wives of their bosom. We are invited to the assembling of aristocratic caucuses in country houses, where peers too great or too indolent to care for place are called into grave consultation. We even penetrate into inner councils of the Cabinet, and we may say that in that high political society Mr. Trollope's imagination appears to have served him well. The men, of course, are drawn chiefly from life. Yet although we hit off here and there unmistakable features of resemblance, it is impossible absolutely to identify any of them. We know who must have sat for Mr. Gresham, Mr. Mildmay, Mr. Monk, and above all for Mr. Turnbull; but if we were to venture to make positive affirmation to that effect, Mr. Trollope could easily prove a negative. That transmuting of contemporary historical biography into fiction naturally produces more or less effective work for which the author can claim no special credit. But the secondary politicians, the Barrington Earles, the Laurence FitzGibbons, and the Lord Fawns, necessarily give greater scope for the

play of original talent, and to these Mr. Trollope has, generally speaking, done very satisfactory justice. Mr. Palliser is purely imaginary, and on no one has he apparently bestowed greater thought or pains. In Mr. Palliser's case, he apparently rather courted difficulties than otherwise. The future prime minister, as we see him first, is singularly uninteresting and unpromising. He is the incarnation of high-born respectability, and his only idea of recreation is in the driest of occupations. His threatened *liaison* with Lady Dumbello is the sole sign of his being accessible to the temptations to which meaner mortals sometimes succumb; and, to tell the truth, it rather increases our regard for him than otherwise, more especially as so little harm comes of it. Socially, his chilling propriety of demeanour would fall like a wet blanket on the liveliest dinner party. Politically, he should be safe, for assuredly he is slow. It is quite impossible to conceive any woman falling in love with him, and the more so that he is such a magnificent match. When he negotiates an alliance with Lady Glencora McClusky, we heartily pity that warm-hearted young person, and fear that she has only chosen less happily than had she mated with the spendthrift Burgo Fitzgerald. Yet in course of time we are actually made to like Mr. Palliser, while all along he has commanded our respect. If he was objectionably free from moral flaws as a young man, as a statesman, and as a parliamentary leader, he is the soul not only of honour but of delicacy. A certain diffidence that is not ungraceful in his circumstances is his besetting sin, and when he has climbed to heights he acknowledges to be above his capabilities, we regard him with a mixture of admiration and compassion. Happy in the activity and routine of subordinate place, he is wretched under the weight of accumulating responsibilities; his unsuspected sensitiveness gives him continual matter for melancholy reflection, and he becomes almost sublime in his persistency in standing to his post when the leaving it would bring intense personal relief. Such a man would of course make an unimpeachable husband and father in the common acceptation. But both he and Lady Glencora are really as happy as so ill-assorted a pair could be expected to be. He gains her love after their marriage, and the chivalrousness and real tenderness by which he wins it bring out the more engaging qualities which his shyness has studied to conceal.

Although Mr. Trollope likes to take people to continental towns, and has laid his love scenes in all manner of places, from Basle and its balcony over the Rhine to Jerusalem and the groves on the Mount of Olives, he has confined him-

self to foreign life in only one or two of his minor novels. His 'Nina Balatka' and his 'Linda Tressel' preceded, as we fancy, by some years, the 'Golden Lion of Grandpère,' appearing in serial form in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and both are clever in their way, though somewhat *brusque* in arrangement. There is plenty of local colour laid on, nor could Mr. Trollope have easily found more picturesque locations for his personages than the superbly situated city on the rushing Moldau, or the old imperial free town in 'the broad Franconian meadow-lands.' The main defect is that his foreigners are virtually English to all intents and purposes. And as it has never been his practice to condense, he rather rushes to the extreme of abruptness in plunging in *medias res*. Here is the opening sentence of 'Nina Balatka':—'Nina Balatka was a maiden of Prague, born of Christian parents and herself a Christian—but she loved a Jew; and this is her story.' That is going straight to the point with a vengeance, and it is only subsequently by incidental allusion that we are made to understand how it came about that Anton Trendellsohn is become lord of her affections. But their after struggles are graphically depicted when she has to hold to her love against the objurgations of her relatives, and when her lover unconsciously conspires with them to disenchant her by showing the low-minded suspicion which they have told her is the badge of his race. Anton is neither a noble nor a pleasant character. Nina is become somewhat hard and unfeminine, owing to the self-reliant and pinching life she has led. Ziska Zamenoy, her cousin and Anton's rival, shows disadvantageously even as compared with the Jew; and Souchey, the old family servant of the Balatkas, is as cross-grained a piece of grumbling fidelity as one has often encountered either in fact or in fiction. Indeed, with the exception of Nina herself, the whole cast of the actors is the very reverse of engaging. But that only serves to bring out into stronger relief the troubles and anxieties of the lonely girl who has to look after the ruined and bed-ridden father who is a care instead of a companion and a comfort to her. All along we are greatly in doubt as to whether Anton and Nina will ever make a match of it; whether their misunderstandings will not turn mutual love into repulsion; and whether it would be for the happiness of either that they should marry. But Anton, in spite of his insulting doubts, gives unmistakable evidences of his devotion, and he shows generosity in great matters. So that we think the situation is solved as satisfactorily as may be, when he finally weds the Christian maiden, but takes her away from their people at

Prague to a place where there is less bitterness of blood and creed.

Poor Linda Tressel is even less lucky in her admirers, and more kindly treated by her guardian and only friend. It seems scarcely natural that her pious aunt, Madame Staubach, should be so earnest to save her from the snares of the world by forcing upon her so very unsuitable a match as the ill-conditioned old gentleman who might have been her father. Madame Staubach reminds us of the pious inquisitor who tortures his miserable victim out of concern for the victim's soul. Her perverted conscientiousness triumphs over the relentings of her natural affection, and Linda has nowhere to turn for sympathy, since her aunt has become her enemy on iron principle. No wonder she lends a willing ear to the seductive whispers and caresses of a youth who very deservedly bears the worst of characters. She is saved by an accident from the misery of a union with him; but we feel all along that she has no hopes of happiness, since Mr. Trollope has provided no hero in reserve to step in at the right moment to the rescue. And accordingly hers is a most melancholy end. She seeks for tranquillity in flight, and reaches a haven of refuge, but only to expire in the arms of her newly found relations and friends. In his descriptions of the grand old city of Nuremberg, Mr. Trollope has made good use of his eyes and memory; and Linda's lot seems the more deplorable that her loving nature might have made so bright and peaceful a home in her quaint three-gabled house on the little island in the Pegnitz.

The title of the latest of the novels—'The American Senator'—is decidedly a misnomer. Mr. Gotobed has nothing whatever to do with the actual story, and is merely introduced to indicate the peculiarities of our English customs as seen from the shrewdly American point of view. It strikes us that this must have been one of the occasions on which Mr. Trollope, casting about for a subject, made a rather impulsive and unfortunate choice. It occurred to him that it ought to be a happy idea to introduce a 'cute American to English country society, and he did not fully forecast the difficulties of handling him successfully. Mr. Gotobed is nothing if he is not inquisitive and voluble. In his quest after information he forces on discussions *à tort et à travers* on those English institutions which puzzle or scandalise him; and as he is represented as boring the unfortunates he fastens upon, it follows that he bores Mr. Trollope's readers. The action is thrust aside, and interest in it must languish, while the questions of the Poor

Laws, of church patronage, or of the relation of landlord and tenant are being thoroughly ventilated. There is some inconsistency besides in so intelligent a man bringing a mind so entirely blank to the investigation of life in England. Had he but glanced beforehand through the antiquated pages of his countryman, Washington Irving, he would have found considerably less to astonish him in the old country. But the result is that most people will be inclined to imitate the example of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Dillborough, and see the less of the senator the better they know him. The story in itself is sufficiently entertaining, though it falls far short of the author's highest mark. We have a minute description of the complication of the wheels in the machinery of ordinary country society. There are the worthy residents of the dull little town of Dillborough, professional and commercial, with their degrees of precedence rigidly observed, and their absorbing interest in the trifles of local gossip. There are the neighbouring squires, and the gentlemen farmers, and the yeomen, and finally there are local aristocrats, like Lord Rufford, who spends his time and income on the national sports with the spirit of a fine young English nobleman. Of course Mr. Trollope takes advantage of his opportunities to indulge himself in those hunting pictures in which he always excels. In his pace across country he has scarcely the dash of some more especially sporting writers, but he goes fully as carefully over the ground, and with quite as hearty enjoyment. Nothing amazes the unenlightened mind of the American so much as the phenomena of the Ruffordshire pack. He cannot understand keeping up a great establishment of hounds when a few useful couples would have amply answered the purpose. He cannot conceive that farmers should look on complacently at a charge of heavy cavalry, or even lead it, across their own new-sown wheatlands; and he is fairly silenced by the reserved Mr. Runce, who declares that he would make the pack welcome to his wife's bedroom if the hounds should happen to take that line. But it is only when he is present at the disclosure of a case of fox-poisoning which subsequently throws half the country into a ferment, that he learns how deeply rooted are our feelings as to the most sacredly conservative of rural institutions.

At the same time there is a very fair proportion of love-making to enliven, for lady readers, the American's political talk and the details of the case of vulpicide. We have Mr. Trollope's habitual combination in duplicate—the girl who hesitates between a couple of admirers; and when we embrace,

in a comprehensive retrospect, the long series of his works, it is curious to observe how ingeniously he has contrived to vary that very commonplace and unoriginal idea. Time after time in his practical experience it has been as fruitful of interest and fresh situations as if it had never been handled before. In 'The American Senator,' for the sake perhaps of making the most of a contrast, the very different heroines run into opposite extremes. Mary Masters, daughter of the Dillborough attorney, is rather prosaic and retiring, and the only thing that is romantic about her is the girl's natural longing after love, while the handsome and highly connected Arabella Trefoil shows a contempt for the conventionalities and a brazen audacity in her husband-hunting, which, as her common sense should have told her, must infallibly frighten her game. She reminds us unpleasantly of the caricatures of society in 'The Way we live now,' and while we can heartily congratulate Lord Rufford on having escaped her, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that his lordship was in serious danger. For, after all, he is a gentleman and no fool, while Miss Trefoil, in the ardour with which she spreads her snares in his sight, has almost renounced her claims to be a lady. Indeed, the leading gentlemen of the book recommend themselves to us much more than the women. Lord Rufford is a favourable specimen of Mr. Trollope's stalwart young English country gentleman, with iron health and ample means, who, by the evident zest with which he throws himself into his amusements, deprecates severe condemnation of his indefatigable idleness. Lawrence Twentyman is a good sample of the English 'squireen,' who has similar tastes with Lord Rufford in his own particular sphere, but who spares the time to keep things going about his homestead. Nor are we by any means sure that Mary Masters might not have done better to accept him, although the middle-aged admirer, on whom she bestows herself, does inherit the acres of Bragton. But although 'The American Senator' is unequal and somewhat awkwardly put together, it shows no falling off in force; so that, on the principle of averages and invariable alternations to which we have adverted, we may hope that the next novel of its author will do greater credit to his well-earned reputation.

ART. VIII.—*A History of Eton College.* 1440-1875. By H. C. MAXWELL LYTE, M.A. With Illustrations. London: 1875.

THE existence of the Eton *cultus* (there is no English equivalent for the idea) is a fact strange undoubtedly, but not unnatural. Eton is not the oldest of our public schools; the founder had recourse to the great foundation of William of Wykeham for some of his statutes, and acknowledged the obligation. He copied from the same source the association of a school for youth with a college in one of the two English Universities. Though now by far the largest of the old schools, and, if not actually the largest, at least among the largest of all schools, old or new, in the Queen's dominions, it has not always been so. Within living memory, we believe, it has been exceeded in numbers by Harrow, and at other periods of its history it has been exceeded by others. It has perhaps, on the whole, a greater list of names among its former pupils than any other school can boast; yet there are great and all but unequalled names to be found in the ancient rolls of Westminster and Winchester, of Harrow and the Charter House. Still, probably at the present day no member even of the scholastic senate would seriously dispute with Eton the rank and title of *Princeps Senatus*; and outside the influence of the public schools, amongst the mass of Englishmen, the pre-eminence of Eton is always assumed.

It is, as we have said, the largest in number, or amongst the largest; it has always been by far the most splendid in its religious and secular buildings. Its situation does not need the poetry of Gray to strike the heart and mind of everyone capable of feeling the beauty of a noble river and of broad meadows so planted with great trees as to look like a stately park. Separated from it only by the Thames lies a portion of Windsor Park; and towering over it, so as to be constantly in the sight of every Eton man and boy, stands Windsor Castle, the most magnificent residence of the English Sovereign—we should hardly exaggerate if we said of any sovereign. And its wealth, of which its noble architecture is but the material symbol and expression, great already, and rapidly increasing with the value of its property in and near London, strikes the mind, and even the senses, if it does not appeal to the imagination. These things all men can see, and the effect of them all fair men will acknowledge.

What was the real merit of the Eton system of school life is

no doubt a matter as to which men widely differ in opinion. We are not speaking of the teaching or instruction, but of the freedom from supervision, and independence of any visible control, in which so much of the school life of an Eton boy is or was habitually passed. Till thirty years ago it stood alone in this respect among English schools. Good or bad, beneficial or injurious, its system was peculiar. In the manliness of character which as a rule it developed, in the thorough happiness which most boys enjoyed in the latter years (we say nothing of the earlier) of an Eton life, is to be found perhaps an adequate, certainly a very natural and intelligible, reason for the enthusiastic devotion with which most Eton men cling to the memory of their old school, and of the years they passed in its studies and its pastimes.

Yet of this great school, the centre of a *cultus* which has no parallel, there has never been up to the present day anything which can be called a history. A volume or two of stories and recollections, slight though interesting, are all which Eton men can turn to for a record of its trials or its glories from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth.* Mr. Lyte's book is an attempt to supply a want which certainly exists. He would not himself say that as a history it is complete. A real history of Eton would require a thorough knowledge of the history of England and of English scholarship from the time of Henry VI. to our own, and could be contained only in volumes the proportions of which would dwarf the moderate though handsome book which is before us. Mr. Lyte does not exhaust the subject, but he has produced a very valuable and interesting book, and especially in all the earlier part of it, in which he is concerned with the foundation and the first fortunes of Eton, his materials will have, to most readers, the freshness of novelty, and to all the interest of skilful handling. A sentence must be permitted us of just praise for the execution of the book as a work of art; it has been carefully and beautifully printed, and the illustrations are excellent, both for fidelity and for feeling.

Few subjects would be more interesting to a man with antiquarian perseverance and historical power than to linger over the records, imperfect as they are, of the first foundation of the great school. It may be that, by the discovery and publication of other sets of letters like the correspondence of Bekynton, we may learn hereafter from whom came the suggestion, and to

* A slight, but, so far as it goes, valuable and accurate account of Eton, by Sir Edward Creasy, published in 1848, hardly interferes with the general truth of this statement.

whom is due the full conception, of the noble school and college which Henry VI. founded. The king's uncle the Duke of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort William of Wykeham's successor in the Bishopric of Winchester, Archbishop Chichele, Bekynton, and Langton, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, have all been named as persons who might, or did, suggest to the king the first idea of Eton and of King's. We hardly know enough of the real character of Henry VI. to judge whether he himself was to any extent the real author of the plan which he appears to have delineated, and which he began to execute. The conception was of striking grandeur. Not only was the foundation itself on a noble scale, but there are intimations more or less clear that he contemplated the accession of those non-foundation members who, under the name of Oppidans, have in later times formed by far the majority, as they have raised the character and widened enormously the influence of Eton School. The buildings, as Henry VI. designed them, would have been unique in character and almost unparalleled in magnificence. The chapel was to have been on the scale of a cathedral, and would have exceeded the glorious building in the sister college at Cambridge in size and splendour. The other buildings would have been fit adjuncts to such a chapel, and the result would have been the grandest and stateliest home of learning in the whole world. The wars of York and Lancaster, the dethronement and death of Henry, and the accession and character of Edward IV., curtailed the wealth, clouded the rising prosperity, and wellnigh strangled the young life of the nascent institution. Fortune favoured it, however, and the great ability and distinction of its early provosts and head-masters carried it safely through the troubles of York and Lancaster, and the still more serious dangers of the Reformation and the great Parliamentary struggle. It emerged from the storms of those times somewhat plundered indeed, somewhat shorn of the wealth and splendour with which Henry VI. had endowed it, but still a wealthy and powerful body, growing in riches with the steady increase in the value of property, and in power, as its former scholars multiplied, and as many of them rose to place and influence in the Church and in the State.

Whatever may be said of its educational claims upon the affection and gratitude of its pupils in later times, there can be no doubt that for many years after its foundation their gratitude was justified by the soundness (according to the standard of those days) of the learning which followed from a real acquaintance with the course of study prescribed at that time at Eton.

What is termed a *consuetudinarium* exists amongst the MSS. given to Corpus Christi College at Cambridge by Archbishop Parker, from which we are able to collect the whole curriculum of Eton in the sixteenth century and the hours taken up by study.

'Like the boys on Wykeham's foundation, the Eton scholars rose early, being awakened at five by one of the præpostors, who thundered forth *Surcite*. While dressing they chanted prayers, probably consisting of Latin psalms, in alternate verses. Each boy had to make his own bed, and to sweep the dust from under it into the middle of the Long Chamber, whence it was removed by four juniors selected for the purpose by the præpostors. All then went downstairs two and two to wash—doubtless at the "children's pump" mentioned in the audit books. There was no morning service for the boys in the church, as there was at Winchester; so, their ablutions ended, they proceeded at once to their respective places in the schoolroom. The usher came in at six, and, kneeling at the upper end of the room, read prayers. While he was engaged in teaching the lower forms, one of the præpostors made a list of those who were late for prayers, while the *Præpostor Immundanorum* had to examine the faces and hands of his schoolfellows in order to report any who appeared dirty, to the head-master on his entry at seven o'clock. Work of various kinds was carried on until after nine, when there was a short interval, possibly for breakfast, as at Winchester, though Malim makes no allusion to any such meal. At ten o'clock one of the præpostors shouted *Ad preces consurgite*, to recall the boys to school, where, standing in order on either side of the room, they had to recite further prayers.

'Dinner was served at eleven o'clock, and the boys marched to the hall and back in double file. The work in school began again at mid-day, and lasted continuously till three. The afternoon play-time ended at four, and was followed by another hour of lessons. At five the boys again left the school in procession, apparently for supper.

'The duties of the master and usher were now ended for the day, as the work between six and eight was carried on under the superintendence of monitors chosen from among the members of the seventh form. There was a slight break at seven o'clock for another meal, which probably consisted only of a draught of beer and a slice of bread. At eight the boys went to bed chanting prayers' (pp. 144-5.)

Such were the hours given to schoolwork on the four first working days in the week. Friday and Saturday were devoted partly to examinations in what had been done during the four preceding days, and occasionally to the delivery of speeches or recitations. The course of study is given to us from the same authority.

'It is clear that Latin was almost the only subject of study, and that no means of inculcating a sound knowledge of it was neglected. The lower boys had to decline and conjugate words, and their seniors had to repeat rules of grammar, for the illustration of which short phrases,

called *Vulgaria*, were composed and committed to memory. Some sort of Latin composition, however brief, was a necessary portion of the daily work of every Eton scholar. In the lower forms it was confined to the literal translation of an English sentence or passage, while in the fifth form it consisted of a theme on a subject set by the master. The boys in the sixth and seventh forms used to write verses. No *gradus ad Parnassum* then existed, to assist the would-be poets in finding suitable words for their compositions, so they had to rely on the contents of their own MS. note-books for "flowers, phrases, or idioms of speech, antitheses, epithets, synonyms, proverbs, similes, comparisons, anecdotes, descriptions of times, places, and persons, fables, *bons-mots*, figures, and apothegms." The master and usher used to read aloud and explain to the boys the passages which were to be learnt by heart. The books studied in the school were:—

'In the first form, Cato, and Vives.

'In the second, Terence, Lucian's "Dialogues" (in Latin), and "Æsop's Fables" (in Latin).

'In the third, Terence, "Æsop's Fables" (in Latin), and selections by Sturmius from Cicero's "Epistles."

'In the fourth, Terence, Ovid's "Tristia," and the Epigrams of Martial, Catullus, and Sir Thomas More.

'In the fifth, Ovid's "Metamorphoses," Horace, Cicero's Epistles, Valerius Maximus, Lucius Florus, Justin, and "Sisenbrotus."

'In the sixth and seventh, Cæsar's "Commentaries," Cicero "de Officiis" and "de Amicitia," Virgil, Lucan, and the Greek Grammar' (pp. 146-7.)

Holidays, in a certain sense, the boys had at Easter and at Christmas, but not in the modern sense of the word; for they stayed at Eton, and though the work was less, they were not allowed to be idle. The only vacation, in our sense, during the whole year, when the boys were allowed to leave Eton for their homes, lasted for three weeks, and three weeks only, beginning on Ascension Day and ending on the eve of the Feast of Corpus Christi. The school hours and the length of school times at Eton in the sixteenth century may well put to shame our modern tutors and modern scholars. At Eton the vacations are now, even without extra weeks of holiday, more than four months in the year; and we are gravely told that the six months of Oxford vacations (sometimes, when Easter falls early, running far into a seventh) are absolutely essential for the maintenance of bodily health and mental freshness in the College Tutor or the University Professor.*

* In this matter of vacations Cambridge is no doubt much better. There in most of the Colleges, certainly in Trinity, it is possible, under College sanction and proper restrictions, to continue reading in the University during the long vacation. At Oxford it is, or certainly

Mr. Lyte does not tell us, nor probably is it now to be ascertained, when or by what steps the change of system between the sixteenth and the eighteenth centuries was effected at Eton. But by the latter half of the eighteenth century it had been effected. Mr. Lyte gives us copious extracts from a very interesting document, a kind of eighteenth century *consuetudinarium*, drawn up for the use of Dr. James, an Eton man, and well known as an accomplished and very successful head-master of Rugby. The paper was drawn up between 1768 and 1775, and gives, to use the words of Mr. Lyte, 'a minute account of the system of education pursued at Eton in the early part of the reign of George III., a system which continued almost unaltered until forty years ago, and of which many traces remain even in these days of scholastic reform.' In all respects we find the discipline much looser. A whole holiday and two half-holidays in every week, vacations of the length to which we are now accustomed, much later rising in the morning, many fewer hours in the week consumed in school—all this, we find, has already replaced the stern, unbending discipline of the sixteenth century. The characteristic of Eton to which we have already referred, the preparation of the lessons and the composition of the exercises out of school and away from the personal superintendence of the masters, is found to be established more than a hundred years ago. The studies of the highest forms in the school (we omit those of the other forms for brevity's sake) we take from Mr. Lyte's abstract of Dr. James's paper.

'The construing-lessons were as follows:—

'Homer, twice, about thirty-five lines each time.

'Lucian, twice, about forty lines each time.

'Virgil, twice, about thirty lines each time.

'“Scriptores Romani,” twice, about forty lines each time.

'“Poetæ Græci,” about thirty-five lines.

'Horace (hexameters), about sixty lines.

'This Horace, and the double lessons of Homer-Virgil, and “Poetæ Græci,” constituted four of the subjects for repetition. Two of the remaining saying-lessons were taken from the “Selecta ex Ovidio, Tibullo et Propertio” (for the fifth form), or from the “Epigrammatum Delectus” (for the sixth form), while on Monday morning about twenty verses of the Greek Testament had to be said by heart. At all the repetition lessons, each boy was allowed to go out of school as soon as he had repeated his part.

was a few years ago, a serious offence for an undergraduate to stay in Oxford, or even to go to his college for a book, between Commemoration, which may be early in June, and the middle of October.

‘In the summer, between Whitsuntide and Election-tide, the “Odes of Horace” were construed instead of Lucian, Virgil, and the “Scrip-
tores Romani,” and were, moreover, repeated by heart instead of the “Selecta ex Ovidio,” and the “Epigrammatum Delectus.” The last week before the summer and winter holidays respectively, was entirely set apart for the study of Greek plays. The boys in the sixth form, and those in the upper part of the fifth, had two extra school hours every week all the year round, viz., from nine to ten on Monday and Saturday mornings, when they had to construe about a hundred lines of a Greek play, generally taken from the “Pentalogia” of Dr. Burton, or from Aristophanes. At the ordinary lessons, the members of the sixth form were generally called up to construe, before those of the fifth, and it is remarkable that the former had to turn the Homer into Latin, instead of into English. The boys in the fifth form were expected to be able to parse the words, and to quote rules in grammar and parallel passages.

“The sixth form boys, and the fifth, are supposed to read, at their leisure hours, Dr. Middleton’s ‘Cicero,’ Tully’s ‘Offices,’ Ovid’s long and short verses, ‘Spectator,’ &c.. Milton, Pope, Roman History, Grecian History, Potter’s ‘Antiquities,’ and Kennet’s and all other books necessary towards making a compleat scholar.”

‘All the boys in the fifth form had to compose three Latin exercises every week, viz., an original theme of not less than twenty lines, a copy of verses of not less than ten elegiac couplets, and five or six stanzas of lyrics on the same subject as the other verses. In the sixth form, the theme and verses were rather longer, and Greek iambs took the place of the Latin lyrics. These three exercises were written in play-time, and were shown up to the master at repetition lessons. In irregular weeks, a translation from Latin into English was exacted, as some compensation for work omitted.

“If the week be regular, the master sets an extempore theme at three o’clock school [on Monday], and the boys are to make four long and short verses on it in the manner of Martial, like this on

“OTIOSUS.

“Occurris quocunque loco mihi, Posthume, clamas
Protinus, et prima est hæc tua vox, “quid agis?”
Hoc, si me decies una conveneris hora,
Dicis; habes puto tu, Posthume, nil quod agas.

“BREVITAS.

“Si placeat Brevitas, hoc breve carmen habe.

“If the boys are not able to cut a joke on the theme, they ought by no means to be punished; however it will be right to have an extempore, which must be shown to the master and read in five o’clock school” (pp. 315-7.)

Speaking generally, this remained a tolerably correct account of the studies at Eton till the time of Dr. Hawtreys. There was one kind of learning, however feebly enforced in 1768, which had absolutely disappeared as a matter of obligation from the Eton of 1830. Mr. Lyte tells us:—

'In addition to learning the lessons enumerated above, all the boys had to repair to the school from ten to eleven o'clock and from two to three, on holidays, and from two to three on half-holidays. During these hours the younger boys were exercised in writing and in arithmetic, while some of the fifth form were learning geography or algebra. Those who stayed at Eton long enough, went through part of Euclid, and thus, in our author's opinion, could proceed to College "complete scholars"' (p. 319.)

Fifty years ago even this small modicum of mathematics (so to call them) had vanished, as we have said, from the necessary curriculum of Eton; all modern languages, and even arithmetic, were extras to be paid for separately, and to be learned or not at discretion; and the education of a gentleman, which Eton was, at least, supposed to give, was, from the Eton point of view, complete without the most elementary acquaintance with any foreign language, even French, and without any knowledge of the simplest rules of arithmetic.

It is very difficult for those without experience themselves, and knowing nothing from those who had it, to realise the condition of this magnificent institution during the first three decades of this century, and even to the time when men of the standing of the present leader of the House of Commons were boys at school. The school was indeed large, but the college was not full. So wretched was the state to which the collegers had been reduced in point of comfort and even decency, and at the same time so substantial was the expense of even a collegers' education, that in the whole of England seventy boys could not be found, whose parents were willing to place them on what was intended to be, and might have been, the noblest and freest foundation in the world. There was no examination for entrance into college; there was worse than none, for there was an examination, in the result of which merit had no part, for election from Eton to the scholarships, which led as of right to fellowships, at King's. In one year Bishop Sumner, Dean Milman, and Sir John Coleridge were all superannuated in favour of boys admittedly below the lowest standard of even Eton scholarship. From the Fellows of King's who succeeded to their fellowships from scholarships to which they had succeeded by mere seniority from Eton, came exclusively the whole body of the Eton masters. That any competent masters, and some were indeed highly competent, should have been the result of such a system, is perhaps astonishing; it is not astonishing that many of them were incompetent or indolent, or both, and that many an Eton boy (so much in the later Eton system depending on the character of the tutor) left Eton knowing no more

than when he came to it, sometimes less. The vitality of this mischievous abuse, considering that it could be broken down only by those who had themselves profited by it, is natural enough; but it may surprise some readers to be told that so late as 1846 two young Oxford men of great distinction (one of them Mr. Goldwin Smith) were rejected as masters by the then Provost of Eton, though Dr. Hawtrey, then head master, was anxious to bring them there, on the single and simple ground that the masterships at Eton, then as now important and lucrative positions, were what the Provost was pleased to term 'the *peculium* of the Fellows of King's.' Narrowness of view, deep-seated prejudice, incapacity for comprehending new ideas or assimilating new studies were but natural results. It was possible (in an instance known to us it was the fact) for a man to pass his boyhood at Eton, to be three or four years only at King's, where he was surrounded by Eton men and Eton associations, and where, by an arrangement with the University, he was entitled to his degree without any University examination, and then to return to Eton and spend his whole life there as a master, and a Fellow or Provost, and die as he had lived, knowing nothing, and not believing that there was aught to know, beyond the narrow circle which had bound his life and thoughts.

Whither then went the wealth, and who profited by the revenues, which Henry VI. intended for his whole college? The answer must be that practically the Provost and Fellows took and enjoyed the whole. The payments to the Head Master and the Lower Master, the only two of the whole body of the teachers who were on the foundation of the college, were kept at the nominal rate of the sixteenth century. The provision for the scholars was measured by a like standard. The whole increase in the value of property enured to the benefit of eight men, who, holding every one else strictly to the letter of the Statutes, violated them unscrupulously in their own favour, by not residing at Eton for more than six weeks in the year, by holding property, and by taking valuable benefices, any of which acts, according to the Statutes, vacated the Fellowships *ipso facto*. In their system of beneficial leases upon fines, they were, it is fair to say, no more open to censure than most other ecclesiastical and collegiate bodies; but the effect in their case, as in others, was to waste and dilapidate the corporate property in favour of accidental and uncertain gains to individual members of the corporation.

Nor were these members, as a rule, any better than their administration. In early days they were generally distin-

guished men; at all times amongst them were to be found some men of high character and great gifts. But at least for the last hundred years it is impossible to affirm that this was the rule. The Provosts, indeed, were practically, though not in theory, appointed by the Crown; and on the whole it must be said that this patronage of the Crown has been exercised well and wisely. Amongst the thirty-two Provosts of Eton there are a few great men, not a few brilliant and able, and scarcely one but is respectable. With the Fellows it has been different. They were a small self-elective body, and, like most such bodies, they too often abused their power. They were by no means always elected from the Masters; when a Master was elected, it was by no means always or even generally the hard-working and successful tutor, who had done credit to the school and advanced its character, who was rewarded by election into the college. The votes were silent, but if the voters had been obliged to accompany them by reasons, the reasons, if truly stated, would have been often more curious than edifying.* They took no part in the business of the school. They resided, when not at the livings which most of them possessed besides their Fellowships, in good houses provided for them out of the college buildings, and each of them seven times a year occupied the chapel pulpit. Of any other function performed by them we never heard. Such an institution could not meet the rising tide of inquiry and improvement. It could give no account of itself; and though the name is preserved, the institution has perished.

It is true that in this as in so many like cases the storm fell upon the body just when it was least deserved. Not only were the members of the corporation at that time for the most part men of high character and distinction, but both as a body and individually they must be credited with an unselfish and even munificent administration of the college revenues, of which for at least a century there had been few examples. If the college had always been what it was for twenty years before the creation

* There is an Eton epigram on this matter of election to Fellowships, dating from the last century, and worth preserving. Provost Barnard, whose Christian name was Joseph, had procured the election of one of his brothers, not an Eton man, to a Fellowship. The following lines were anonymously appended to a Latin poem on the Israelites in Egypt, hung up, according to the then custom, in the College Hall. An Israelite is supposed to meet an Egyptian going to the land of Goshen:—

“Advena, quo tendis?” “Goshenis ad arva.” “Quid istuc?”
 “Josephi frater sum, bona verba, tace.”

of the Public Schools Commission, it is possible that its existence might never have been threatened. But a few years of most honourable individual conduct could not alter the anomalous and indefensible character of the institution itself, and we believe that no part of the new constitution of Eton has been more generally approved than the practical abolition of the old college.

Nor could it be said that the general system of education in the school had moved onward with the age any more than the condition of the collegers and the college. To the minds of men selected as the Eton masters were, and living the lives they did, the reception of new ideas from without was a difficult and painful process; to believe that anything good could come out of what was not Eton was an effort to which their faith was unequal. And accordingly till quite recent times the curriculum was wonderfully narrow, and the school system, till the time of Dr. Hawtrey, almost inconsistent with the possibility of useful influence from any single master however gifted. The great and wise reforms introduced by Dr. Hawtrey simplified and improved the mode of teaching; but he made few changes in what was taught. No classical author excepting Horace was read in his integrity. Horace, with a few necessary excisions, was so read. But the *Æneid* alone of Virgil, the *Iliad* alone of Homer, and some two or three Greek plays, and those only by boys at the very top of the school, were read right through. Meagre extracts from some of the greater Greek and Latin classics filled up the rest of the school work. Unless our memory deceives us, not a line of any Greek or Roman orator, mere fragments of Herodotus and Thucydides, no Plato, no Aristotle, no Pindar, no Catullus, or Propertius, or Lucretius, or Juvenal, or Plautus, or Terence, was ever construed in the school. The whole of the lesser and later Roman poets were absolutely passed by. Of the Greek writers in prose and verse some short but well-chosen selections from a few of them were read in their turn. The Roman prose writers were read in only one thin volume of extracts, comprising some short pieces of Cicero's Philosophy and a few of his Letters, a little Livy, a little Cæsar, a little Tacitus, a very little Pliny and Quintilian. Such, with unimportant variations, was the classical curriculum of Eton till within a few years. Nor does this even represent the whole case. For from the shortness of the school lessons, though the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* were read through by the school, no single boy ever remained at Eton long enough to read

through the *Iliad* in school lessons. We should doubt if anyone ever in school lessons achieved even the *Æneid*.*

Now if this had been really the whole amount of even classical instruction which a clever and willing boy could get from Eton, it would have been indeed surprising had any Eton man ever attained any classical distinction. But to those who attacked the narrowness and meagreness of the school teaching the able and excellent men who from time to time had to defend it had two answers; both real answers as far as they went, both, we think, entitled to considerable weight. First it was said you cannot teach thoroughly if you teach much. You must start from the assumption that Greek and Latin are to be viewed as means of educating the mind, and you cannot read much at one time of any refined and beautiful classical writer if you use him as an educator. Mere knowledge to be directly used in after life is not what we profess to impart in school; if it were, we must admit that we fail; nay, it is probable that the fullest and exactest knowledge of everything connected with the history, the literature, the lives of Greeks and Romans, even if it could be given, is not directly useful in any calling which Eton boys will follow. We strive at least to educate the mind, to implant principles of taste, to awake and discipline the imagination, to give boys that which boys can usefully take, what will make them fit for the work of life, fit for the further instruction which either the university or the world or both will give—to teach them, in short, those ‘manners,’ in the old sense, which the Winchester motto affirms ‘makyth man.’ So we read more poetry than prose, more philosophy than history, beautiful and striking extracts from many writers, rather than the whole works of any one author, however great or valuable in himself. We cultivate the memory by insisting upon much saying by heart of Greek and Latin poetry; we strive to draw out all the powers

* It does not belong to this discussion to consider the quality and quantity of the religious instruction at Eton. But to the classical lessons mentioned above we must add Watts's Questions, a few verses every week of the Greek Testament, and in Lent the Lectures of Archbishop Secker and Bishop Porteus. Such was the school provision under this head. It is hardly fair to add the chapel services, for they partook, except on Sunday, more of the nature of roll-calls than anything else. There were none on working days, and two on a holiday. On a Sunday there were two services and one sermon from a Fellow. In former days Juvenal and Lucretius were said by heart (not construed) on a Sunday morning; but this portion of the religious instruction has been discontinued for many years.

of the mind, its accuracy, its refinement, as well as its strength, and passion, and knowledge, by requiring constant original composition in verse and prose in Latin and Greek. This is, in substance, the first answer.

Next it is said that what is actually taught in school at Eton is the smallest part of what a boy learns there. The system has been deliberately adopted of leaving the masters much at liberty to cultivate their pupils by lectures in their own houses on any subjects or in any authors they may think fit; and the boys free, when not in school, to cultivate themselves and pursue what trains of study may suit them best. Securing in school a certain amount of composition, and the careful and exact reading of the best passages of the greatest writers, there will be, it is said, a breadth, a freedom, a manliness, about the education which the masters give in private, and which the boys give each other, which no other system could produce. And with this view the course of the yearly examination for the Newcastle Scholarship, the highest prize at Eton, conducted every year by two examiners selected from Oxford and Cambridge, is almost, if not entirely, unknown beforehand, and depends upon the varying tastes and views which the examiners may from time to time entertain. Such is the substance of the second answer. Both, as we have said, have weight and reality.

It is obvious that the first answer raises the whole question of the fitness or sufficiency of the old classical education for the requirements of modern life. It is profitless to consider which is the best way of teaching Latin and Greek writers, if Latin and Greek writers are not worth teaching. That they are worth teaching, that the fruits of a thorough knowledge of them are rich and noble fruits, that for many minds at certain times of life no better studies can be or have been devised, is our deep and strong conviction. But in this as in so many other cases the means have been confounded with, or converted into, the end. In this case, too, as in so many others, clever men brought up on the classics, and conscious of the benefit and pleasure to themselves of an acquaintance with them, have exaggerated the value of what it has cost them so much to learn, and the possession of which is in the nature of a personal distinction. It does not follow certainly that success in life has been the consequence of, because it has followed upon and been gilded by, a classical education. Still less does it follow that because a knowledge of great classical authors and a power of composition in Greek and Latin has been at once a severe training and a graceful ornament to the statesman, the

orator, the poet, the man of letters, that this knowledge and this power is the whole end of education, or a thing to be rested in and boasted of by itself and for its own sake. Even less still can it approve itself to common sense to force all minds, apt or inapt, through the same mould, or to treat the classics as a necessary of life like food, or air, or clothes. The extravagance of praise bestowed upon them, the undue depreciation of other means of education, the pedantic uniformity of their application to all minds, whether fit for them or unfit, have led not unnaturally, but unhappily, to an unjust prejudice in many minds against them, and to a contempt unwise and unfounded for the results which, rightly understood and applied, they undoubtedly produce.

It is not for us to pronounce the panegyric of the classics. It has been often pronounced by great men in noble eloquence, and those only who know nothing of them, and who cannot feel the effect of perfect beauty in consummate form, will question its justice. Of the practical use and advantage of them to those who have learnt them in youth and delighted in them in age, men the most unlike, in callings the most widely separated, have spoken with affectionate, with reverent gratitude. Did this statement need proof, a volume might be filled with quotations from great writers which would prove it. If we choose out one, it is because the writer was the calmest and most judicial of men, who seldom allowed himself to be warm or eloquent, though the following passage, and a few others, show that he could be both. It is Mr. Hallam, an old Eton man, who speaks, and he speaks of Milton.

‘Then the remembrance of early reading came over his dark and lonely path like the moon emerging from the clouds. Then it was that the muse was truly his; not only as she poured her creative inspiration into his mind, but as the daughter of Memory, coming with fragments of ancient melodies, the voice of Euripides, and Homer, and Tasso; sounds that he had loved in youth, and treasured up for the solace of his age. They who, though not enduring the calamity of Milton, have known what it is, when afar from books, in solitude or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted their ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them—they will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its power, what it will easily receive and indelibly retain. I know not, indeed, whether an education that deals much with poetry, such as is still usual in England, has any more solid argument among many in its favour, than that it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extreme of life.’

It may be thought more difficult to defend the practice of Greek and Latin composition, especially of Latin verse, which formed, and which still forms, so main a part of Eton instruction. To the great mass of boys no doubt it is an utter waste of time. They do the smallest allowable number of lines, with the least amount of thought, in Latin of the lowest standard which will avail to ward off disgrace or punishment; and if they leave school with any feeling at all on the subject of Latin verse, it is with one compounded of hatred and contempt. They never write, they seldom even read, a line of Latin poetry again; and if any memory of it remains it is, like a bad dream, to be as soon as may be banished and forgotten. The waste of time has been worse than profitless; it has prevented the acquirement of other knowledge which would have been of value, and it has ruined and corrupted many a character which a more sensible and elastic mode of teaching might have strengthened and refined. But when the composition of Latin verse attains the perfection to which a few men in modern times, chiefly Eton men, have brought it, the splendour and beauty of the verses do not so much pervert as convince the judgment; and we feel that such absolute mastery of a foreign language could not be gained but by a training in accuracy, in judgment, in feeling for propriety, and repose, and balance, in itself most valuable and admirable.

We have been told lately, indeed, on high authority, that after all the very best productions in this kind are but pretentious failures, and that they are all full of barbaric solecisms which any Roman of the classical ages would have at once found out and laughed at. Very different was the opinion of a great but eccentric scholar some fifty years ago, who used to maintain that the four greatest Latin poets were to be classed in the following order—Gray, Lucretius, Bobus Smith, Virgil! Probably, indeed, much of the verse which passes current as good Latin with ordinary scholars, might seem not much better to a Roman of the time of Virgil than Voltaire's English verses seem to us; yet there are verses of Gray, of Dr. Keate, of Bishop Lonsdale, which Virgil, or Lucretius, or Ovid, would not have disdained to father. They remain to show what Eton could produce, and what a real mental discipline it was which could alone produce it. What can be more beautiful or finished than this lament of Gray over the grave of his dearest friend?—

'Visa tamen tardi demum inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque una tecum, dilecte Favoni!

Credulus heu longos, ut quondam, fallere Soles.
 Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita, vota !
 Heu mæstos Soles sine te quos ducere flendo
 Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes !
 At tu, sancta anima, et nostri non indiga luctus,
 Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris axe
 Unde orta es, frueri ; atque O si segura, nec ultra
 Mortalis, notos olim miserata labores
 Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas ;
 Humanam si forte alta de sede procellam
 Contemplere, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
 Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
 Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus :
 Respice et has lacrimas, memori quas ictus amore
 Fundo, quod possum ; juxta lugere sepulcrum
 Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.'

Or this of Dr. Keate?—

'Qualis ubi tremuli excipiens suspiria venti
 Increpuit chelys, elicitos ea percita sensim
 Solvitur in numeros, ultroque per omnia mæstum
 Fila bibit melos, et molli languescit in aura.
 Haud secus assiduo tremulos ferit impete sensus
 Materies circumvolitans : mens unde recepto
 Tangitur impulsu, et salientibus incita nervis,
 Vel placidi murmur Zephyri, et sinuosa sonorum
 Flumina, vel liquidum lucis bibit acrior imbrem.' *

Passages of great beauty are to be found in the Latin writings of the Cannings, of Lord Wellesley, of Lord Grenville, of Bishop Lonsdale, and his contemporaries. There are many men still living (to say nothing of those lately dead) who can write Latin and Greek verses with grace and facility, and who find in this sort of composition a relief they find in nothing else ; an employment which takes them far away from the sin, and wretchedness, and paltry cares amid which so many lives are cast, and a pleasure which many will envy them, and no one grudge. While, therefore, we should heartily rejoice to find that such composition was not universally enforced, we should equally regret if it ceased to be discriminatingly encouraged.

We are, indeed, as we have shown, no unqualified admirers of the system of education which Eton administered to her pupils ; but it had undoubtedly certain positive advantages.

* The fine poem on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' from which these lines are taken, is ascribed to Robert Smith (Bobus), in the 'Museum Criticum.' But this is a mistake. It is certainly Dr. Keate's. It is properly given to him in Mr. Cookesley's *Fasciculus of Poems* in the heroic metre written by Etonians, and we have seen a copy of it signed with his name by Dr. Keate himself.

To boys capable of appreciating them, all the head-masters of this century were men capable of teaching with great effect what it was most precious to learn. They were men of very different characters and gifts. Goodall was a high-bred gentleman of easy temper, and a very elegant and graceful scholar. Keate is known to the present age chiefly by the caricature of him in 'Eothen,' and for the physical energy and Spartan rigour with which he applied the birch; but many men still amongst us can testify to his severe and masculine taste, his wide and singularly accurate scholarship, and the generosity and manliness of nature which the whole school knew that he possessed, and which prevented the laughter which his occasional eccentricities provoked from ever degenerating into disrespect. Of Hawtrey's merits it is more difficult to speak; for while very few men ever reformed the practical system of a great school more thoroughly, more wisely, or more successfully; while few ever showed more firmness and sagacity than he in designing and effecting his objects; while scarcely anyone was ever more munificent, sometimes even to profusion, more magnanimous, even to chivalry, towards opponents—often violent, sometimes malignant—yet there were certain defects which impaired, perhaps unduly, his influence on the boys, and weakened the respect and admiration which many parts of his character were calculated so justly to excite. His reading was very wide, but his scholarship, though elegant, was anything but exact; and a certain foppiness in habits, and want of manliness in mind and manner, made boys and manly men impatient and unjust. But no history of Eton can be fairly or justly written without recording the unequalled services he rendered to the school. Almost all the modern reforms there have been effected according to lines which he laid down. He reintroduced mathematics as part of the necessary school work; and by wisely enlisting the great influence of the Prince Consort in favour of the study of modern languages, he gave a stimulus to the cultivation of them at Eton (at least of French, German, and Italian), which has been followed by the happiest results. His direct teaching was the least successful part of his work, from his want of accuracy and his deficiency in sound and clear principles of taste. But his whole influence was excellent; by his large and liberal mind he kept Eton from falling manifestly behind the age in her educational standard; he breathed a new spirit into her system, and he would have done even more, but that he was subject during his whole career as head-master to the authority of provosts, excellent and accomplished men, but in Eton matters ultra Tories.

Dr. Goodford, the present provost, who succeeded Hawtrey as head-master, followed loyally in Hawtrey's steps, and brought to his office that sound and masculine scholarship the want of which was Hawtrey's chief defect. Dr. Balston, as a scholar, had probably no superior in the long line of Eton head-masters, and was universally beloved and respected; but he held the office only a few years, and is understood to have resigned it because he felt himself out of harmony with the educational views which were becoming prevalent, and was unwilling to initiate changes the necessity of which he saw, but the wisdom of which he did not recognise.

Such were the men who administered the Eton system while its ancient principles remained substantially unchanged—all men of distinct and individual character, all capable of teaching, and teaching, as we have said in fact, much that it was very good for boys to learn. Considering that the body of assistant masters, during nearly all this time, was selected only from former collegers, and, with one or two happy and remarkable exceptions, from Fellows of King's, it must be said that they were, as a body, fairly competent to teach what Eton required to be learned, and that on the whole they taught it well. In some few instances a tutor brought to bear a weight of character and a power and authority over the minds of his pupils of inestimable and enduring value, apart altogether from the worth of what he directly taught. It must indeed be admitted that many, perhaps the greater number, of Eton boys carried away but little direct result from the years they spent there. But at least the boys who did learn were admirably taught within the narrow limits of the Eton course. What was taught was well taught, and what was taken away was in itself well worth taking. There were grave and indefensible omissions, but a knowledge of a few great writers, and of noble passages from others, is at least knowledge useful in itself. Nor in the case of really intellectual boys was the result at all (in a purely literary view) confined or narrow. They educated themselves; they educated one another. Few Eton men but will admit how wide, how valuable, was the education which went on out of school hours and apart from school work, often encouraged or directed by the tutor; and how much that has been useful, how very much that is delightful in after life, is the direct result not perhaps of Eton School, but of school life at Eton. Far from being narrow, the classical knowledge of the intellectual Eton boys of those days was far wider than is generally the case now. They were familiarly acquainted with many authors whom their successors never open. The minute and exact acquaintance with the text of a writer required

by the system of examination now in vogue, has possibly some good attending on it; but as an inevitable result it has rendered any large and wide acquaintance with classical literature physically impossible to a young man—that is to say, to most men impossible altogether—whereas the classically educated men of former times read the Greek and Latin literatures, if not as wholes, at least in large and substantial portions. It is, perhaps, going back too far to remind our readers of the correspondence of Fox and Wakefield, which shows that the Eton statesman as well as the professed scholar, who was not an Eton man, was familiar not only with Homer and Pindar and the Attic dramatists (the whole of them), but with authors so much out of the common track as Lycophron and Nonnus, and with the whole of Roman literature, as well as Virgil, and Cicero, and Tacitus. But it is certain that the tendency for many years has been to narrow the field of culture, and that the modern young man leaves his school and his university, having spent perhaps more time over Greek and Latin, but having read much less of them than formerly he would have done. Greek and Latin are read now not as literatures, but as languages; the study of them, if deeper, is less broad, and what it may have gained in precision it has lost in variety. The stream does not flow back again; the old scholar is a thing of the past; but remembering many noble specimens of him in public life and in all the great professions, we must be pardoned for doubting whether in this instance evolution has been progress.

However this may be, it had become manifest some ten years since that the Eton of the past could not remain the Eton of the future. The election to the head-mastership of Dr. Hornby, an Oppidan and an Oxford man, was an entire breaking by the college with the Eton tradition, and almost immediately upon his election the school and college were subjected to the operation of the Public Schools Commission, a commission appointed by the last Lord Derby, and consisting of seven persons, five of whom were Eton men. It could hardly be said, therefore, that Eton was submitted to the judgment of a tribunal in itself unfavourable to her.* Nor was the action of the Commission itself in any way hostile or revolutionary. They abolished the whole system of Fellowships; they enforced religious freedom; they insisted upon a definite amount

* The Commission consisted of the Archbishop of York, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Coleridge, the Recorder of London, Sir John Lubbock, Sir John Lefevre, and Mr. Charles Parker. With the exception of the Archbishop and the Recorder, all these gentlemen were educated at Eton.

of natural science and mathematics as part of the school work ; and they created a governing body, the members of which are chiefly nominated by great educational and scientific bodies, and by the assistant masters, in addition to the Provosts of Eton and King's and certain persons elected by the body itself ; and to these persons were handed over full powers for the government of the school, and for such reforms as, upon consideration and experience, might from time to time appear proper. It was hoped that in this way what was good in the old system might be preserved and blended with what was new and useful ; that addition rather than destruction would be the principle of any change ; that the freedom and manliness of the relations between boys and masters would be preserved ; and that, while the course of study was widened and varied, Eton would become to all its boys that place of real education which it has always been to some, and that the scandal of the ignorance, the indolence, the extravagance and luxury of so many of its pupils would be gradually and completely done away. The new system has now been some years at work ; and what account is to be given of the present state of the school ?

In some respects nothing can be better. In the present day the profession of a schoolmaster is lucrative and attractive ; and in consequence some of the ablest intellects and most accomplished scholars of the day are to be found pursuing it. Few places are more desirable than an Eton master's ; a young man, at an age when in any other profession he would be living upon hope, finds himself, with a good house and a good income, one of a highly intellectual and cultivated society in the noblest seminary in the world. And without comparisons, always invidious and seldom accurate, with other schools, the Eton masters are positively a set of men of remarkable powers and attainments, more than equal in intellect to the demands made upon them, capable of imparting to the cleverest of their pupils all that they have capacity to receive. The boys on the foundation show the excellence of the teaching. They are now elected by merit from a large body of candidates ; all through the school they feel that their future depends upon their industry ; they are elected to scholarships at King's almost solely by examination ; and as they have now for many years all but monopolised the Newcastle Scholarship, the great distinction of the school, so at Cambridge a large proportion of the scholars of King's achieve high University distinction. These things show the merit of the Eton teaching, and how well the Eton masters teach it. Nor is it fair to say that all the intellectual distinction achieved by Eton men is achieved by those who have been on her foundation. Intellectual

honours and distinctions enough are won year after year by young men amongst the oppidans, to show that an Eton education is not for an oppidan a bar to mental cultivation, and that upon some of them at least the tutors have expended that mental labour which is repaid in the collegers by so rich a harvest.

Yet the collegers are in number but seventy, the oppidans in round numbers nine hundred, and, with the exceptions which we have mentioned, it cannot be said that the state of the great body of the school can be contemplated by any Eton men with satisfaction, still less with pride. To one of the most brilliant and vigorous-minded men of the day is attributed the caustic saying 'that Eton, indeed, was a most wonderful place; for that it had been a long struggle between Eton and Education, and he thought that in the end Eton would win.' Like many good sayings, it is extravagant; but whereas it would have been without point altogether, had it been said of Rugby or of Winchester, everyone feels that it has a very keen point as applied to Eton. The number of boys who gain nothing or next to nothing from the school, who waste time there bringing away nothing but foolish habits of luxury and expense, the corrupting and lowering influence which these boys exercise upon the tone and habits of the whole school, the mischief they do to others, the discredit they bring upon the place—these things are felt keenly and deplored sincerely by many of the best men engaged in the working of the school.

There will be no dispute as to the truth of this, even on the part of those who have the power, if they were in earnest, to amend it. Other matters appear to those outside the charmed circle of Eton almost equally blamable, as to which the same unanimity is not to be expected. Foremost is the expense, making an Eton education, except in the case of the collegers, almost a luxury for the rich. We have heard that Harrow is in this respect even worse, but we have not the same means of accurate information as to Harrow, and we cannot believe that the statement is correct. We have, however, before us, five sets of bills of Eton boys, all in tutors' houses, all in the same part of the school, ranging from 1809 to the present time. In seventy years the expense has nearly trebled; and a parent finds that he must pay or expose his child to considerable obloquy and discomfort. Forty years ago it was not beyond the means of men of moderate incomes, clergymen, professional men, small country gentlemen, by efforts and self-sacrifice, to send a boy to Eton. And the *mascula proles* of such parents, boys who knew that they must work hard and live simply, were a most valuable element

in the little world which, for a time, they inhabited. Such boys, unless they are clever enough to succeed in the stern competitive examination by which the ranks of the collegers are recruited, must now go elsewhere for their education. To them the loss is something; to the school it is very great, and tends to aggravate the worst evils under which it suffers. A large portion of the increased expense it is within the power of the authorities to curtail; there is no reason in the nature of things why a boy should cost more at Eton than at Rugby or Winchester; * and when we remember the men who now form the governing body of Eton we are fain to hope that this great and growing evil may be abated.

It is certainly one great source of the poor intellectual results of Eton upon the great body of the school which we have spoken of. Of course the ordinary stimulus of emulation, the desire to win prizes and to fit oneself for the combat of life, is wanting to boys whose future is secure, and whose parents are either careless about expense or have a positive low-bred pride in their children's extravagance. The discipline of the school has no real terrors for the sons of men who care not whether they learn anything or not, whether they are distinguished or disgraced, and who often send them to Eton more from motives of ostentation than anything better. To the man of family and wealth Eton is the natural resource if his boy goes anywhere; to the man of wealth without family, but with the desire to found one, Eton occurs as the place where his son may form those acquaintances which he craves himself with the grovelling eagerness of a *parvenu*, and which he believes, too often truly, may be acquired by the vulgar display of sufficient money. The presence of these boys in large numbers in a school is a real difficulty, which must and will be felt by men of the highest aims and the most resolute determination to enforce intellectual training upon everyone who comes within the walls of a place of education. But is there this high aim, is there this resolute determination in the general educational staff at Eton? Men must answer this question according to the best of their knowledge and judgment. We are unable to answer it as we could wish. We are not aware of stern and persistent efforts to repress waste

* Or Marlborough. But it may be said that the expenses of Marlborough are distinctly and intentionally pitched upon a lower scale, and that the comparison would be unjust. We have not, therefore, mentioned it, but we may refer with entire agreement to the strong and sensible observations of Mr. Gladstone in his speech at Marlborough a year since comparing the two places.

and display. We know that luxury and habits of luxury have steadily increased. We hear of suggestions from able men that it is valuable to cultivate taste and a sense of the beautiful, as a defence for easy chairs and sofas and engravings and pianofortes. The national importance of subjecting the sons of great nobles and still greater contractors to the elevating influences of Eton is repeated till, to say the truth, it bores. It is not an unknown experience to find men proud of the social status of their pupils, rather than of their mental or moral gifts. All this shows that the corrupting influence of rank and wealth has not stopped at Eton with the boys. The truth is that rank and wealth have indeed a claim to be educated at a school, but only on the terms that they do not injure it. It does not bear statement that Eton is to be ruined for the sake of such men. If their sons gain some good from it, which is doubtful, they inflict an amount of evil which is not doubtful and not easily measurable upon a great national institution. There should be no hesitation in choosing between the two. *Aut disce aut discede* should be sternly enforced upon every boy, and the essentially intellectual character of a school should be vindicated without compromise. This seems so true as to be a truism. We fear that in the great school it will not be so accounted.

Bad and retarding, however, as are the effects of the cause we have indicated upon the intellectual progress of the great body of the school, it is negative; and the moral mischief it creates is perhaps greater than the intellectual. The absolutely insane passion for athletics which reigns at Eton is a positive and still more active cause of intellectual stagnation. It is not necessary for us to disclaim all desire to interfere with healthy exercise and manly sport. No man of sense has any such desire. A healthy mind seldom exists, at least in youth, out of a healthy body; and as the Thames and the Playing Fields are the great ornaments of Eton, so is the proper use of them a good and wise part of school discipline. Discipline we say, because the right proportion of play to work is a very essential matter to be settled in a good school system; and boys should be as little allowed to overwork the mind as to let it lie idle while they overwork the body. Most fortunately if they are wisely used, most unfortunately if they are allowed to be abused, there are at Eton facilities for the pursuit of almost every kind of manly game. Rowing, cricket, fives, rackets, football, hockey, races of every sort—all may be pursued at Eton under circumstances unusually favourable to them all. Five-and-twenty or thirty years ago they held their

due, and not more than their due, proportion in an Eton boy's life; and the Eton boys of that day were certainly as manly and as fearless as the Eton boys of this. But the line between excellence in mind and body was not then sharply drawn, nor intellectual distinction, as such, subordinated in school opinion to power of muscle or strength of wind. Scholars of the highest class were distinguished also in the 'eleven' and the 'eight.' The best fives' player or the fastest runner in the school might often write immaculate Greek iambs, or elegiacs which Ovid would applaud. In the Debating Society, 'The Club' of Eton, athletic excellence, as such, might have a representative or two, but no more. The Eton men, who in those days as now found places in the various college boats at Oxford and Cambridge, were quite as often as not men who won university prizes and gained first classes; and although, as must always be the case in a large boys' school, excellence in the cricket-field or on the river counted for much, yet those who led the school were distinctly the hard-reading and clever boys, and to win the Newcastle Scholarship set a boy as high among his fellows as to be captain of the 'eleven' or stroke of the 'eight.' It is not so now. Lord Morley told the Public School Inquiry Commission that if a boy was distinguished in any athletic pursuit, it was not against him at Eton to be a successful scholar; no further could an honourable and most competent witness carry his evidence. In truth athletics lead the school. Successful athletes all but monopolise the Debating Society, and it is distinctly a far greater object of ambition to the mass of the school to be the best cricketer or the best oar than to be the best scholar.

It is not to be wondered at. A master trains the boys at cricket and on the river; a great race or a great match is a recognised ground for various relaxations of discipline in favour of the athlete; a splendid challenge cup given by the masters for the best foot-racer shows the importance which the donors attach to the possession of the characteristic bodily excellence of the great Achilles. From Eastertide to August the school is pretty well given up to various contests by land and water in order to exhibit the physical powers which so much of the rest of the year is consumed in training. Some of the tutors struggle, but struggle in vain, against the torrent, and whereas once the object at least of the place was to produce a scholar with so much of athletic excellence as saved him from being a milksop or a bookworm, now it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the business of the place, for the great mass of the school, is athletic excellence, with so much scholar-

ship superadded as may serve as a relaxation from the labours of the body.*

Possibly excellence in various games is carried higher than of old. Very likely the boys row faster, run faster, leap higher, play cricket better than they did thirty years ago. We have not the least objection; only let these things be subordinated to study. But it is obvious common sense that these things want no encouragement from the authorities. Athletics can take very good care of themselves without the aid of masters who are there to teach other things than these. Boy nature will attribute quite sufficient importance to them if they are tolerated and let alone; Eton boys, with all the open-air delights and attractions of the place, are never likely to be all pale recluses and haggard scholars. If, in addition to all the natural bias of youth and the unrivalled opportunities which exist for the pursuit of games, the authorities of the place lend their powerful aid, and stimulate their pupils not to learning, but to sports, what will become of learning is obvious enough.

All this again is, one would think, so plain, so trite, as to need an apology for stating. Yet will any fair man say that there is, or has been, at Eton the least serious, united, persistent effort to check the predominance of athletics and reassert the supremacy of learning? Have we not heard bits of Kingsley (Kingsley distorted and exaggerated) quoted till we are tired of them, and vague and unmeaning talk as to the moral good which follows from physical energy and muscular development, and that man has a body as well as a mind, which certainly no one disputes? A governing body can and ought to interfere, but seldom and on the clearest necessity; but if the school authorities at Eton will not set their face steadily to reduce this evil within some endurable limits, it is time for some higher authority to interfere.

* The mischief of an undue pursuit of athletic excellence is the topic of a famous fragment of Euripides, known, we presume, as to all scholars, so to the Eton masters. It begins with the striking statement:—

κακῶν γὰρ ὄντων μυρίων καθ' Ἑλλάδα,
οὐκ ἔν κἀκίων ἔστιν ἀθλητῶν γένους.

Euripides goes on to assert that even for the body great athletic excellence was a bad thing; that the athletes were never particularly distinguished for skill or courage in the conflicts of real war; that their old age was generally wretched; and that crowns should be reserved for the wise and good who were of use to their states and to the whole of Greece. The whole fragment is well worth study. It will be found in the 10th book of *Athenæus*, and it shows that the general drift of our argument is as old as the Peloponnesian War.

The fact that much of what we regard as so mischievous in this matter is due to the active support which many of the masters give to the evil is significant and disquieting. In former days it certainly would not have been so. But a change in this respect, not altogether for the better, has been worked in the last twenty years. The old masters were possibly—nay, if any survive, they will forgive us for saying were certainly—not the intellectual equals of those who now fill their places. We desire to bear hearty and ungrudging testimony to the merits of those who are now the assistant masters at Eton. They are as capable a body of men as any in the kingdom, and we are sure they do their duty, according to their view of it, not only honourably, but unsparingly and with no selfish aims. It is but natural, however, that persons out of Eton should look at the matter rather differently from those within it, and should feel that in some very important respects the masters of the old school were much better than the masters of the new. If they were somewhat narrow, a little wanting in accomplishment, at least they did their work from the beginning of each school time to the end with nothing to distract their attention from it, and no interests beyond the place. If they had such interests, they pursued them in vacations. The hours of their day were those of their boys' day; society and its pleasures they enjoyed in the ample holidays during the year; school was school to them; and they were content with, or at any rate confined themselves to, their profession during the months for which it occupied them. Their relations with their own pupils were, on the whole, no doubt wanting in intimacy, but they were kindly and manly relations, and it very seldom happened that one tutor knew much, except in school, of the pupils of another. Jealousies, we presume, there were, and occasional differences with the head-master were inevitable, in a body of educated and independent men; but the system of the school was one and entire, and each tutor accepted his place in it, and did his best for the whole school, with no thought of making for himself a separate and individual position. There was more use of the birch than suits modern ideas, and perhaps this *ratio ultima* was resorted to oftener than any sound reason could justify; but the punishment, if sharp, was short, it interfered neither with the health nor with the time of the boys, was followed by no weariness or bitterness of spirit, and entailed no future and increasing difficulties as to future lessons. Injustice and bullying among the boys themselves there was, sometimes great and cruel, but certainly not general, not more, as a rule, than according to English ideas is right and proper in a school.

Absolute authority and unreasoning submission are supposed in England to be essential to the relations of older and younger boys; and a teasing and wearing oppression which no Englishman would submit to, and which, if he were forced to bear, would make him either sour or false, is believed, for some inscrutable reason, to be beneficial and what is called hardening to a boy's character. On the whole, however, Eton, in spite of occasional revelations of monstrous tyranny, was better in this respect than most other schools; much better than might have been expected from the entire absence of continued personal supervision by the masters, which was the settled principle of the system.

We doubt whether, under a more numerous and far more learned and accomplished body of masters, the harsher features of this picture have been softened, and the pleasant ones made more pleasant. Disputes to which public attention was lately called showed either that the authority of the head-master has become weaker, or that notions wholly inconsistent with the successful administration of a school have taken possession of the assistants. Their very name tells what they are, and should remind them that independent action in the school is as impossible for them as in the members of any other body engaged in a common object under a common head. But this very plain lesson some of them have to learn. In this and in other matters, there are indications not obscure that the work of the school is unsatisfying to them. The variety and extent of their attainments tend to make the work of school seem a weary round of dull labour performed in an obscure arena. They live, much more than of old, 'not wholly in the world 'nor quite beyond it.' More than formerly they delight in 'news 'from the hummingcity,' and the city with its pursuits is far more accessible than it was. There was an old story of Dr. Keate detecting the feigned illness of a well-known assistant, by going straight into his bed-room, and finding him in bed fully dressed for a journey to London, to spend the evening in seeing John Kemble or Edmund Kean. Such a story would be an anachronism now. No one, indeed, grudges an intellectual man the gratification of his refined and becoming tastes. But there is a time for all things, and we should be glad to think that the dull, grinding, but most necessary work was done as it used to be, steadily, incessantly, uncomplainingly. It must be remembered that distaste for the work of his profession is not followed in the case of a schoolmaster, as it is in other professions, by instant failure. Let a lawyer, or a doctor, or an engineer show that he is bored by the practice of his profession, and he will very soon be relieved of what annoys him; but a

master in a great school shares in the prosperity which follows on great associations, noble memories, hard-won successes ; he enters, so to say, upon the labours of others, and sometimes reaps without much sowing. Such a feeling as we have indicated is the more dangerous because in most cases it is unconscious ; it is disguised in the attractive garb of lofty aim and mental culture ; and not a man whose work suffers from it but would heartily and earnestly admit, that there was nothing better or nobler in the world than un murmuring discharge of duty, wherever a man's lot is cast.

Again, the relations of boys and masters, always good at Eton, are now, we really believe, upon the whole, better, closer, more useful than ever. But into these has crept, unless we mistake, too much of a fanciful and unmanly preference in particular cases, certainly mischievous, and quite inconsistent with the sterner, simpler, more commonplace manners which formerly in this respect more happily prevailed. We know not whether many assistant masters have written, or whether more than one has published, verses addressed to handsome and winning boys still in the school, or but very lately removed from it. Whatever may be the beauty of the poetry, such feelings are unhealthy, and any manifestation of such relations, whether in poetry or in the simpler prose of intimacy and petting, is fraught with danger, not only to the parties to them, but to the whole school. This is but another, though perhaps more mischievous, example of the want of contentment with the matter-of-fact work of the place of which we have already spoken.

Another and even more general indication of the same spirit is the want of that individual attention which, in the altered state of Eton, parents have a right to expect. Very wisely and rightly the number of pupils any master can take in his house or out of it has recently been limited ; equally wisely the number of boys taught in school by any one master has been greatly reduced ; and the number of masters has been largely and most properly increased. Formerly anything like personal and discriminating teaching was impossible at Eton, and parents must have known it. One popular and distinguished tutor, besides all his school work, had one hundred pupils. Of course he could not, and no one could blame him because he did not, give much time to any of them. His school division was probably close upon a hundred also ; and no one could have much individual attention. It may be that the reduction of the numbers subjected to the teaching of one man in school or out of school has not been carried far enough, that too much tenderness has been shown for the interests,

not of this man or that, but of the whole class of masters who keep boarding houses, and that the idea has not yet been fully grasped at Eton, that masters are there for the sake of boys, and not boys for masters.* Still much has been done, as much as can be expected in the face of the grave difficulty of doing anything new in a great and established institution. The improvement, however, in the way of individual supervision has not been what it ought. The idle boy is not made to learn. The different bents of different minds are not watched for, and opportunities for cultivation and distinction afforded in one direction if it is seen that they are useless in another. Pains are not taken that each boy shall have the best done with him that is possible. Some tutors make strong efforts, but the system still wants flexibility, and the notion of individual watching and separate training is supposed to be out of harmony with the spirit of the place. The evil that follows is twofold. The dull average boy is neglected because he has no aptitude for the prevailing studies, while the clever one, who has, gets an undue share of attention, not undue positively, but by comparison with his less brilliant fellow. The positive evil is the indolent and indiscriminating use of punishments. Masters take no trouble to follow their punishments, so to speak, and to consider the cruel, we had almost said the wicked, mischief they often do. Whether it has arisen in consequence of the comparative discontinuance of flogging we know not, but after some inquiry we must say that the system of punishments now common at Eton is without parallel in former days, and without example now in any other school. A book of the *Georgics* or of *Homer*, or half, sometimes a whole Greek play, to be written out, is inflicted for some piece of carelessness or ignorance or breach of discipline, often unjustly, always foolishly, with a lazy unenquiring rigour which does no good whatever, arouses bitterness of temper, hatred of the subject of the punishment, and constantly creates the very faults it punishes by uselessly wasting time and preventing the learning of the lessons. If the governing body were to insist, for a single school time, upon a return being made by the boys every

* A violent outcry was raised against the present head-master because he directed certain masters to teach in certain parts of the school for which they were best fitted. It was not denied that they *were* best fitted; but it was said that to put young men to teach older boys than men of greater age were put to teach, was to violate the traditions of Eton. Strange language indeed, and happily not yielded to; but very characteristic of the prevailing views of a place of education where it could be used without seeming strange!

week of the punishments inflicted during that period, the result, we will venture to say, would be not a little startling to those amongst them who are Eton men, and remember what Eton was in their time.

We have said that the bullying at Eton was never very bad or general; but there were from time to time bad cases, which a reasonable care might have prevented. It is the same now. Bad cases do arise now and then; and when they arise they are dealt with, but not as severely as in right reason and feeling they deserve. Nor are they prevented as they might be, and ought to be. The Eton view is that these things are, as a rule, best left to the correction of the public opinion of the school. Public opinion is no doubt an excellent thing, but it needs instruction, and we are afraid it gets too little on the subject in any of our public schools, including Eton. Protecting little boys from tyranny, and all boys from injustice, is no doubt difficult and troublesome, but it is one of the very things which masters in a school are set there to do, and the habitual neglect of this plain duty, and the acquiescence of the English public in its neglect, are amongst the worst and most disheartening features of the Public School system as a whole. It is not impossible to prevent cruelty and injustice anywhere. In an Eton master's house, if trouble be taken about it, it is easy; but it will never be done if men will not try, and as things are men will not try till they are plainly told by English opinion that they must. It is idle to say that the Eton authorities could not have prevented Shelley from being hunted; yet a 'Shelley-hunt' was for a while almost a recognised pastime of the school; and if the subjects of the treatment have been less illustrious in after life, yet examples of the treatment have not been wanting from the time of Shelley to the present hour. The following striking passage on this subject is extracted from a sermon preached by Dr. Hawtrey when headmaster. He had seen and he powerfully described the bullying inflicted on Shelley and Sidney Walker; he was himself a man of the kindest sympathies; he was awake to what might go on, because it had gone on, amongst the boys in the school; but, as far as we know, he never attempted practically to deal with it, except by a passage in a sermon:—

'There are other errors which belong to mere strength of body: and these are more oppressive, more frequent, and always more mortifying to the sufferer. The objects of such kind of ill-usage are not those over whom there is any lawful or conventional right; they are the weak, the timid, the eccentric, the unsociable; sometimes those who have none of these failings, but who, from some peculiarity of character, are not acceptable to all, who are nevertheless capable of warm

friendship, who are even possessed of no common mental powers, which *might* be expanded into great private and public usefulness, but which *may* be compressed and concentrated in a sensitive mind till they waste and devour it, till they lead to misanthropy, or perhaps to the more fatal error of doubting the justice of Providence, because man is unjust; of madly imagining that Christianity itself is a fable, because those who call themselves Christians have acted—in pure recklessness—as if they were heathens.

‘Two such I knew in other days: one of them, when I was too young to feel and understand what I *do* understand now. Both of them are long since gone to their account. The talents of the first, however abused, earned for him a reputation which will probably not perish while our language shall be spoken. But his life here was miserable from this kind of injustice; and if his mind took a bias leading him to error, which the Almighty may forgive—for He is all merciful, and makes allowance for His creatures, which we in our self-approving severity seldom make—they, who remember those days, well know how that mind was tortured, and how much the wantonness of persecution contributed to pervert its really noble and amiable qualities. The other was known to a smaller circle, and mercifully saved from the more grievous error with which the former sank into his untimely grave; but he too suffered as none ought to have suffered, and owed, in a great degree, the ills of a wayward and profitless life, though he was possessed of mental powers hardly inferior to those of any of his contemporaries, to unkind treatment received, as a boy, from those who could not understand or appreciate him. To others, who had the sense and humanity to take a different course with him, he clung with affectionate fondness, till he sank, hardly regretted, and almost unknown, to a less untimely, and yet early grave.’

What we have said of bullying is true *mutatis mutandis* of fagging. It is not cruel or excessive at Eton. But the system seems to us in its nature indefensible, and too little trouble is taken—it would be hardly an exaggeration to say none at all—to prevent or to correct its occasional abuses.

We have not adverted, we do not desire here to advert, to any defects, real or supposed, in the present curriculum at Eton. If defects there be, they are of a sort easily remedied, and neither in the governing body nor in the head-master would be found the slightest objection to remedy them. We assume, because we believe, that the system is in the main excellent, that from the great distinction achieved, not exclusively though chiefly, by the boys on the foundation, it is excellently taught to many boys by a set of men undoubtedly of the highest abilities, and, speaking generally, of great capacity for teaching. They are themselves, with scarcely an exception we believe, the products of Eton; and if the mass of the school in the least resembled them, the foes of Eton must be silent, and her friends would have their utmost desire.

But, say the advocates of Eton as it is, what would you have more? The school is successful beyond all former example. Never was it so full; never were parents more eager than now to submit their children to its teaching. Most true, but most misleading. They are its faults and not its virtues which recommend it to the vast majority of parents whose children crowd its forms. Nay, in spite of all its faults, it has so much beauty, association, interest, and excellence as to endear it to every Eton man, to make it difficult for him to give up for his children what he values for himself, and to grieve him because what is so good is not, as it might be, so much better. Friendships the delight and honour of his life, memories the treasures of his heart, the awakening of young imagination by majestic buildings and solemn services, the first sense of refinement in language, of beauty in form, of melody in verse, which he there received and which he has never lost—all these echoes from a happy youth which still linger in the ear of age, and soothe while they linger—these are sufficient to account for the love of Eton in any man who knows it now, and who knew it when a boy. These men it is whom its vulgarities anger, and its shortcomings distress. These men do not wish that it should flourish less, but that it should deserve to flourish more; and we with them should heartily rejoice if it would become, as it could become, the greatest intellectual seminary in the world, without ceasing to be the manliest and happiest of English schools.

ART. IX.—*The Story of my Life.* By the late Colonel MEADOWS TAYLOR, C.S.I. Edited by his Daughter. Edinburgh: 1877. 2 vols.

THE opportunity which our Indian Empire presents for a career to the able and adventurous is a trite subject on which to moralise. But if trite the inference is no less true; and a very noteworthy example of what may be achieved by an Indian public servant through simple merits, without adventitious aid from interest or connexion, is afforded by the life of the officer placed at the head of this article. In one sense, indeed, the late Colonel Meadows Taylor cannot be deemed to have achieved distinguished success; not being a member of either of the recognised Indian services, he was debarred from rising to any of the high offices of the Indian government, and at the time of his retirement held merely the charge of a district, to which comparatively humble preferment every

'covenanted civilian' is entitled to succeed in ordinary course, without displaying any merit whatever, and usually passes on from such a post to some higher and more lucrative appointment. But for his writings, the name of Meadows Taylor would probably have been unknown beyond the province in which his official life was passed. Nevertheless his career was so remarkable as illustrating both the force of character in overcoming difficulty, and for the exhibition of those virtues and qualities which are most especially to be desired in Indian administrators, that it well deserves to be brought under the notice of his countrymen. Landing in India an almost friendless and uneducated boy, and passing an unusually busy and harassing life, Taylor succeeded in making himself an accomplished and cultured man, and, still better, gained in an extraordinary degree the attachment and gratitude of the native communities over which he was placed. In this respect his example cannot be brought too prominently before the notice of a class, almost every family of which has, or looks to have, one at least of its members engaged in some form or other in the administration of our Indian Empire. The materials for telling the tale are fortunately available in the 'Story' of his life, which Meadows Taylor prepared in his later years, and which has just been issued from the press. The story, however, is not merely an old man's uncertain recollections of his younger days; the autobiographer, during the forty years of his Indian service, had carried on a voluminous correspondence with his father and other members of his family, and his share of it has been carefully preserved. It is on these records of incidents written at the time of their occurrence that the story is based, which has thus all the freshness of contemporary narrative.

Meadows Taylor was born at Liverpool in 1808, the eldest son of a then prosperous merchant of that city, but whose affairs suffered a loss when the boy was about seven years old, which brought him to comparative poverty and involved the need of stringent retrenchment in his easy way of living. As one apparent result of this change of fortune, little Meadows was sent to a big and cheap boarding-school near Prescott, where there were a hundred boys; 'a rough place,' says the autobiographer, where the domestic arrangements rivalled those of Winchester in their primitive discomfort, and where, although the food was plentiful, one institution at least resembled the customs of Dotheboys Hall.

'Good Mrs. Barron attended to our personal cleanliness and to our health; and at stated seasons, especially in spring, we were all gathered together in the dining-hall, where the old lady stood at the end of the

room at a small table, on which was a large bowl of that most horrible compound brimstone and treacle. The scene rises vividly before me, as we all stood with our hands behind our backs, opened our mouths and received each our spoonful, swallowed it down as best we could—and had to lick the spoon clean too! Surely this was a refinement of cruelty.'

The discipline of the school was as savage as the life was rough, and, under pressure of the brutal canings he received, the boy ran away; his parents had the good sense not to send him back again. Soon after this, his father, whose affairs did not improve, removed to Dublin, where he had accepted the management of a large brewery, and here too the school his boys were put to seems to have been of a low standard. 'Was everything I learned,' asks Meadows, 'always to be beaten into me?' However, his spirits were high, and he signalised his last half-year by defeating the bully of the school, to whom he had succumbed on a previous occasion, in single combat. Every man of Taylor's time, and many a good deal younger, can look back to the school fights of those days, so frequently, often so stubbornly contested, always so full of excitement and interest to the lookers-on. Fighting at school, we understand, has gone out like duelling. The disuse of the practice is probably due to the great development lately given to athletic games. The worship of muscle may be not without its disadvantages, but the mode of life of the rising generation is at least more healthy and kindly than that of their forefathers.

To return to the subject of our notice. The school life of Meadows Taylor came to an abrupt end in his fourteenth year, just, as he says, when he was beginning to take a pleasure in school work, and he was articled for a seven years' apprenticeship to Messrs. Yates Brothers and Co., West India merchants at Liverpool, there to undergo the drudgery which falls to the boy clerks in such an establishment. From copying circulars, his first employment, he was soon promoted to be post-office clerk—'not an easy task in those days, as the 'postage on letters sent and received was of considerable 'amount and variety'—and then he became one of the clerks for attending the discharge of cargoes: 'a hard life,' writes the old man looking back on his boyhood; 'day after day, in 'snow, frost, or rain, I have sat for hours together, shivering 'and benumbed with cold, being allowed an hour for my 'dinner, in which time I had to run two miles to eat it, and 'run back again. Sometimes a friendly captain would ask me 'to partake of his meal; and I have frequently shared a

‘landing-waiter’s lunch when offered.’ But that the lad had very soon made his mark is shown from his being now appointed collector of moneys due—‘assistant dunner,’ as it was called:—

‘And late in the dark evenings have I, mere boy as I was, been walking the streets of Liverpool with thousands of pounds in bills, notes, and gold in my pocket. I was getting on; but I had enemies—why, I know not—who played me many a scurvy trick. My petty cash was often pilfered, my desk being opened by other keys. I was ordered on private errands for other clerks, and when I refused to execute them I was “paid off” by malicious accusations. These were, however, entirely disproved. I had a steady friend in Mr. Yates, and persevered in my work.’

It is easy to understand why the boy’s preferment for such duty should have excited jealousy among the other clerks; but this was the last occasion, during Meadows Taylor’s long and varied life, of his making an enemy of any sort.

The wretchedness he endured from this continued persecution broke down his health and spirits, and his employer agreed to let him go home for a time for rest and change, and offered to cancel his indentures if he could find any preferable opening. This soon presented itself, and, as it appeared at the time, of a very favourable kind. A Mr. Baxter, styling himself a Bombay merchant, offered him a situation in his house in Bombay, with a small share in the business when he should come of age. It had been previously decided that he should be sent to Madeira for his health; so the proposal fitted admirably, and he sailed for India in his sixteenth year, in the hope of returning home, after a few years, a rich and prosperous member of Baxter’s ‘house.’ The voyage was so far eventful that the ‘Upton Castle’ was threatened by a pirate felucca off the Azores, on which occasion Meadows Taylor served as captain of the mizen-top, his favourite resort for reading, ‘and which was now garrisoned by six stout boys ‘besides myself;’ but as the felucca sheered off on a closer inspection of the ‘Upton Castle’s’ broadside—for the Indiamen of those days were all armed—the expected fight did not come off. On reaching Bombay a terrible disappointment awaited our young adventurer. Baxter’s ‘house,’ in which he looked to become a partner, turned out to be simply a large shop, the profits of which had been for some time more than absorbed by the expenses of its owner’s London establishment. The business, he found, was notoriously in a critical state, and most unlikely to last. Mr. Baxter’s business habits, moreover, did not carry him to the point of sending notice of his future part-

ner's having embarked for Bombay. The local agent received him civilly, but knew nothing about his engagement, while his quondam fellow passengers gave the cold shoulder to the young shopboy. But deliverance soon came from this embarrassing position. His mother was a Mitford 'of that ilk,' one of the best families in the North of England, and Meadows Taylor had brought out a letter of introduction from that lady to her cousin, Mr. Newnham, a member of the Civil Service, then holding the high office of chief secretary to the Bombay Government. After a few weeks passed in making out bills for wine and groceries at Baxter's, and selling goods over the counter, he received one morning a summons from this gentleman, who 'showed me a letter from Sir Charles Metcalfe, then 'Resident at Hyderabad, stating that he had procured me a 'commission in his Highness the Nizam's army, and the 'sooner I went up to Aurungabad the better.' It needs not to say that he accepted the offer, Baxter's local agent kindly cancelling his indentures. Mr. Newnham on this writes to his kinswoman in England that her son

'will now quit the shop and move in his proper sphere. The Nizam's service,' he continues, 'holds out the most flattering prospects; and if he qualifies himself in points of duty and in acquaintance with the native languages, the road to high and lucrative employment will be open to him. He will remove to my house, where he will remain till he is ready to proceed to Aurungabad, where his military service will commence. . . . He is a fine intelligent lad, and I saw him, with regret, articulated to a house which is not in as flourishing a state as you were led to believe.'

'I removed,' continues the autobiography, 'to a small bungalow within Mr. Newnham's "compound," and a Parsee servant was appointed to attend me, who spoke good English; but I had not been idle, and could make myself understood pretty well, my ear guiding me to a good pronunciation. Arrangements for my military outfit proceeded. I needed of course uniform, tents, clothes, &c., and my generous friend, Mr. Newnham, gave me a splendid chestnut Arab, which had belonged to his late wife. How pleased he was that I was out of "that shop"—that I was no longer "Baxter's boy"! indeed I am sure he felt his own dignity insulted as long as I was there. "Now," he said, "you are Lieutenant Meadows Taylor of his Highness the Nizam's service, and we all drink your health and wish you success."'

Just at this time another tempting offer was made him. The head of a leading mercantile firm invited him to join his house, and Mr. Newnham was puzzled at first how to advise his young *protégé*. But it was ultimately determined that he should follow a military career; and the decision was a fortunate one, for the great house, then apparently so prosperous,

not long afterwards failed. In the latter end of 1824, young Meadows Taylor, being then only sixteen, started to join his appointment, with a liberal outfit, the cost of which had been advanced by his generous patron. Thus he owed his first real start to the kindness of a friend and kinsman; and almost every successful man, if he is honest, will admit that his success can be traced in the first instance to the same cause. Wellington, in all probability, would not have been selected for the command in Portugal if he had not already distinguished himself on Indian battle-fields, the opportunity for doing which he owed entirely to his eminent brother. Of course a man must have the needful qualities for turning such opportunities to good account. Some men pass their lives in getting and losing chances, but Taylor was of the sort to make befriending him a pleasing office; winning, active, eager, and industrious, every one took kindly to the lad, and his high-placed relation had the discernment to see that influence and generosity exerted in his case would be well repaid by the result.

We are tempted here to quote an extract from the lad's first letter to his mother on his arrival in India.

‘Nothing goes down here but the “Company,” and it is indeed an excellent service. There are the writers, for instance; as soon as they arrive in India, they have their three hundred rupees a month, and nothing to do but to learn the Hindostanee and Persian languages, and ride about in palankeens, with a score of black fellows at their heels. In this country there are lots of servants, and they are the laziest lot of rascals under the sun. One fellow will not do two things. If you have a fellow to brush your shoes, he will not go on an errand. One of our passengers hired eighteen servants the moment he landed! But their wages are very cheap. You get these fellows for two, three, four, and six rupees a month, and have not to clothe them or anything. . . . A shirt here lasts only a day—sometimes not even that. Fortunately washing is very cheap, only three rupees a month, and you may dirty as many things as you like. I think the climate will agree with me; I do not find the heat oppressive. . . . I have not seen any of the passengers since I came ashore. I suppose they will all be too proud to speak to me now; but, fortunately, there was not one I cared twopence for, except young Shephard; that's a comfort. . . . The language is not difficult to get a knowledge of; but to be a good grammatical scholar is difficult, as it is not a written language. But Gilchrist, of London, has invented a way of writing it in English letters. The natives transact their business in Persian, which is a written language. This is a festival day, and the natives walk in a sort of procession, with a kind of drum, making a terrible noise. They dress up in the most ridiculous manner, carry torches in their hands, and go on with all sorts of antics.

‘When you see the boys, kiss them for me, and tell them the

black fellows are such queer "Jummies," with large bracelets on their arms and thighs made of silver, and rings through their noses, and strings of beads round their necks, and almost naked.'

In the first sentence of this extract the writer notes the fact which was to have such an important influence on his fortunes. Nothing, he truly observes, goes down but 'the service,' and it was his misfortune to be outside that service. Another reflection is suggested by the ingenuous common-places the lad sets down about the Indians. These are just what hundreds of young men have written to their friends on first landing in India; unfortunately too many of our countrymen in the East are satisfied to go through life taking this superficial view of what they are pleased to call the 'black men' or 'niggers' around them, regarding them as if the social condition of India were as simple and easily understood as that of the negroes of the West Indies; ignorant to the last of the extraordinary complexity, variety, and interest of India which a nearer acquaintance would afford; and ignoring, because themselves incapable of exciting, the manifold good qualities of the people among whom their lot is cast. With Taylor, however, this ignorance was soon replaced by a more intimate and juster knowledge; and we may observe that with almost all the Anglo-Indian statesmen who have achieved a reputation in the East, as Munro, Elphinstone, Metcalfe, Henry Lawrence, and Outram, a close acquaintance with the people of India has been followed by a strong feeling of kindness towards them, invariably repaid on their part by gratitude and affection. People nowadays lament the decay of feudal sentiment, the coldness and want of attachment manifested by retainers and dependents. Let those who need such ties seek them in India. The sentiments of confidence and devotion with which so many of our best Indian statesmen have succeeded in inspiring the people under their rule—people who, although in daily contact, are yet removed to an immeasurable distance from them by the difference of race and religion and the restrictions of caste—is one of the most striking, as it is also one of the most gratifying, circumstances in our connexion with that country. To a man of this sort, coming home worn out and in broken health, to die perhaps on the way, the sympathy, the unfeigned and disinterested grief shown by the people over whom he has ruled at losing him, must be at once a source of pain and of the highest kind of pleasure. Such a man was Meadows Taylor, and we would go so far as to say that the success of an Anglo-Indian official may be judged in most cases by his manner of looking on the natives of India. If he likes them, and, while

not blind to their many faults, can yet find room to appreciate their many admirable qualities, he has been a good public servant. If, on the other hand, he has not got rid of the contempt and aversion for the people with which in his ignorant complacency he set out, he has probably made a mistake in going to India at all.

The Nizam's army, as it was then called, now the Hyderabad Contingent, was that part of the Nizam's armed forces which had been supplied with a staff of British officers, and brought under regular military training and discipline. It comprised about a dozen regiments of infantry and cavalry with some batteries of artillery, to which were attached about one hundred European officers, most of whom belonged to the regular establishment of the Indian army, and were detached to the Nizam's service by way of staff employ, but some of whom, like Meadows Taylor, were appointed on the nomination of the Resident, and whose commissions carried no authority beyond the Nizam's army itself. The force was created with a twofold object—of securing the Nizam in possession of his throne, and as a set-off against the turbulent rabble which did duty for his own army, and also as a means of controlling the affairs of the State; for, although styled the Nizam's army, and paid from his treasury, it was virtually commanded by the Resident, or representative of the Indian Government at Hyderabad, and received its orders only through him. Service in this force was always much sought after by the younger officers of the Indian army for the increased pay and promotion it conferred, captains and even lieutenants on the lists of the regular army having the command of regiments, and field officers the command of brigades, while the cavalry of the contingent has been reputed to be amongst the best in India. Perhaps not the least of the attractions were the gorgeous uniforms with which the different commandants, untrammelled by dress regulations and remote from view of army head-quarters, delighted to adorn themselves and their officers; and did an officer appear at a levee at St. James's with an exceptional amount of gold lace and embroidery on his coat, he would usually be found to belong to the Hyderabad Contingent. For an outsider like young Meadows Taylor to gain admission to this coveted service was therefore exceptional good fortune; but the lad made a good impression on all with whom he came in contact, and soon qualified himself for his position, becoming a bold rider and sportsman, and devoting himself from the first with such assiduity to the acquisition of the vernacular language, that in a few months he was appointed to act as interpreter to a court-martial on a

native officer. His satisfactory performance of this duty was the occasion of his first preferment, which happened when the Resident came to the station where he was quartered, and the account of the incident is worth inserting in his own words.

‘At last the Resident arrived with a brilliant staff; the station was very gay, and I was presented with all the other officers. Hampton had been promoted, and therefore the command of the escort was vacant. The Resident’s camp was to move on next morning. After dinner Colonel Sayer took me up to Mr. Martin, saying, “Allow me, sir, specially to introduce my young friend here, of whom I have had already occasion to report favourably, officially; I beg you to keep him in mind.” “Will you take the command of my escort by way of a beginning?” said the Resident. “I shall be happy to have you on my personal staff if you are sufficiently acquainted with the native language.” This the good colonel answered for, and I was told to prepare without further delay. I don’t know how I got away: I only remember trying to keep down a big lump that rose in my throat, and the colonel saying to me, “Now you’ve got a start—you will never disappoint me, I know.”

‘All the ladies and gentlemen of the station were present, and crowded round me with congratulations; one of my friends came back with me to my house; my things were packed; we sent to the city for camels for my tents and baggage, which were despatched as quickly as possible. The night passed—I do not think I slept—and by dawn I was in my saddle, and joined the officers of the Resident’s staff as they were starting on their morning stage. It was a sudden change in my life: what might be the next?

‘The Resident expressed himself much pleased when I presented myself at breakfast when the camp halted at a short stage from Aunrabad. We had killed two foxes by the way, my dogs having been posted beforehand. “So you can ride,” said one of my new companions. I was then nine stone eight pounds, and well mounted, as I had my chestnut, and a splendid bay hunter which Stirling had given to me. Yes; I could ride.

‘After breakfast Mr. Martin sent for me, and asked me about my family and what I could do. He then set me to converse with his Moonshee, which I found very easy. I had learned to speak Hindostanee like a gentleman; and here let me impress upon all beginners the great advantage it is to learn to speak in a gentlemanly fashion. It may be a little more difficult to acquire the idioms; but it is well worth while. There are modes of address suitable to all ranks and classes, and often our people unintentionally insult a native gentleman by speaking to him as they would to their servants, through ignorance of the proper form of address. I was also examined in Persian, and Mr. Martin complimented me on my diligence.’

The quality of the young commander of his escort had evidently made an impression on the Resident, for in a very few days he gave him still further advancement. An officer of the

contingent, a friend of Taylor, had lately been selected for the civil office of superintendent of one of the Nizam's districts—a last resource not uncommonly adopted when one of them had fallen into a state of anarchy under its native officials—but had almost immediately been killed in trying to get possession of a fort held by a gang of turbulent Arabs. Mr. Martin, who was still in camp, on getting the news at once offered the post to Meadows Taylor, who could hardly at first believe in his good fortune, for the post was worth 1,500 rupees a month, or about 1,800*l.* a year, but rode off straightway across country to join the cavalry regiment which had been despatched to try and bring the rebels to reason; or, failing that, to storm the fort. Happily the garrison evacuated it just as the troops had been told off for the storm, and Taylor awaited only the confirmation of the appointment by the supreme Government to enter on his new duties. The commandant of the Nizam's cavalry, however, telling him that this confirmation would not in his opinion be given, offered him the adjutancy of one of his regiments. 'Mr. Martin's patronage in the civil department,' said Major Sutherland, 'will be curtailed considerably; and what I propose to you is this—do not go to Hyderabad. I want an adjutant here for one of the regiments. I will appoint you, pending your final transfer to the cavalry. You ride well, our men like you, and the pay is very good.' A tempting offer, especially if we bear in mind the gorgeous jackets affected by that branch of the service; but Taylor stuck to the first acceptance of civil employ. The commandant, however, was right; the nomination was not approved, as was only natural, for Taylor was still a boy of seventeen, and meanwhile the adjutancy had been filled up. So he was glad to accept the office of superintendent of bazaars at the camp of the contingent near Hyderabad—an office which, though comparatively humble, involved plenty of work. 'I had to regulate the markets and the prices of grain in conjunction with the principal merchants and grain-dealers. I was to decide all civil cases, try and punish all breaches of the peace, besides having to inspect all meat killed, and settle disputes between masters and servants.' While thus occupied, Taylor worked away steadily at Persian, looking for the time when an opportunity should come for gaining an entrance into civil employ.

'The day came at length. An officer, who was assistant superintendent of police in the S.W. district of the country, got tired of his solitary life, and proposed to exchange with me. Mr. Martin at once consented to the step, and wrote to me very kindly on the subject, ex-

pressing his desire to serve me to the utmost of his power, and recommending me to accept the exchange.

'My arrangements were soon complete. I was to become proprietor of Captain L.'s bungalow at Sudasheopett, with one or two tents; he, of my "buggy" and horse, which I no longer needed. Furniture on both sides was valued; and when we were respectively in "orders," I betook myself to my new duties, of which the Resident and his secretary gave me an outline; but nothing very precise could be laid down respecting them, and I was left very much to exercise my own judgment. . . .

'Now at last I was free!—literally my own master. I had an immense tract of country to overlook, of which I knew nothing, except that in going to Dundooty I had crossed part of it. I took leave of the Resident and of the Nizam's Minister, Chundoo Lall, who were both very kind to me; . . . and I started on my journey, accompanied by my escort of police, and reached Sudasheopett on the fourth day. I had not completed my eighteenth year.'

The district over which his police jurisdiction extended was about two hundred and fifty miles long by from fifty to sixty broad, for the duties of which he was provided with a force of fifty mounted and one hundred and fifty foot policemen. Under these circumstances the supervision was obviously not of the same kind as we expect to see performed by the police in England. The force was mainly occupied in patrolling the road to Bombay, to keep it clear of the gangs of robbers with which it had been infested, the superintendent occupying a little bungalow at a central point on the line containing only one room, but with stabling for five horses. Here he occupied himself in following up information about the thieves, collecting birds and insects for his uncle, Mr. Selby, the well-known naturalist, and learning the Mahratta language.

'I had plenty to do. Every morning brought in reports from my officers and men, which had to be answered and investigated. Then my early bag of birds had to be skinned and prepared; English correspondence and my Mahratta lesson followed; and I had a box of books from the Secunderabad or Bolarum library to occupy my evenings. I kept Mr. Newnham well informed of my doings, and his delight when I obtained this appointment was very sincere.'

To pass one's days in a little hut, with not another European within scores of miles, and no opportunity of hearing your own tongue for months together, may be thought a dull life to those who are accustomed to spend a large part of each day in family communion, or who look on their club or their mess as a necessary part of existence. But to those who have experienced this sort of solitary life in the midst of an Indian jungle—and many hundreds of our countrymen in the East, engineers,

civilians, and planters, have gone through it—the life will have been found not without its charms, if only health be granted; although to lie tossing on a sick bed when away from help, the bones racked with fever, still worse to die in such a case, with only your servants to bury you, as has happened to so many an Indian official, is a hard fate. Among the pleasures of the life must be set the appreciation which it permits of any society that comes in the solitary man's way, when even the portentous monotony of an Indian cantonment in the hot season seems to the visitor from his solitary bungalow a life of unbridled gaiety. Such occasional relaxations Taylor had, and evidently enjoyed, as when he foregathers with his nearest neighbour the collector of Sholapoor, the conterminous district of the Bombay Presidency, to get some pig-sticking, bearing himself in a way to earn the commendation of that experienced sportsman, or when he meets at the hospitable collector's table some of his old shipmates, surprised to see 'Baxter's shop-boy' a grave political agent for the whole of the Nizam's frontier.

Taylor's first feat in the thief-taking line was the capture of a certain turbulent baron, Narayan Rao by name, who eked out a slender revenue by highway robbery and burglary. A young man is brought to the superintendent's tent one day, covered with sabre-cuts, whose uncle, father, and grandmother had been murdered the night before and their house plundered by the robber. This worthy lived in a fortified village or castle, thirty miles off, which Taylor reaches after a night's ride accompanied by ten of his police and a couple of mounted grooms.

'It looked very strong as we approached in the early morning; the fort stood out in the centre with its large bastions and loopholed walls, all in excellent repair. We halted under a little grove of mango trees, and when the gate was opened to allow the cattle to come out, we rode in boldly, and though the guard seized their matchlocks, no one attempted to fire. In reply to their questions I answered, "I have been travelling all night, and am tired, and intend to rest here a while."

"We will send word to the Rajah," said several.

"No," I answered, "I will speak to him myself;" and we rode up the main street. I thought for a moment that it was rather a rash proceeding, for on the bastions of the fort many men appeared, showing themselves on the parapet and calling to us to go back. The Rajah lived in the fort, and some men came out and stood on the steps leading up to it, and asked me what I wanted.

"The Sahib Bahadur wishes to see your Rajah Sahib," said my jemadar, "and he is tired,—he has ridden all night."

"My master is asleep," rejoined the man, "and I dare not disturb him."

"I must see him, and at once," I said; "if he does not come, I shall go in myself;" and the spokesman went in, returning directly with a young fair man, who was tying a handkerchief round his head.

'He saluted me, and inquired haughtily "why I had come into his town, into which no Feringhee had ever before entered without his leave."

'I stooped down and said in his ear, "You are my prisoner, and must come quietly with me; if you or your people resist, I will drive my spear through your body. Now we will go, if you please."

'The street was narrow, and as my horsemen spread themselves behind us, no one could get near us. I do not remember ever feeling so excited as I did when the Rajah and I went down to the gate by which we had entered. He said nothing; but his men were crowding on the walls and house-tops, all armed and calling to each other. Perhaps they noticed that my long hog spear was within six inches of their Rajah's back!

'When we reached the gate, he merely said to the guard, "Don't follow, I shall return soon;" and we all passed out safely.

'*"Now,"* said I to one of my men, "let the Sahib ride, Bhudrinath;" and as he dismounted from his mare, I bade Narrayan Rao get up.

'*"If you don't, you're a dead man,"* I said; and Bulram Sing advised him to obey; "for," said he, "if you do not do as my master orders you, he will put his spear through you."

'So the Rajah mounted; and as this was seen from the gate towers not a hundred and fifty yards from us, one of my men, happening to look round, called out, "They are going to fire!" and we had scarcely time to put our weary horses into a canter, when a regular volley was discharged, knocking up the dust behind us.

'Bhudrinath had scrambled up behind the Rajah with a merry laugh, and kept consoling his companion by telling him the shot would hit him first. Narrayan Rao, however, maintained perfect silence, and told me afterwards he expected to have been hung upon the first tree, and supposed this to be my reason for ordering him to mount.'

A rescue was attempted; and, that failing, Narrayan Rao offered Taylor a large bribe to let him off, in the form of a draft on his bankers at Hyderabad. Eventually Taylor carried off his capture safely to that place, and paid the draft into the Nizam's treasury.

As an illustration of the varied work falling to the lot of a political officer in such a position we may quote the following. Readers of Miss Edgeworth's novels will remember a similar case described in '*Patronage*':—

'Some very curious and difficult cases of disputed inheritance came before me. One I very well remember, in which two families claimed the same land under a grant from King Yoosuf Adil Shah, who began to reign A.D. 1480. The papers were exactly similar. No forgery could be detected either in the registries or seals; both seemed genuine, and we were fairly puzzled, till, after dinner, holding up the paper to

the light, I saw an unmistakable water-mark—a figure of an angel, with “Goa” underneath. Now, Goa had only been taken by the Portuguese in A.D. 1510; therefore, there could have been no Goa paper in existence in 1488, and Indian paper has never any water-mark. The falsification, therefore, of the deed written on Portuguese paper was conclusive.’

More important, however, than such cases was the enquiry which he was now led to make.

‘Returning after an absence of a month through my district, I was met by some very startling revelations. The police, and chiefly my faithful Bulram Sing, had reported some very unusual occurrences. Dead bodies, evidently strangled, and in no instance recognised, were found by the roadside, and no clue could be discovered as to the perpetrators of their death. In two places, jackals or hyenas had rooted up newly-made graves, in one of which were found four bodies and in another two, much eaten and disfigured.

‘The whole country was in alarm, and the villagers had constantly patrolled their roads, but as yet in vain. All we could learn was, that, some time before, two bodies of men had passed through the district, purporting to be merchants from the north going southwards, but that they appeared quiet and respectable, above suspicion. During these enquiries it transpired that numbers of persons of that part of my district were absent every year from their homes at stated periods. These were for the most part Mussulmans, who carried on a trade with Belgaum, Darwar, and Mysore, bringing back wearing apparel, copper and brass vessels, and the like. Who could these be? Day after day I tried to sift the mystery, but could not. I registered their names, and enjoined Bulram Sing to have the parties watched on their return home. But as the monsoon opened that year with much violence, I was obliged, most reluctantly, to go back to my bungalow at Sudasheopett.’

Had Taylor been allowed more time to follow up his clue, he would probably have unravelled the celebrated Thuggee mystery; but on the accession of another Nizam to the throne, which happened at this time, the new monarch demanded that all the British officers who were ‘interfering in his country’ should be withdrawn, and he accordingly had to return to regimental duty. Before he was again employed in a civil capacity, Thuggee had been unearthed by Captain (afterwards Sir) William Sleeman.

While adjutant of his regiment it fell to Meadows Taylor’s duty to take a prominent part in drawing the teeth of the Nizam’s brother, who had retired with an army of ragamuffins to the Fort of Golconda, and there bade defiance to the Nizam’s government. As the treasury of Golconda contained a million sterling in coin, its irregular occupation threatened to be financially inconvenient, and a force was despatched to take

the fort. But the turbulent brother, after some days' palaver, was got to surrender without fighting. The case is interesting for the following incident:—

‘I was not sorry when, on the fifth morning, one of the staff rode up and told me I might withdraw my men, for the Prince had agreed to send away his levies and keep only his immediate retainers.

‘A scene followed which affected me very deeply. I had drawn up my four companies, and released the guns from their position, when the men burst into loud shouts of—

“Bolo, Mahadeo baba ke jey!” (“Victory to the son of Mahadeo!”)

‘I hardly understood it at first; but my friend S., who came to look after his guns, clapped me on the back and said, “I do congratulate you, Taylor, with all my heart: no truer proof could have been given you of the men's affection; you will never lose your title—it will follow you all your life.” “Bolo, Mahadeo baba ke jey!” he shouted to the men, and heartily did they respond; while, as I proceeded to dismiss them from parade, the cry was taken up by hundreds of both the regiments present.

‘Even our chief came out to say a few kind words. Captain S. was right; my *sobriquet* never left me, not even in the mutiny; and it may still linger among the descendants of those who conferred it.’

In 1832 Meadows Taylor, being then twenty-four years of age, married a daughter of Mr. William Palmer, the once famous banker of Hyderabad, whose failure some ten years before had been a terrible catastrophe to many an Indian household. After a few years of quiet married life, the happy monotony of which was broken only by the suppression of an occasional rebellion, or the capture of some robber chieftain, Taylor and his family all fell sick, and he was ordered home. Unfortunately he was ineligible for a furlough, a special ruling of the Government having laid down that the ‘local’ officers of the Nizam's service—i.e. those who did not belong also to the Company's army—were not entitled to the benefit of the furlough rules. An officer so circumstanced must therefore either surrender his appointment or die. The case illustrates very strongly the force of that feeling which animated the officials about the Government towards all who had not the good fortune, like themselves, to enter the public service under special covenant and conditions, and, it may be added, the feeling of the ruling authority at home. It illustrates, too, that tendency of the regulations to linger behind the wants and conditions of the times with regard to leave and pensions, which has been for many years a chronic source of discontent among all classes of officials in India. Until the end of the last century all the Company's services were on the same condition as that which

Meadows Taylor describes himself to have felt so hard ; they were not entitled to leave India at all except by leaving the service at the same time, and the rules which for the first time made it possible to do this were only obtained by the persistent efforts of Lord Cornwallis when Governor-General, followed up on his return home. Long after the overland route was established, and England had been brought much nearer to India than was the Cape, a heavy pecuniary penalty continued to attach to a return home, which did not apply to a voyage to the latter country, and which practically prevented all staff officers and most civil servants from ever coming to England before their final retirement. This disability has only been removed within the last few years through Lord Lawrence's exertions, and the conditions of Indian service placed on a rational footing with respect to the increased facilities for travel. Now at last these rules have been made so liberal and reasonable as immensely to enhance the comfort and happiness of the covenanted civil and military officers serving in India. But they have so far been made applicable to these classes only ; the authorities still ignoring the claims to similar consideration of the very large body of European civil servants outside these two branches of the public service—engineers, forest and telegraph officers, education inspectors, and so forth—a body which has grown up of late years with the great extension of Indian administration in all lines, to which almost every family in England has furnished a member, and which, on every ground of education, training, and ability, deserves the same amount of consideration as the older branches of the services, but which is not yet recognised as having any claims to be dealt with differently on this head from the humblest native officials, to be numbered by tens of thousands, who naturally do not want to come to England or to send their families there, but whom the framers of the existing rules, with a strange ignorance and obstinacy, persist in clubbing up with all the European officials not in the army or covenanted service under the absurdly inappropriate title of the 'uncovenanted' service. This title is about as sensible as if, for example, one were to style all English clerks who are employed outside the Treasury 'non-treasury officers.' The state of things is so incongruous and absurd, and many of the clauses of the pension and leave rules of the so-called 'uncovenanted' service are so degrading as well as ludicrous in their application to educated English officials, that the thing must surely need only to be brought prominently under the notice of proper authority to be set right, as happened in the particular case of Meadows

Taylor. Going to the Neilgherry mountains to recover from his severe illness, he there had the good fortune to be introduced to the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, and to have the opportunity of telling his tale of the furlough grievance. The Governor-General, astonished to find that such an order had been passed by the Government of which he was the head, at once undertook to have it annulled, and henceforward it became possible for officers of the Nizam's army to revisit their native land on the same terms as those obtained for officers of the Company's army. With Taylor's adventurous journey home with his wife and family in native craft up the Red Sea we have not space to deal, but may just remark that it would in all likelihood have come to an untoward end but for his good knowledge of Oriental languages, his courteous bearing, and the reputation he had taken with him from Hyderabad of being on friendly terms with some of the leading Arab chiefs there. Arrived in England, his ever active mind at once occupied itself in utilising his experiences of native life, and in a few months he brought out his famous 'Confessions of a Thug;' those who have reached middle life will remember the extraordinary interest the book created. As a literary lion for the time, Taylor naturally found himself often at Gore House, and the opportunity of meeting with the literary celebrities of the day must have had unusual charms for one who had spent so many years in total solitude, or the banishment of an Indian cantonment; and one anecdote of his London experiences is worth repeating here.

'It was most interesting and fascinating to me to meet so many men of note under such charming auspices as those of Lady Blessington. Most of these now, perhaps, are gone to their rest, and there is no need to mention names. Does anyone remember the strange, almost "eerie" speech that Prince Louis Napoleon made one evening there, when, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, he began an oration declaring the policy he should adopt when he became Emperor of the French? And I remember too, when this really happened, how his actions actually accorded with that strange speech. When Lady Blessington rallied him good-naturedly on what he had said, he put his hand on his heart, bowed gravely, and told her that he was never more in earnest in his life, and that she would understand it all by-and-by. Maclise and I walked home together, and could speak of nothing else.

'As I came to know Prince Louis Napoleon better, he proposed to me to join him in a tour through India, which he contemplated, taking with him Count d'Orsay. He was to apply for my services as long as he required them, and the plan appeared delightful.

'I heard from him direct, after I had returned to India, asking for information on various points of equipment, &c.; but the Boulogne

affair and what followed put an end to the whole scheme, to my infinite regret.'

Returning to India in 1840, Taylor reverted for a few months to regimental duty, combined with the office he at this time undertook, and held for many years, of Indian correspondent of the 'Times;' but in the following year he obtained his first definite political appointment, the line in which he was to achieve such great success. The Rajah of the little principality of Shorapoor (not Sholapoor be it remarked, which is a district of the Bombay Presidency) having died, the Nizam's Government, to which the state of Shorapoor owed allegiance, exacted a succession fee of 150,000*l*. This was to be paid by instalments; but the borrowing of the money by an already impoverished Government led to disputes between the banker who advanced it, the Shorapoor State, and the Nizam's Government, which were still under discussion when the next Rajah also suddenly died. The British Government thereupon appointed the Rajah's brother, one Pid Naik, Regent for the infant son, a child of seven; but the child's mother, a woman who had already outraged decency by her dissolute behaviour, and was completely under the influence of her paramour for the time being, seized the Regency in defiance of authority, summoned the armed men of the principality to her standard, and began to recruit actively from the Arab mercenaries who infested the Hyderabad territories. The British officer who had been charged with the supervision of affairs in Shorapoor asked for military aid; but our northern army was still entangled in Affghanistan, the Madras army was in a state bordering on mutiny, and no troops could be spared for the purpose. In this emergency the Resident at Hyderabad bethought him of turning to account the extraordinary influence which Meadows Taylor had already exhibited over all classes of the people with whom he had to do, and sent him down to Shorapoor to see if he could accomplish what was needful without the use of force. Off started Taylor on his mission, as to which the commandant of the Hyderabad Contingent observed, 'If Taylor settles this matter without troops, he will be a cleverer fellow than I take him for.' 'Not a flattering prediction,' as the latter observes, 'but quite enough to put me on my mettle.' The story of the pacification of this little state is one of the most interesting parts of a most interesting book, but only an outline of it can be given here. By a mixture of firmness, kindness, and expostulation, Taylor succeeded in inducing the truculent lady to give up her scheme of independence, and to recognise the little Rajah's

uncle, Pid Naik, as the rightful Regent; and, what was a still more difficult task, he secured the acquiescence in this state of things of the turbulent yeomen of the state, who had been looking forward to the promised anarchy with all the zest born of an innate love of excitement. Not only did he put down the lady's incipient rebellion, he managed to extract from her no less than ten thousand pounds of arrears of revenue which she had misappropriated, and still more to lock up her favourite paramour. All this was not done without much risk. For some time Taylor carried his life in his hand, but the combined courage and kindness which he exhibited in due course worked their effect on a race peculiarly susceptible of personal influence and disposed to hero-worship; and the feelings of suspicion which the primitive people of the country first evinced towards him gradually changed from suspicion to unbounded confidence and attachment.

At one time, indeed, it appeared as if Taylor's administration would come to a speedy end. The state of Shorapoor was, as we have said, tributary to the state of Hyderabad, although the relations between the two were to a certain extent supervised by the British Government, and Meadows Taylor was therefore acting as representative of the Nizam; and notwithstanding the credit given to him for his success in putting down the Ranec's incipient rebellion, and establishing the Regent's authority, he received shortly afterwards a curt intimation from the Supreme Government, through the Resident, that it was in contemplation to make other arrangements for the management of the state, in which his services would be no longer required. The change thus referred to would have been the direct assumption of authority in Shorapoor by the Government of India during the young Rajah's minority, and the supersession of Taylor by a member of the civil service, to be sent there for the purpose, on the plea that the former was only a servant of the Nizam, and that, on a transfer of the administration to the Indian Government, a servant of the latter should be placed at the head of it. What were the secret influences at work on this occasion was never distinctly ascertained, and some interesting correspondence on the subject from Mr. John Stuart Mill, who highly approved of Taylor's conduct (in letters which are inserted in the preface to these volumes) shows that they were not fully understood even at the India House; but apparently the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, was acting under the influence of the secretariat at Calcutta, jealous of the claims of the covenanted civil service to all preferment of the kind, and wishing to secure the appointment for a member of

that body. Happily this act of injustice was not perpetrated; and eventually Taylor received instructions to set the nominal Regent, Pid Naik, who turned out to be an incapable drunkard, on one side, and to assume himself direct control of the administration, which he retained until the young Rajah came of age. The little state during this time made a wonderful change towards prosperity; the revenue increased largely, the people abandoned their lawless habits, schools were established, roads made, trees planted, tanks built and enlarged. The most troublesome person to deal with was the Dowager Rance. At times penitent and tractable, at others she relapsed into intrigue and plots for regaining independence. On one occasion Taylor detected a correspondence with the court of Hyderabad for bringing about his removal and the reversion of the government to herself, a part of the conditions being the payment of a handsome bribe to the Prime Minister, and a still larger one to the Nizam himself. Later on she attempted to effect a rising of the people, and at last Taylor was obliged to deport the fiery lady for a time from the principality. Of one stormy scene he gives a vivid description, when the old Rance (old at least in appearance if not in years—she was only forty, but looked to be seventy), after declaring that her son was not the late Rajah's child—a most probable statement which might be implicitly believed—produced the young man's horoscope, which had been prepared by a learned Shastree at his birth, declaring that he was fated to die in his twenty-fourth year.

““Yes,” cried the Rance, after the horoscope had been read, seizing my arm as I was sitting on the ground by her bedside—“it is bad! All that concerns that base-born boy is bad! Why did his father die? Why did I not strangle him with my own hands rather than let a wretch like that live to be the ruin of the State? Yes! he is fated to die in his twenty-fourth year, and I shall not see it! I am dying myself, and you English have made him secure to glory in my death! Ah, yes! he will die before he is twenty-four complete; we, my husband and I, sent that paper to Nassik, to Benares, and everywhere that there are wise Brahmins; but they all returned the same answer. He must die in the twenty-fourth year after birth. Is it not so, *Shastree*? Did we not spend a lakh of rupees over this, and it availed nothing!” and she stopped for want of breath, her eyes flashing with excitement. “Is it not so? Tell the truth!”

““You speak truth, lady,” said the *Shastree*, who was sobbing. “It is only the truth, Taylor Sahib; I have tested all the calculations, and find them exactly conforming to the truth according to the planets. The Rajah is safe till then; but when that time comes,

how, I know not, but he will surely die. He will never complete his twenty-fourth year ! never ! never ! ”

“ No ! ” cried the Ranee, interrupting him—“ he will not live ; he is the last of his race. He will lose his country, and all the lands, and all the honour that the Sumusthan has gained for five hundred years. Would that he were dead now, the base-born dog and slave ! ” and then she uttered language that I dare not write.’

To the manager of a native state in Taylor’s position the supervision of the revenue and the administration of justice are not the only demands on his time. He must also be a road maker and general engineer. Among Taylor’s feats in that line must be mentioned not only the construction of an artificial lake for irrigation purposes hard by the city, but the building of a little yacht to sail upon it.

‘ My boat turned out a pretty thing after all—twenty feet keel, and twenty-four feet over all, a good beam, and three masts—old Liverpool ferry-boat fashion—a bowsprit and jib, topmast and sails. She was very stiff in the water, and very safe ; in fact, she worked well, and was beautifully finished in every respect, built of teak, copper fastened throughout ; yet she had been entirely the work of two common carpenters of the country. I felt rather proud of my first experiment in ship-building ; and my boat was a constant source of amusement and recreation, as, although the lake was not very large, it was sufficiently so for an hour or two’s sail in the evenings when work was done. First, out came the Ranee and all the *élite* of Shorapoor, to have a look at the boat, and their admiration was unbounded and most amusing. As to the little Rajah, he was wild with delight, and hugged me with all his might for having made the boat for him. The Ranee was for being out half the day ; and once, when there was “ a bit of a sea,” and the little vessel was dashing through the water, throwing up the spray about her bows, she was in absolute glee.

As to the miscellaneous duties which fell to his lot as guardian of the young Rajah, the following extract gives an illustration :—

‘ In March, another great ceremony took place—the first removal of the young Rajah’s hair ! It is usual in some Mussulman, and most Hindoo, families, not to cut the hair of a male child until he has attained a certain age. In the Rajah’s case, his father and mother had fixed the period at nine, eleven, or fourteen years of age. It had not been done in the ninth year, and the present was the eleventh, which could not be passed over, and I was glad of it, for the boy suffered greatly from the weight and heat of the tangled and matted hair falling about his shoulders. . . .

‘ There was a great gathering of all classes of people to partake of the Ranee’s hospitality. I don’t know how many Brahmins and others were invited ; all were fed and received gifts of clothes and

alms; the crowds were enormous. All the members of the family were feasted for two days, and received turbans, scarves, and other presents, and every one seemed pleased and happy. The ceremony itself took place in a tamarind grove near a suburb in the plain on the south side of Shorapoor, and the Ranee had had comfortable tents arranged for me, and I arrived from camp in time for the beginning of it. I did not see what was taking place, as no one entered the enclosure but the Brahmins; but the beating of kettle-drums, blowing of horns, and firing of guns announced it was completed. I was sitting with the Ranee the whole time, and she was very thankful to me for my presence there, and the assistance I had been allowed to give.

‘As the camp could not move into the city that night, I remained, and there was a grand *nautch* under the trees, and fireworks, which had a very pretty effect, the whole grove being lighted by torches, with occasional Bengal and blue lights. Next evening all went up to the city in grand procession. The Rajah on his superb elephant with his little wife beside him, who had arrived from the Mysore country just in time. She is rather dark, but a pretty child about eight, with glorious eyes. I rode and drove another elephant, and we were surrounded by all the horsemen and foot soldiers, and the Beydur clans. Such a scramble! When we got into the city, we were joined by others, and there were literally thousands, and all the house-tops were covered with well-dressed women and children. By this time it was dark, but there were hundreds of torches and blue lights, and the effect of the crowds in the streets, the horsemen, and the women on the flat roofs was very fine. It was the best procession I have seen.’

Ten years were passed in this way, a time of unremitting hard work, chequered by domestic sorrow; for Captain Taylor had barely finished the comfortable house he had built on a pleasant hill outside the town when he lost his wife, and had to send his children to England, and henceforth he lived at Shorapoor a solitary Englishman, finding solace only in official labour.

‘I had,’ he writes of this time, ‘in some measure succeeded beyond my hopes—I had won the hearty approbation of the highest in the land. I had gained, and was hourly gaining further, the confidence of the people—they were more peaceful and content, improvements were progressing, trade and crops were promising; I had good health and constitution, and, though often weary and sadly sick at heart, the thought that my efforts had so far succeeded gave me strength to fight on; and somehow I had a liking for my work, and a certain pride in it, which carried me through many a difficult task. If I had not felt at times so unutterably lonely, I should have been quite happy; but the thought of what I had lost in her who would have cheered and supported me was at times almost too much to bear.’

When the Rajah came of age, Taylor would have found himself without occupation, for the young man, although passion-

ately attached to him, wanted to taste the sweets of independence; but just at this time a new field was presented for the exercise of his remarkable administrative abilities. The Nizam's affairs had fallen into hopeless confusion, and it became absolutely necessary to make some arrangement to provide funds for the regular payment of his army. Contrary to the advice of the Resident, who urged the Indian Government to assume the direct administration of all the Nizam's misgoverned dominions, Lord Dalhousie decided finally to claim merely that the administration of certain districts should be placed under British government, until the surplus revenues should provide for the liquidation of the debt due to it. The control of that part of the Nizam's army which was officered by Europeans was transferred at the same time, and in its reduced form is now known as the Hyderabad Contingent. The result has justified Lord Dalhousie's policy, but only because there has been found for the native rule of Hyderabad what had never existed before—a thoroughly honest and able minister. At the time when these negotiations were on foot there was no reason to expect that such a man as Sir Salar Jung would appear to alleviate the condition of that unhappy country, while it may be safely asserted that, but for the extraordinary qualities exhibited by that distinguished man, the Nizam's government must ere this have utterly collapsed. The change in question occurred opportunely for Taylor to give him fresh scope for his abilities. It was determined to place him in charge of one of the districts now to be assigned, and at the express desire of the Bombay Government he was appointed to the one adjacent to that presidency. Before setting off to take charge of it, Taylor returned to say good-bye to the people of Shorapoor.

‘It was a painful process; there were crowds of people all about me, clinging to my palankeen, as I went from house to house. The Rajah had gone out to one of his hunting retreats, leaving word that he could not bear to see me go. As I proceeded, the people and the Beydurs, men and women, gathered in the streets, and accompanied me, and it was as much as I could do to get away at all. The Rajah's wives, whom I had known as children, clung about me. Poor old Kesimā, now nearly ninety years old, blessed me: “I cannot weep,” she said, “my old eyes are dry; but I bless you, you and all belonging to you.”

‘It was a most exciting scene, and very painful. Mine has been a long sojourn among a strange people, and, whatever may have been their faults, there was no doubt of their warm attachment to myself.

‘The crowds followed me to the gates; but as my bearers quickened their pace the numbers soon fell off. At every village I was met by

the people, and at the last one on the frontier a great concourse had assembled of all the head men, *patells* and *putwarries*, and principal farmers. I do not think there was even one man who had a hope of the Rajah's maintaining his position, and as to themselves they said—"We must escape oppression as best we can. It will be a hard struggle."

'So ended my connexion with Shorapoor for the present. It was hereafter renewed for a time under far different circumstances.'

First overcoming with his wonted tact a little difficulty which arose when taking possession of his new district, from a party of Arabs holding out in the almost impregnable fort of Nuldroog, where his head-quarters were to be, Taylor set to work with one European assistant to introduce a settled government where hardly the semblance of such a thing was to be found. The district covered about 15,000 square miles, or about half the area of Scotland; and it is worth mentioning by the way that those who are accustomed to speak of India as one might speak of Essex, will find their popular notions disabused in this as in many other respects by reading Meadows Taylor's autobiography. Enormous tracts of India are on a dead level, and as monotonous as such plains must be in all parts of the world; but the table-land of the Deccan, in which this assigned district is situated, abounds in a variety of scenery, the beauty of which Taylor is never tired of dwelling on, while, at a time of year when the residents of provinces far to the north are sweltering in heat, he writes of the delightful freshness of the climate on the table-land where his camp is pitched. As for work, the two things which pressed most to be taken in hand were the establishment of a code of laws and the settlement of the land revenue. With respect to the first, his instructions were 'to make use of the existing local courts of the Nizam's Government for the trial of all cases, civil and criminal; but as no local tribunals or any judicial office of any kind were found by me, and none had existed for years, I determined to introduce a code of laws of my own, civil as well as criminal; and I took the regulations of the Bombay Government as my guide, drawing up a short definition of crimes and their punishments—and, in civil cases, of general procedure—simple and intelligible to all classes.' This code lasted until replaced by Macaulay's Penal Code.' As to revenue matters, he writes to his father:—

'I found the district in shocking order: no proper accounts, and no confidence among the people; a ruined, impoverished set of pauper cultivators, who have been so long oppressed and neglected under the Arab management that they are, I imagine, blunted to all good percep-

tions. Murder, robbery, attacks on villages, plunder of cattle, and destruction of crops, had got to such a height last year, that civil war could not have had a worse effect upon the people or on the revenue; and all agreed that if British rule had not come in this year, the whole district would have been utterly ruined and wasted. I never saw anything like it. I thought Shorapoor bad; but this is infinitely worse, and the labour it is to get anything put right has been excessive. I can only say that I have been obliged to work frequently from four A.M. to eight P.M., with only respite for dressing and breakfast; but there is no help for it. I have been giving five years' settlements to such villages as are ready to take it, but there are many which are so disorganised that they require to be specially nursed.'

The state of things here described did not occur among a tribe of simple savages; the country in question has been the seat of great kingdoms, and bears scattered over its surface the vestiges of a high civilisation existing at a time when we in the West were comparative barbarians; it had been reduced to this condition by centuries of anarchy and misrule. To gain a mere record of occupancy rights of the landowners was an immense labour; and, as an accurate survey of the village holdings was a necessary condition of the operation, Taylor, having first taught himself the art of surveying, established a school of surveyors, whom he himself instructed on an extremely ingenious method, and in time was able to carry out a field survey, which, if rude, was sufficiently accurate for the purpose, over the whole district. Irrigation works also occupied a large share of his attention; and here again, if self-taught, he proved a very successful engineer. Upon this point, however, it should be observed, as well with reference to what Taylor accomplished, as to the works executed in various parts of India under native dynasties which are still in use, that in India the first beginning of irrigation, like the rude farming of the first settlers in a colony, is of a perfectly simple and obvious kind, when great results can be produced by very simple means. The difficulty lies in the extension of irrigation, after the most easy situations for such works have been occupied. It would be about as fair an inference to say that the man who gets a crop of wheat by scratching the virgin soil of some new settlement is a better agriculturist than the Norfolk farmer, who employs expensive manures and machinery to obtain the same result, as to assert that the Indians who took up the best sites for irrigation works of a most simple and obvious kind showed special engineering skill in doing so.

The labour of such a post, if filled with zeal, was of course enormous. Taylor records that in one year nearly 35,000

letters passed through his office, most of them of course being in the vernacular languages, and written to dictation—native secretaries are almost as quick as shorthand writers—and that he had himself nearly 300 criminal cases to dispose of, ‘thirteen of which were indictments for murder.’ In the same year the land revenue of the district increased from about 70,000*l.* to nearly 90,000*l.*, and the land under cultivation by more than 30,000 acres. In one sense it was a joyless life, passed in utter loneliness save for occasional meetings with his one European friend and assistant, and void of all the ordinary pleasures which men in other parts of the world have come to regard as necessary to make life endurable; yet a life in many respects happy because it was cheered by the consciousness of good work done on a large scale, resulting in the vastly bettered condition of large numbers of helpless people; a sort of life that is led patiently by a great many of our fellow-countrymen in the East, although it is given to few to illustrate the good side of the patriarchal government on so large a scale as was possible for Meadows Taylor. Such good work and such remarkable success, as attested by the rapid increase of the revenue and the corresponding decrease in crime, the occupation of lands heretofore left waste, and the extraordinary attachment manifested for him by the people, would have assured him rapid promotion to higher and still more responsible positions had he belonged to either the civil or military service of the Company; but, being only an ‘uncovenanted’ officer, the only advancement he obtained was the transfer to another of the assigned districts at the critical period of the mutiny.

‘Go to Berar directly,’ was the order he received from the Resident at Hyderabad one day in August 1857, ‘and hold on by your eyelids. I have no troops to give you, and you must do the best you can. I know I can depend on you, and I am sure you will not fail me.’ And Taylor, of course, responded at once to the appeal, receiving on his sudden departure a most gratifying and spontaneous address from the leading persons of the district, expressive of their gratitude for his efforts on their behalf, and sorrow at losing him.

‘I can never forget the scene in the public *cucherry* when this was read to me. My old friend, Shunkur Rao Baba Sahib, read it with the tears running down his cheeks, and there were few dry eyes among the vast crowd that had collected. The old cry, “Muhadeo baba ke jey!” was raised outside and taken up by thousands. It was the first time I had heard it at Nuldroog. I was much moved. Nothing, I thought, could exceed this simple but earnest expression of the feelings

of the people towards me, and their manifestation of regard and affection was very grateful to my heart; and if I had stood between the people and wrong in the matter of land—if I had governed them justly to the best of my ability—if I had insured for them peace, and laid the foundation of prosperity, this was indeed a grateful reward—all I could have hoped or wished for on earth.

‘That night as I left the fort and town, I found all the road and street lined with the people, cheering me with the old shout, “Mahadeo baba ke jey!” and many weeping, and pressing round to bid farewell; and I was followed for more than two miles out of the town with the same cheer, by a crowd from which it seemed difficult to get away.

‘At every village I passed through that night, and till my frontier was reached, the village authorities, elders, and people came with their farewells and best wishes, in crowds, from all points within their reach, praying for my speedy and safe return. My departure from Shorapoor had been affecting and painful to me, but the demeanour of the people here was, if possible, more touching and affectionate.’

Taylor was wanted to keep Berar quiet; for the road from Hyderabad to the north of India lying through this district, which was being constantly traversed by disaffected bands, to maintain order there was as important as difficult, whereas Taylor’s own district, lying out of the main road, was more likely to be left undisturbed. Troops there were none; for the Resident at Hyderabad, Colonel Davidson, putting a bold front on things, and holding on to the isolated Residency at a distance from all aid, when his advisers all counselled his taking refuge in the neighbouring cantonment of Secunderabad, had also denuded his command of troops, sending a large part of the contingent forward with aid in support of Sir Hugh Rose’s force. Davidson, as Meadows Taylor points out, had a much higher aim than merely to keep the troops employed in the field. His object was to dissociate the Nizam from all suspicion of having sympathy with the rebel party at Delhi, and also to show his own confidence in the ability of the Nizam’s Government to secure the British Minister at his court from attack. His detached officers had to second this endeavour to hold the country by moral influence only, and Taylor’s extraordinary personal influence came into play with the best effect in Berar. An attempt to oppose his crossing the Godavary by some of the people who were up in arms was at once put down by the well-affected part of the peasantry, and an old native friend, a landed proprietor of the district, escorted him to his head-quarters with a body of his mounted retainers. The life led in Berar by Taylor at this season resembled that of a large number of British officials left unsupported in their dis-

tricts with orders to maintain the authority of the Government to the last; he was one of those fortunate enough to come unscathed out of the ordeal in which so many perished. The country of which he held charge was about 250 miles long by 60 broad, with a population of two millions; so it may be supposed the 'deputy commissioner,' as he was styled, had enough to do.

On the suppression of the mutiny and general re-establishment of peace in India, Taylor, after receiving the thanks of Government for his good services in maintaining order in Berar, received instructions to return to his proper appointment; but while on his way to join it he was suddenly ordered to his old station at Shorapoor, where he had passed so many years of his service. The young Rajah, whose investiture to the government of the state we have already mentioned, and who with manhood and independence had lost all the winning simplicity which had made him so attractive when a boy, had taken to drinking and general dissipation, and allowed the flourishing affairs of his little kingdom to fall again into confusion; and on the outbreak of the mutiny, instigated by bad advisers who held out hopes of creating a kingdom on the nucleus of Shorapoor, he had broken out into open rebellion, and was now a prisoner in the main guard of a British regiment at Hyderabad. The case created more interest than was due to its relative importance in that time of rebellions and anarchy subdued, because the young man had been brought up under the direct tutorship of an English officer, had been taught the English language, and was indebted largely to the English Government for their support against the exactions of the state of Hyderabad; and it was felt that such treachery merited the severest penalty. We quote Taylor's account of the affecting scene with the unhappy young man in prison.

'Hours had passed while he poured out this tale; hours of intense suffering to him, and bitter self-reproach. Sometimes he would stop, and throw his arms round me passionately; sometimes kneel beside me, moaning piteously; again he would burst into loud hysterical sobs which shook his frame. I did my best to soothe him, and gradually he gave me the details narrated above. I have given only the heads, which I took down for the Resident's information. It would be impossible to remember his wild incoherent exclamations, his sudden recurrence to old scenes when he had played as a child about me with his sisters; of the enjoyment they had had in the magic lantern I showed; of the little vessel on Bohnal Lake, and the happy expeditions there; and all those recollections of his innocent early life made the scenes through which he had lately passed the more grievous and full of reproach.

‘I asked him if he would like to see the Resident, who had promised to accompany me on my last visit to him if the Rajah wished it. To my surprise, he drew himself up very proudly, and replied, haughtily, “No, *appa* ; he would expect me to ask my life of him, and I won’t do that. Tell him, if you like, that if the great English people grant me my life, I and mine will be ever true to them ; but I deserve to die for what I did, and I will not ask to live like a coward, nor will I betray my people.”

‘I think this speech, which I reported word for word, pleased the Resident better than anything he had heard of the Rajah before.

“The poor lad has spirit in him,” he said ; “and I will not forget all you have told me of him.”’

Leaving him there to await trial and sentence, Taylor passed on to assume the government of Shorapoor, when the old Brahmin to whom reference has already been made, on hearing that the Rajah had been sentenced to death, reminded Taylor of the horoscope which predicted that he must die at twenty-four, the age he had just reached. In due time the news arrived that the Resident had commuted the sentence to transportation for life, and the Governor-General had commuted it still further to four years’ imprisonment in a fortress in the south. Taylor at once sent off for the Shastree. ‘What now becomes of the prophecy?’ he asked him. But the old man refused to be comforted ; the danger was not yet over, he said ; the Rajah’s life must come to an end at the appointed time. The Rajah’s family, however, who knew nothing of the horoscope, were in raptures of joy at the news, and the ladies began making their preparations for joining the young Prince.

‘I took leave of them both in the morning, and had settled down to my work after breakfast was over. It chanced to be a morning set apart for the arrangement of yearly allowances and gifts to Brahmins, and all the chief Brahmins were present, and the old Shastree among them. Several were seated at the table with me assisting me, when suddenly I heard the clash of the express runner’s bells coming up the street. I thought it might be some message from Linsoogoor, or some new arrangement for the Ranee’s departure. The runner entered the palace court, and his packet was soon in my hands. It contained a few lines only, from the Resident—

“The Rajah of Shorapoor shot himself this morning dead, as he arrived at his first encampment. I will write particulars when I know them.”

‘My countenance naturally changed ; and the old Shastree, who was beside me, and had been reading over Sanscrit deeds and grants to me, caught hold of my arm, and, peering into my face, cried, almost with a shriek—

“He’s dead ! he’s dead ! I know it by your face—it tells me, Sahib, he’s dead !”

““ Yes,” I said, sorrowfully. “ Yes, he is dead ; he shot himself at the first stage out of Secunderabad, and died instantly.”

““ Ah !” said the old priest, as soon as he could speak ; “ he could not escape his fate, and the prophecy is fulfilled.”

‘ It was indeed a strange accomplishment of the prediction. In a few days more the Rajah would have completed his twenty-fourth year ; and now he had died by his own hand ! I sent for the Ranees father, and bade him break the news gently to his daughter. I could not bear to see the poor girl’s misery, and I should have to visit her ; so he and an old friend of his departed to perform their sad task.

‘ The day after, I heard by another express the particulars. The Rajah had been told of the Governor-General’s commutation of his sentence, and was very deeply grateful for the mercy shown to him. He had promised earnestly to try and deserve the consideration which had been extended to him, and particularly pleased that he was to be allowed the society of his two Ranees, speaking joyously of the prospect of meeting them at Kurnool.

‘ He had travelled in a palankeen, with the officer commanding his escort near him, all the way to their camp.

‘ When they arrived the officer took off his belt, in which was a loaded revolver, hung it over a chair, and went outside the tent. While washing his face a moment afterwards he heard a shot, and running back found the Rajah lying on the ground, quite dead. The ball had entered his stomach and passed through the spine.

‘ Was the act intentional ? I think not. . . .

‘ Whether accidental or intentional, the result was the same. The Rajah was dead, and his kingdom was lost, ere he completed his twenty-fourth year ; and the grim old prophecy deduced from the horoscope was literally fulfilled !’

We may add to this strange story that Taylor’s own horoscope, cast for him by another Shastree at an early stage of his career, was fulfilled in all essential particulars.

The Raichore Doab, another of the ceded districts, was now put under Taylor’s charge in addition to Shorapoor, making altogether about 20,000 square miles of country, although it does not appear that the salary of the superintendent was sensibly augmented. The commissionership of all the ceded districts fell vacant about this time, and, if fitness constituted any claim, the post would have been given to Taylor, but it was too good a thing for an uncovenanted servant. ‘ I had hoped,’ he said, ‘ that the gracious proclamation issued on her Majesty’s assumption of the government of India, which I had the pleasure of reading to the people of Shorapoor in Mahratta and Oordoo, would have done away with the invidious distinctions of covenanted and uncovenanted, but it was not so ‘ bc.’ An Act of Parliament passed a short time afterwards

would have rendered Taylor's appointment to any office of the kind legal, and indeed the appointment in question would apparently have been legal at any time, since previous Acts of Parliament did not apply to the Nizam's dominions; but class prejudices cannot be allayed even by Acts of Parliament. The rule under which the first avenues to the public service in India can only be entered through certain doors is an eminently wise one. If the dispensers of Indian patronage could confer it on whom they pleased, enormous jobbery would infallibly result. But when a man like Taylor does happen under any circumstances to obtain admission to the public service, and amply justifies by conduct his existence in it, no possible objection can arise to his subsequent preferment according to his merits. In such a case the interests of the public service are more strongly concerned in utilising a man of exceptional capacity and merit, than in maintaining a strict rule, from breaking which under such circumstances none of the evils it is designed to guard against can follow. That, if he had belonged to the regular Indian service, Taylor would have risen to the highest posts, is certain, for he exhibited almost every quality needed to deserve promotion; that, being what he was, he should never have been allowed to rise higher than a district officer, or to receive even the salary of a humdrum collector, is hardly creditable to those concerned. In the sequel the state of Shorapoor was made over to the Nizam's Government in recognition of its loyalty, and Taylor, whose health had broken down under nearly forty years' hard work, was obliged at the same time to surrender charge of the Raichore Doab and take sick leave home. His departure from Shorapoor was mourned by the people as a public calamity.

'I cannot describe the scene; but its passionate character can be estimated from the purport of what is there recorded in the quaint, simple words of the people. Some of them had been strangers to me; many had grown up from children, and had now children of their own about their knees; others were old and greyheaded; and many whom I had known had gone to their rest. It was not an easy task to leave them all; but I had to go, and I do not think I am forgotten there even now. I intended to depart quietly in the night; but I found the chiefs of the Beydur clans assembled in the streets, and it was as difficult now to reach the north gate of the city as it had been to enter it two years before—only, instead of a clamour of joyous welcome, there was now sad wailing of women, while the men walked by me in utter silence. Now and then some one would exclaim—"We have no one now to care for us; but our women will sing of you as they grind corn in the morning, and will light their lumps in your name at night. Come back to us; oh, come back!"

‘It was very sad and very solemn, and can never be forgotten. At every village the people came about me, the mothers held their children for me to put my hands upon their heads and bless them; and it was all so simple, so earnest, and so heartfelt, one could not but feel its sincerity. People ask me what I found in the natives to like so much. Could I help loving them when they loved me so? Why should I not love them? I had never courted popularity. I had but tried to be just to all, and to secure to the meanest applicant consideration of his complaint, by allowing unrestricted communication with myself.

‘In all I had ruled over 36,000 square miles of area, and a population of upwards of five millions of a most industrious and intelligent people, not only without a single complaint against my rule, but, as I think and hope, with a place in their affections and respect, gained by no other means than by exercising simple courtesy and justice to all.’

His health not being restored in time to admit of returning to his appointment within the prescribed period—and here again it may be remarked that the leave rules for ‘uncovered’ servants are far more stringent on this head than those for the civil and military services, assuming a much robust state of health, a more rapid recovery from sickness, and a less strong desire to revisit their native land—Taylor was obliged to resign his position under the Indian Government, and henceforward devoted himself to literary work. At all times he had been a most industrious writer. For some years, as we have mentioned, he held the post of Indian correspondent to the ‘Times,’ and he was a frequent contributor to the Indian newspapers, usually employing his pen to advocate some useful measure in education or administration. The success of his ‘Confessions of a Thug’ some years before, we have already related; he now reverted to the same line, and brought out ‘Tara, a Mahratta Tale,’ an historical romance of the days of Sivaji, the celebrated founder of the Mahratta empire. This, which was very favourably received, was followed by ‘Ralph Darnell,’ to illustrate the rise of British power in Bengal, and ‘Seeta,’ the plot of which is laid in the time of the mutiny. His last work of fiction, ‘A Noble Queen,’ has been published in a complete form since his death. That these books were not even more successful must be attributed in part to the subject, which does not lend itself readily to the spirit of romance. With all their good qualities, the sentiment of chivalry does not among Indians govern the relations between the sexes; but that the novels are not more largely read must also be set down in great measure to that want of interest in all Indian matters, born of mental indolence, which is such a discreditable feature in the mental condition of the

English middle classes, who, from the neglect of Indian history so conspicuous in their system of education and habits of thought, would seem to care no more about the country with which England is so intimately bound up than if they were French or Germans. It must, however, be acknowledged that the liberal spirit in which every parish and almost every household in this kingdom has subscribed to the relief of the natives of India during the present famine is a touching proof of the brotherhood and sympathy existing between the British and Asiatic subjects of the Queen; and we trust this great calamity may have the effect of strengthening the ties which inseparably unite the different parts of the Empire. A work which, to our thinking, is even more valuable than his romances—although these afford a more accurate and vivid idea of Indian life and society than any other available sources of information—is Taylor's '*Student's Manual of the History of India*,' the modest appearance of which hardly does justice to the great research and accuracy which it displays. Written by a man who is thoroughly conversant with the people of the country about which he is treating, it is throughout permeated by that kindly feeling towards them and appreciation of their good qualities which are too often wanting in the writings of Englishmen on India. If ever the study of Indian history should become a recognised part of English school and college work, Taylor's '*Manual*,' as he modestly calls it, will be brought into the notice it deserves. And, as he truly observes, there can scarcely be a subject of greater importance to Englishmen than the history of the noble dependencies won by their ancestors.

In 1875 Meadows Taylor, being recommended to try the effect of a warmer climate again, returned to India on a visit, and spent some weeks at Hyderabad as the guest of Salar Jung, by whom his qualities were thoroughly appreciated. Health and sight both failing, he set out in the beginning of the next Indian hot season for England, but, gradually getting worse, died at Mentone in May 1876, at the age of sixty-eight.

Taylor's career, of which we have given a brief outline, as far as possible in his own words, was not, it will be seen, in one sense a highly important one. His position as an outsider debarred him from rising to a place in which to achieve great distinction, and the Companionship of the Star of India conferred on him in his old age, as we are told by the express wish of the Queen, may probably be taken as a fair estimate of the actual place he occupied in the estimation of the Anglo-Indian community. Yet few men have done more to elevate the character of his countrymen in the eyes of the people of

India, while we know no work which deserves to be more strongly recommended to the attention of those who are destined to take a future share in the administration of India than this simple narrative of the extraordinary influence a disinterested and kind-hearted man was able to exert over the people who came under his rule. It is true the opportunity for exerting such an influence is seldom afforded in these days. Taylor's administration of Shorapoor, and again of the Nuldroog district, represented the most complete type of patriarchal government, which, whether for good or evil, is surely passing away, giving place to the codes and regulations which there is a constantly increasing tendency to substitute for individual action. But the need for the exercise of sympathy, kindness, and consideration for the people of India, is still as great as ever; and the advice with which Meadows Taylor concludes his most interesting autobiography may usefully be taken to heart by all Englishmen, of whatever class, whose business takes them to our possessions in the East.

'One word, one last reflection in regard to India, may not be out of place. It is to advise all who go there, in whatever capacity, or whatever position they may hold,—use true courtesy to natives of all degrees. My experience has taught me that large masses of men are more easily led than driven, and that courtesy and kindness and firmness will gain many a point which, under a hard and haughty bearing, would prove unattainable. By courtesy, I do not mean undue familiarity—far from it—self-respect must always be preserved; but there is a middle course which, if rightly pursued in a gentlemanly fashion, not only exacts respect from natives of all classes, but gratitude and affection likewise.'

ART. X.—1. *Two Years of the Eastern Question.* By A. GALLENGA. 2 vols. London: 1876.

OF all the unfortunate potentates in the world, the Emperor Alexander of Russia is at this moment the most unfortunate. In his head-quarters at Gorny Studen or Sistova he has had ample time to reflect, in the intervals between each fruitless assault upon the impregnable position created by the military genius of Osman Pasha, on the long course of duplicity which has ended in fettering himself and his army for a whole summer to the fever-stricken marshes of Lower Bulgaria. The result of his reflections can be flattering neither to the diplomacy of his statesmen nor to the strategy of his generals. We have already on former occasions amply exposed the ridiculous pretence that the sole object of the Emperor

was to alleviate the condition of the Christian populations oppressed by Turkey, and that the oppressor of Poland was to be the Liberator of the East. The policy of Prince Gortchakoff and of his underling General Ignatieff was rather clumsily tacked on to the alleged sufferings of the Christians under Mussulman rule. That pretext served their turn, but long before it entered into the heads of either Bosnian or Bulgarian to rise against the Sultan, the invasion of Turkey had been a foregone conclusion with Russian statesmen. They chafed at the settlement of the Eastern Question established by the Treaty of Paris, and they resolved at the first opportunity to shake off the yoke which united Europe had laid on Holy Russia after the Crimean War—a contest provoked by the ambition of the Emperor Nicholas, just as the present conflict has been undertaken, in spite of the protests of every Western Power, by his weaker and more amiable son and successor. When the time came; when the oily tongue of Ignatieff had sufficiently lubricated his victim, the extravagant and effeminate Abd-ul Asiz; when the wily diplomatist had encouraged him to alienate the capitalists of Europe by repudiating obligations which might have been amply met by a judicious system of economy, and Turkey was ready for sacrifice, isolated by her own folly from the respect and support of Western Europe—when all this had happened, the chronic disaffection of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, the ungrateful arrogance of Servia, the brigand disposition of the Montenegrins, a tribe of marauders whom party spirit has recently raised to the dignity of a band of heroes, and, though last not least, the sullen savagery of the Bulgarians, were the fuel ready to the hand of Russian intrigue, which, calling itself the Omladina or Slav Propaganda, soon fanned all these discordant elements of strife into a bright flame of war, insurrection, and atrocities against the intolerable yoke of Turkey. All at once, and just at the right moment for Russian purposes, the rule of the Sultan was discovered to be God-detested and ‘unspeakable,’ though it was nothing more nor less than the form of government which had existed for centuries in the Christian provinces of European Turkey, and under which these oppressed races had risen to such a pitch of material prosperity as fully entitled the regions which they inhabited to be called lands flowing with milk and honey. The invasion of Turkey by Russia has opened the eyes of the world to many sights which it never expected to behold, but none have been more astonished by the spectacle which awaited them in Bulgaria than the Russian soldiers, who found these poor oppressed Christians, whom they came to emancipate and

to succour, revelling in an abundance and enjoying a general ease which it had never entered into the mind of Muscovite peasants to conceive could be the lot of any nation upon earth.

We shall of course be told by those who have all along denied the material prosperity of the Christian populations under Ottoman rule, that man does not live by bread alone, and that unless he is in the enjoyment of that freedom which is his natural birthright all the flesh-pots of Egypt are nothing worth. We should be quite ready to discuss this thesis with these philanthropists, though for all practical purposes it is about as obsolete and antiquated as the debates on the rights of man and the state of nature in the clubs at Paris at the outbreak of the French Revolution. But this Eastern Question is very wide, and our present purpose is to consider the aggression of Russia on Turkey, and to show how mistaken both the policy and the strategy of the Czar have been. Compared with the war itself and its consequences both to Russia and Turkey, the policy which led to it is little worth except as matter of history. That policy has launched the vessel of the Russian State upon a stormy sea. Woe be to it if the captain is ignorant, if the crew are unskillful and lacking in number; worse still if the ship herself is unseaworthy and likely to founder in the buffets which she must sustain from the angry billows which threaten to engulf her. Dropping the metaphor, woe be it to the policy of Prince Gortchakoff if it has deluded his Imperial master to enter upon this war with Turkey in ignorance alike of the resources of his empire and of those of the antagonist whom he has so arrogantly provoked. We repeat it. Compared with this question, all the Notes and Protocols by which Russia has led up to this struggle are mere waste paper. They served their turn, for they prepared the public opinion of Europe for the hour when Russia could say, 'I have now exhausted every expedient with a view to an amicable settlement of this Eastern Question with the common enemy of Christian Europe; now stand by all of you and see how my invincible armies will soon bring these insolent and impotent Mussulmans to reason.' When that hour came, and the Emperor of Russia with his too famous Protocol and the ultimatum into which it was most perfidiously converted, declared that his Imperial patience was exhausted, and that Turkey must now prepare for the worst, the time of diplomacy was past, and war came into the foreground. How the heart of the great orator who leads the small minority of Russophiles in the British Isles, together with those of his attendant satellites, Messrs. Freeman, McColl, and Gallenga, must have leapt

for joy at the prospect that the famous 'bag and baggage' process of expulsion was now about to be applied to Mr. Carlyle's 'unspeakable Turk,' and that in a few months, if one of them were permitted to exist in Europe, it would only be by the sovereign grace of the Czar of all the Russias! As for Mr. Gallenga he must have been out of his wits with exultation that the policy of that consummate diplomatist, his patron, General Ignatieff, the only man of the *corps diplomatique* at Constantinople who spoke to the Sultan 'as if he 'had fifty millions at his back,' was now to reach its consummation; and that his promise to his master that he had only to show his face across the Danube, and the Turks would flee before him like sheep was to be fulfilled to the letter. Out of pity we forbear, at present, to enquire into the state of mind of these deluded enthusiasts. But thus much we must be permitted to observe: that it is no thanks to them and those who clamoured and bellowed behind them, that the position of England is not at this moment as unfortunate as that of their divinity the Czar of Holy Russia. Of course they will say, if they have any breath left in them for utterance, or ink in their bottles for further pamphlets, letters, and books on the Eastern Question, that England and Russia united would soon have expelled every Turk out of Europe. That was the glorious exploit which they would have been overjoyed to see the forces of the two empires combined to achieve. To which we only reply, that we are not so sure of the fact in spite of their assertion; for their enemy the Turk, whom they supposed to be effete and on his last legs, has shown such vitality and energy in self-defence, that we should not like to declare that when standing at bay he might not prove himself a match both for the Russian armies and any auxiliary forces which we might be able to send to co-operate with them.

Be this as it may, there was an end, with the Russian declaration of war on April 25, of negotiations, and the Russian army, which had been hanging like a thunder-cloud all the winter at Kischeneff, on the confines of Roumania, at once crossed the Pruth. 'It came upon us, says Mr. Gallenga, who was then at Constantinople, 'like a sudden clap of thunder, but when its stunning effect was over, we found that it 'had cleared the air, removed an uncertainty which had 'become intolerable, and, although it ushered in all the evils 'of war, relieved us of the heavy burden of its anxious anticipation.' How it could have come as a thunder-clap on any one so much in General Ignatieff's confidence as Mr. Gallenga evidently was, we are at a loss to imagine. We should have

thought that all who were in the Russian secrets must have known that the war was not only inevitable, but long since determined on. But so it stands; Mr. Gallenga received the intelligence like a thunder-clap. With the war and the curtailment of means of communication consequent on it, his 'business at Constantinople was at an end.' He prides himself in the Preface, which he calls 'a Profession of Faith,' on having 'watched events,' not as 'an advocate' but as a 'judge or jury-man,' and adds that his duty would be fulfilled so long as his 'sentence or verdict left him at peace with his conscience.' As to the terms on which Mr. Gallenga may be with his conscience we have of course no means of knowing, except from his own assertion; but if he writes thus of Turks and friends of Turkey like Sir H. Elliot, when he is impartial, what would he write if his conscience ever allowed him to be partial? Perhaps he may be like the once famous Mortimer O'Sullivan, of whom Archbishop Whately said, when asked if he did not think he followed his conscience, 'Of course; like a man behind a horse in a gig, 'he drives it.' But as Mr. Gallenga felt sure that he had been so very impartial, relying on the verdict of his conscience, he actually made interest with the Turkish Government to be permitted to accompany General Kimball to the head-quarters of the Ottoman army in Armenia. Will it be believed that the Grand Vizier had the baseness to set his face against this project for procuring impartial intelligence for the British public from the seat of war in Asia, and resolutely said 'No' to all entreaties? The volumes which Mr. Gallenga has now, through candour or through vanity, given to the public, are deprived of all credit by his entire and avowed subserviency to the dictation of the Russian Embassy at Stamboul. As General Ignatieff deceived and deluded the Czar and the Russian nation, so did Mr. Gallenga deceive and delude his employers and the British public. The information he communicated to them was all derived from that tainted source. We hold it to be a grave and unpardonable offence in the correspondent of a great English journal to allow himself to be made the tool of a foreign and anti-English ambassador. *Habemus confitentem rem.* Mr. Gallenga has nothing of the Englishman about him, except the very creditable manner in which he writes our language.

But enough of Mr. Gallenga and his mission. It was at an end, like the peace, and Turkey had nothing for it but to prepare for war. All through the winter our ears and eyes had been filled with accounts of the mighty host which Russia had massed on the Roumanian frontier. We really forget

how many corps were mobilised with their full complement of cavalry and artillery. Speaking by thousands, before unlearned civilians, we believe that something like 150,000 were told off for the campaign in Asia, and about 350,000 for that across the Danube. Against this host of 500,000 men, what, it was confidently asked by the advocates of Russia, had the Turks to set? Was not their condition very like that of the good king Hezekiah in the Bible, when his insulting antagonist offered to lend him two thousand horses if he could find riders to back them? Altogether in Europe and Asia the Sultan was supposed, but then it was only supposition, to have 300,000 men, about 100,000 of whom were veteran troops, who had recently given the Servians a very considerable beating, while the other 200,000, if they existed, were mere raw levies. Added to this, the equipment of the Russians, both in arms and accoutrements, was to be far superior to that of their antagonists; and as for generals and tactics, had they not, besides those born generals, the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, generals in -offsky and -inski without number? And last of all, had they not just adopted the new Prussian formations, which had proved so successful against the French in the war of 1870? As for the Turkish officers, they were all profligate imbeciles, who could hardly give the word of command to their ill-trained and ill-armed troops. Against such contemptible foes what remained for the Russian armies but to go in and win as speedily as possible? 'Strike quick and strike hard' was to be their motto both in Europe and Asia. We are sorry, for the credit of our military authorities, to say that this opinion of the comparative efficiency of the two combatants was shared by several British officers of distinction, who declared, after personal inspection of the respective armies both in Europe and Asia, that it was a moral impossibility for the Turks to make head at all against the Russians. 'The Russians will walk over them in Asia,' said one. 'General Loris Melikoff will take Kars, and appear before Erzeroun in a month.' 'It will be a mere military promenade from the Danube to Adrianople,' said another. 'In six weeks after crossing the Danube I expect to hear of them before Constantinople,' said a third. Nor were these utterances made because the speakers hoped that they would come true. 'The wish' was not, with them, 'the father of the thought.' They were *bonâ fide* military opinions uttered by sober judges of soldiers and strategy. It is some consolation, now that every one of these declarations has been falsified by the irresistible logic of facts, to remember that very much the same

opinions were expressed by commanders-in-chief and other great military authorities in England on the eve of the Franco-German war. 'The French will beat the Germans into 'cocked hats,' said one veteran, a condition in which we must confess we never yet saw beaten troops. 'The Imperial Guard will be at Berlin in a month. It will be Jena over 'again,' said another. But at the end of the month where were the Emperor and his armies? The one a fugitive from the frontier to which he had so arrogantly advanced, and just about to put his foot into the fatal trap at Sedan; the others shut up in Metz by an invincible investing army, whence they only issued as prisoners of war.

But, as the Scotch minister said of the 'Deil,' let us say a word or two for the poor Turk. At the outset he had one great advantage over his antagonist, and one so overwhelming that it is impossible to overrate it. All his three hundred thousand, or thereabouts, were actual existing men. None of them were paper soldiers. In a word, the world was deceived, just as no doubt was the Emperor Alexander, whom we must call poor if it were only to put him on terms of equality with the Turk, as to the amount of the Russian armies. It appears from recent correspondence from the seat of war on the Danube, in the 'Times' and other newspapers, that the Russians have a very bad habit of counting their men not by tens, twenties, hundreds, and thousands, but by corps, and regiments, and battalions. Thus a corps, we believe, ought to consist of 32,000 men, a regiment of 3,000 men, and a battalion of 1,000 men. It had long puzzled the military correspondents on the Danube to account for the number of Russian troops reported to have crossed the Danube as compared with the actual number present at any engagement, and after vainly striving to reconcile the varying numbers, they came to the very wise conclusion of trusting their own eyes as to the number of men brought into action, and not the imaginary numbers which, according to the theory of the Russian Army Lists, ought to be under arms. And this deficiency we believe on good authority to have been so great that about 100,000 must be struck off from the grand total originally announced as detailed for service on the Danube. As a matter of fact the new organisation of the Russian army is only in a transition state, and many of the corps, divisions, and regiments which crossed the Pruth were lamentably wanting of their proper numbers. But when a force, originally trumpeted forth as 350,000, dwindles down at a stroke of the pen to 250,000, and those 250,000 have had to contend not only against the ordinary wear and tear of

a soldier's life, together with the diseases incident to one of the most unhealthy countries in the world, and the loss on several occasions of tens of thousands in some of the bloodiest actions ever fought in any age or country, we shall be at no loss to account for the sudden call for fresh corps from Russia, as well as for the summons to those sacred regiments of the Guard, about 40,000 in number, who are now arriving in such hot haste on the scene of action in Bulgaria. On the other hand so far was the Turk, or the friends of the Turk—for we believe they have never themselves condescended to count the faithful soldiers of the Padishah—from falling into this stupid mistake of marching to battle with 250,000 men as though they were 350,000, that the numbers on any occasion seem not only to have been under-estimated, but the gaps made in their ranks by the bloodiest battles seem to be repaired as if by magic. In the Middle Ages it would have been said to have been all the work of Mahomet and the black arts of the Saracens. The Sultan only has to stamp on the earth, and hosts of hardy veterans flock to his banner. We ventured to point out a year ago that people little knew the military qualities of the Anatolian soldiery; and this, as well as some other remarks we made at the same time, has been strikingly confirmed by subsequent events.

And here it may help us to take a leaf out of the books of the enemies of the Turks, and see whether it will not explain the abundance of Turkish soldiers. It has been the great reproach brought against the Turks by Mr. Freeman, Mr. Gallenga, and others, that they are an army of soldiers encamped for centuries in regions conquered from subject races; that their occupation is arms and fighting; and that, while their subjects work with tools, the true Osmanli alone bears weapons, and for that reason, as 'a drone in the hive,' as Mr. Gallenga calls him, ought to be expelled from the fruitful lands which he pollutes with his presence. All this may be very true, and if it be not we will take it as true, though it is probably grossly exaggerated. But assuming it to be true, does not this fact of itself explain not only the alacrity with which the Mussulmans flock to the Sultan's standards, but the valour with which they fight when they are mustered beneath them? It has been well said that if the Turks cannot govern they can fight; and they do so, according to their enemies' showing, for the simple reason that, like the bears and lions in Dr. Watts's hymn, 'it is their nature 'to.' But, besides their numbers and their valour, these despised and effete Turks have other advantages, which prudent statesmen ought not to have forgotten before provoking them to a

struggle which it was announced beforehand was to be one of extermination. The alternative proposed by the Russians, and applauded by the meeting at St. James's Hall, was 'Death or 'Asia,' equivalent to the 'Hell or Connaught' of Cromwell to his Irish foes. The Turk has no fear of death, and in battle his care seems to be rather to lose his life than to save it. This it is that makes him such a dangerous antagonist, for it never occurs to him to surrender; and to march out with all the honours of war is far less to his mind than to perish in the ruins of the fortress which he has striven in vain to hold. The Turk, we have been told on the authority of one who knew him well, only begins to fight when any other soldier would be thinking of yielding. He is apathetic and listless till the breach is practicable and he is summoned to surrender. Then he rushes to the ramparts, and either repulses the enemy, as was the case over and over again at Silistria before the Crimean War, or dies the death of a hero on the walls. Admitting his bravery, it will be objected that he is a barbarian and uncivilised, that his behaviour in battle and after battle is savage and brutal, and that then, if not at other times, atrocities and tortures are as the breath of his nostrils. Well! but even if this be true, what folly it was, and is, to provoke such a barbarian, and especially a barbarian who has shown himself so well able to hold his own, sword in hand. We know you Russians and Anglo-Russians fancied that besides being a barbarian he was both effeminate and 'obsolete,' whatever the last word may mean, but now that he has proved himself to be not unlike that strong man of whom we read in the Bible as holding his house, would it not, we ask, have been better to leave him alone in his savagery to the gentle influence of time and example, rather than to provoke him to fresh outbursts of savagery, which have made the lot of those whom you came to succour with your paper army tenfold worse than it was before? No doubt it is a sad thing to be a savage barbarian, but it is still worse to march against him with insufficient force, and so probably get worsted by him, especially when you have announced to all the world that the conduct of the barbarian is so atrocious that an end must be put to him once for all, as he was behaving so very badly to his subjects. What if it should turn out that, after all, those unfortunate subjects were better off than your enfranchised serfs? What, too, if, after your repulse, the barbarian should take vengeance on those very subjects into whose hands you had placed arms to be used against their barbarian master?

But we have not yet exhausted the Turk's advantages in

warfare. In spite of Mr. Gladstone's statement about his bag 'and baggage,' the Turk is very little troubled with such impediments. He is strong and hardy, and if he is allowed to wrap several shawls round his body, he will sleep happily and soundly on the bare hillside. His food is a pound of bread and a few raisins, his drink is water, so that at once the Russian ration of spirits, a great source of expense and intoxication, is saved. As for pay, he is nominally paid, for the Turkish War Office has long since discovered it to be far more economical not to issue the soldier's pay till the year or the war is over. As for the soldier, he has got so used to the prospect of never receiving it that he does not regard it as a grievance that it is withheld from him. Besides, in so fruitful a country as Bulgaria, shall the true Osmanli lack aught in time of war while the infidel Bulgarians have anything in their cupboard or byre? Receiving no pay, he thinks that he has a license to steal, and so makes war support itself on the true old Napoleonic principle. Again, it has been well pointed out that war is by no means the curse to an uncivilised primitive race that it must be to a highly civilised and cultivated community. Contrast, for instance, the incursions of the Kurds and Cossacks on one side or the other in Armenia with the consternation that would be produced by the same worthies if they suddenly appeared in Buckinghamshire or Hertfordshire. In the one case,

'Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.'

It would be like 'taking the breeks off a Highlandman,' as Mr. Gallenga expresses it. In the other it would be attended with such destruction of property, not to mention that loss of life which it sometimes takes the fancy of both these savages to inflict, as would scare these two pleasant counties out of their propriety in a way which would make the inhabitants think that the end of the world must be surely come. We have no reason to think that Armenia is by any means the poorest province of Turkey in Asia. Throughout Turkey, beyond the Straits, there is little trade except in the great towns, and the great towns are few and far between; over the rural districts the tide of war would pass inflicting little loss on those who have naught to lose, and who would regard it with unshaken spirit, not caring much, perhaps, for that matter, if it swept away their lives as it flowed on.

Besides their numbers, their valour, their barbarism, and their poverty, the Turks had other advantages of a more accidental kind, not inherent in themselves, and which yet have been of immense importance. It is a very good rule, especially

when treating of the Turks, who have so few friends, so say the Anglo-Russians, to give the devil his due. Out of Turkey, we do not suppose that any one could be found to say a good word for Abd-ul Asiz, that effeminate spendthrift Sultan who lived the creature of General Ignatieff, until, deposed by his indignant subjects, he ended his own life ignominiously by a pair of woman's scissors. He it was who brought his realm to ruin under the subtle tutelage of the Russian general, who seems to have abused his great power over the Sultan as much as ever Lord Stratford exerted his influence for the benefit of Turkey and her rulers. And yet this extravagant voluptuary, whose palaces and whose passions seemed to have absorbed all the millions obtained on false pretences from the bondholders, bequeathed to Turkey a legacy which has enabled her to maintain her place among the nations. He it was who ordered and paid for those splendid ironclads which have raised the Ottoman Empire to be the third naval power in the world, and put it into her power to sweep the seas of all the 'Peter the Greats,' and 'Popofkas,' and other fantastical types of vessels of war on which the unfortunate Czar has lavished so many millions of roubles to no purpose. In no former war with Russia has Turkey been mistress even of the Black Sea. That is the point which has turned the scale against Russia, and we reflect with pleasure that it is the direct result of the destruction of the Russian fleet and the great arsenal of Sebastopol by the French and ourselves twenty years ago. In the war of 1829 Russia was supreme in those waters, and her navy afforded such help to the land forces of Marshal Diebitch as permitted him to end a disastrous campaign by a peace very much to the disadvantage of Turkey. What became of the Turkish Black Sea fleet before the Crimean War is well known to all readers. The daring treachery of Nachimoff at Sinope caused the destruction of the Turkish navy and the wholesale massacre of her sailors. That treachery had its reward in the indignation of Europe, and in the instant rush made by France and England to the rescue of Turkey. But in this war Turkey, thanks to the extravagance of Abd-ul Asiz, needs no such defenders by sea. One of the most significant signs of the times last autumn was the strange spectacle of a Russian squadron hastening from the Mediterranean to take shelter in the harbours of the United States; while the ponderous circular ironclads which the combined skill of Mr. Reed and Admiral Popoff had constructed at Cronstadt and Nicholaieff cowered behind the guns of those arsenals, alike unable to keep the sea and to fire their heavy guns lest the

flimsy fabric should be shattered by their discharge. That the Turkish navy under Hobart Pasha has not performed any brilliant exploits during the present summer is due to the fact that there are no Russian ships afloat on which they could prove their mettle. But though its achievements have not been brilliant, owing to a want of adversaries, and perhaps because Hobart Pasha is not so inventive a genius as the captain of the 'Vesta,' the Turkish fleet has rendered most important services in this campaign. Without it and the command of the sea, a sufficient number of battalions could not have been sent from Europe to enable Mukhtar Pasha first to make head against the invading Russian armies in Armenia, and then to relieve Kars and retake Bayazid, and finally to chase Loris Melikoff and the Grand Duke Michael across the frontier. Without it, again, Batoum, that port so coveted by the Russians that its cession was to form one of the stipulations for peace which they had laid down before the war began, could never have been held against the army of the Caucasus, just as without it the Circassian tribes could never have been supplied with arms and auxiliaries and thus enabled to rise in insurrection against their Russian tyrants; an event which has no doubt immensely impeded the operations of the Muscovites in Armenia, though the insurrection itself may have been unsuccessful. Without the Turkish fleet, again, the Circassians could never have been deported by thousands from their native country, and thus delivered from the vengeance of the Czar. Nor could the victorious battalions of Dervish Pasha, after they had accomplished their mission in Asia, have been transported with lightning speed from Batoum to Varna, at which fortress they have long since arrived to swell the force which threatens the army of the Czarewitch at Biela. Last of all, it would have been impossible without the aid of the Turkish fleet that the 15,000 or 20,000 auxiliaries sent by the Khedive, under Prince Hassan, to the assistance of his sovereign the Sultan, could have been transported from Alexandria to the mouths of the Danube. Nor could the splendid soldiers at whose head Suleiman Pasha had marched through Montenegro to the discomfiture of those robbers, though with sad loss to himself, have made their appearance in the very nick of time on the southern slopes of the passes of the Balkans, unless a powerful Turkish squadron had arrived off the Albanian coast to speed them on their way. We may sum up this part of our story with the assertion that the services rendered by the Turkish navy in this campaign have been invaluable, and that for this navy the Ottomans are indebted to the effeminate Abd-ul

Asiz, who, if there were such things as statues in Turkey, might well have one erected to him as the 'restorer of the 'national fleet.' When we reflect that, besides this happy fancy of becoming the possessor of a fleet of ironclads like other well-conditioned European sovereigns, Abd-ul Asiz insisted on arming his fortresses with Krupp guns of the heaviest calibre and newest pattern: that if his soldiers were ragged and stinted of their pay they had breech-loading and repeating rifles served out to them with which, alike on the spurs of the Armenian mountains, in the Shipka Pass, and behind the blood-stained redoubts of Plevna, they have shown that they can make good practice to the dismay and destruction of battalion after battalion of Russians led up like sheep to be slaughtered by those raw levies which General Ignatieff pretended would fly like sheep before the soldiers of the Czar--when, we say, we reflect on all this, and acknowledge that this arming of the nation in preparation for a coming war with Russia was mainly the work of Abd-ul Asiz the effeminate, we may well wonder at the inscrutable working of Providence which makes the weak strong and the strong weak, and which turns the wisdom of the wise into folly and the folly of fools into wisdom, that it may work out in its own way the destiny of nations.

Let us trace a little more closely the progress of this struggle between two races supposed to be so unequally matched that the subjection of the one and the victory of the other seemed as much foregone conclusions as the long-harboured intention of Russia to provoke a contest with her victim for the possession of Constantinople. While the outbreak of hostilities on the Danube lingered into the summer of 1877, the 120,000 or 150,000 men told off, whether on paper or in reality, for the invasion of Armenia, were early in the field, and, having been massed all the winter on the frontier of the Transcaucasian provinces, invaded Armenia in three columns, all directed for Erzeroum, the heart of the country. At first everything seemed to smile on the strategy of General Loris Melikoff, a native Armenian, under the supreme command, of course, of the Grand Duke Michael, who, to do him justice, does not seem to have interfered with his subordinates nearly so much as his grand-ducal brother Nicholas in the campaign on the Danube. On the contrary, he appears to have left General Loris Melikoff to have very much his own way, and a very bad way he has made of it. At first the advance of the Muscovites was like the proverb which says that March comes in like a lion. The southern column captured Bayazid,

a petty fortress, after a resistance which did little harm to the Turkish commander. In the same way, and after a still less glorious struggle, the fortress of Ardahan fell before the invaders; Kars was half invested, and Batoum almost taken by a *coup de main*. All this time it was the common belief both of military spectators and newspaper correspondents that Armenia must soon be completely subdued. The Turkish generals were boastful braggarts; the Pashas, the governors of great towns, such as Erzeroum, were venal and incapable; the regular army was ill-clothed, ill-fed, and ill-armed; while as for the Kurds, that great force of irregular cavalry on which so much reliance was placed, they were the greatest robbers and cut-throats in the world, terrible to everyone, whether Christian or Mahommedan, except to the enemy, to whom they took good care on all occasions to give a wide berth, that they might plunder the villages in the rear of their own army with greater impunity. If it were worth while and time and space permitted it, we could quote letters from Erzeroum giving a still gloomier account of the prospects of the Turks in Armenia. Even Captain Burnaby, in his recently published account of his ride through Asia Minor, seems to have conceived a very unfavourable idea of the Ottoman resources in that country. Everything was going to rack and ruin; Batoum would soon fall, Kars would follow it, and as for Erzeroum it was a race between General Loris Melikoff and the centre column advancing through the defiles of the Soghanli Dag and the southern marching from Bayazid under General Terjukassoff, as to which should first win possession of that central city. Things might perhaps brighten if the guns and reinforcements sent from Constantinople by way of Trebizond should arrive in time, and the skill of Mukhtar Pasha, though he had not been particularly successful in the war in Europe the autumn before, might be a tower of strength against the enemy, just as Dervish Pasha would prove at Batoum. Well, to make a long story short, Dervish Pasha and his battalions did arrive at Batoum, and from that hour, by their help and that of the fleet, the progress of the northern column was not only stopped, but a great portion of the invaders retired from the siege of that important place on the news that the Caucasus was blazing with insurrection in their rear. As to the centre column, Mukhtar Pasha, with a few veteran battalions, arrived in the neighbourhood of Erzeroum just in time to retrieve the disaster provoked by the incapable Mahmoud Pasha, who rashly attacked the Russian central column advancing over the Soghanli Dag, and was handsomely beaten

and himself killed in the battle. The fortune of the campaign was turned by the Turkish Commander-in-Chief at the decisive battle of Zewin towards the end of June, where the Russians were defeated with great slaughter, and driven in a series of disastrous conflicts across the Soghanli Dagh by the middle of July. About the same time the southern column under General Terjukassoff met with the same fate, and Bayazid was on the eve of surrendering to the Turks, when, a portion of the brave garrison having been massacred after trusting themselves out of the fortress on the good faith of the Kurds, the remainder resolved to hold the citadel to the last, which, we are happy to think, they succeeded in doing till General Terjukassoff, having received reinforcements, relieved them by a sudden dash, and scattered the Turks and their cut-throat auxiliaries. The commander of those ruffians, Moussa Pasha, was killed most unexpectedly to himself about the same time by a random shot, to the great joy of all honest men on both sides. We dismiss this hero by saying that a greater monster never lived, except perhaps his countryman, Ismail Pasha the Kurd, who, we are ashamed for the honour of the Turks to say, still lives in high command on the Armenian frontier, where he robs and plunders and violates to his heart's content.

That daring exploit of Terjukassoff is the single brilliant feat of the Russian arms in Asia. At the end of July Ardahan alone remained to the Russians of all their conquests. Before that Mukhtar Pasha with his victorious army, reinforced by many battalions, had raised the siege of Kars, and forced the Russians to retire to an entrenched camp. Since then, issuing from a camp at Karabounar which he had entrenched for himself, he has again signally defeated the Russians with great loss after assaulting their position at Kizil-tepek. In other quarters the Turks had crossed the frontier, driving the Russians before them, and even threatening Erivan and Gunri, which the Russians now call Alexandropol. Altogether, therefore, if the Russians entered Armenia like lions, they have left it like lambs. As the season for campaigning in those elevated regions is already over, we may pronounce the invasion of Asiatic Turkey to be a failure for this year at least. We rejoice the more at this series of reverses, because, as we have shown on a recent occasion, this conquest of Armenia has always been a pet project of Russian intrigue, and, so far as British interests are concerned, might be a greater blow to them than any acquisition of territory which the Czar is likely to be permitted to acquire in European Turkey. It is very significant, as taken in connexion with these defeats of the

Russians in Asia, that we have of late heard little or nothing of the Shah of Persia, and of the outstanding questions which he had with the Sultan. We should not be at all surprised if the next thing we heard of that august sovereign were the despatch of a mission to Constantinople to congratulate the Padishah on the triumphant victories of his invincible armies in Asia. We have yet to learn the effect which will be produced in Central Asia by the reverberating echoes of these Turkish successes. Perhaps we may hear of the Khan of Khiva furbishing up his arms, and if any of the Momund Turkomans have escaped the tender mercies of the Cossacks, they may emulate the example of the Circassians and give General Kauffman and his successors no little trouble. That this conspicuous failure in Asia bodes no good to Russian rule in the heart of that continent must be evident even to the most exalted admirer of the 'good deeds of Russia.'

We now turn to the campaign on the Danube, which began wonderfully late, seeing that the Russian preparations had been long made, and it was everything to them to be swift in their operations. But there can be little doubt that they found the task of moving even the reduced estimate of 250,000 men from Kischineff to the Danube one that taxed their resources to the uttermost. First of all there were the usual ugly stories of jobbery and peculation in the commissariat and transport departments which seem to spring up of course in the history of any Russian campaign. Bribery and corruption seem so ingrained in the race that it cannot embark even in a great national quarrel without finding itself cheated and betrayed by its own officials. Then the arrangements and accommodation of the Russian railways are notoriously so imperfect, that it is sometimes more expeditious to march troops along the roads than to trust them to the chance of being frozen or starved to death on railways passing through vast desert tracts, where the stations are few and far between, and, when they are reached at last, afford entertainment neither for man nor beast. Then the roads, when the troops were actually forced to march, were up to the knees of the soldiers and the axletrees of the carriages in mud of the most tenacious nature. It is a mere compliment to call the Roumanian highways roads, and weary and footsore were both horse and man before their eyes were gladdened by the muddy waters of the Danube, though the Lower Danube is anything but the 'fair blue' stream which Strauss delights to call it in one of the most popular of his waltzes. The heavens too, the very elements, were hostile; Father Danube

himself seemed to set his face against the invaders. Trajan, the sturdy Roman, had once put him under the yoke of a high-standing bridge, but who were these upstart Russians who were coming to cross him on a bridge of boats? So the genial spring was late in coming to the Lower Danube in 1877, and the face of heaven was dark, and rain fell, and the Danube, instead of falling, rose and rose, and flooded wide tracts on either side of the stream, and for a long time it was no use thinking of crossing. Everything, in fact, was against the Russians, but one, and that was the Turks. All the while that the Russians were busy with their preparations, collecting boats, building pontoons, and constructing batteries, the Turks remained doggedly inactive in their fortresses, amusing themselves by the occasional bombardment of some Roumanian town, like Kalafat, and making but little show of defence. Whether this inaction was part of that famous scheme of the obese Serdar-ul-Ekrem Abd-el-Kerim Pasha, who wished to allure the Russians into Bulgaria that he might destroy them, or whether he had any scheme at all, no man can tell; the fact remains that the Russians, having completed their preparations at their leisure, crossed the Danube near Matchin into the Dobrudsha in the third week of June with little loss. In a short time General Zimmerman, who commanded in those operations, was reported to have with him a body of Russian troops amounting to 45,000 men. With these, or with such of them as were actual and not paper soldiers, we have heard of him from time to time advancing through that pestilential region until he reached Trajan's wall and captured Kustendje. His Cossacks were heard of south of the wall, but since then he and his force seem to have been altogether out of the game of the war on the Danube. We heard indeed stories about six weeks since that his men were falling sick of fever at the rate of 300 a day, and a little later that a portion of his force had recrossed the Danube and passed it a second time at Simnitza, in order to take part either in the struggle before Plevna or to reinforce the army of the Czarewitch. For all intents and purposes of the war, this force under Zimmerman might better have been in healthy quarters in Roumania than in the pestiferous Dobrudsha. The end of his operations was that he was shut up as in a trap between the strong quadrilateral of Rustchuk, Silistria, Shumla, and Varna, and no more effectual way of wasting the services of 45,000 men could be conceived than this move into the Dobrudsha by the Russian Commander-in-Chief; but the reader will

find as we proceed that the Grand Duke Nicholas has done worse feats of strategy than the one now pointed out.

In the last days of June, the Turks still continuing so inactive as to give rise to stories of bribery by the Russians on the part of their commanders, the Russians completed another bridge at Simnitzza, by which they threw a considerable force across to Sistova, about midway between the fortresses of Nicopolis and Rustchuk. By this bridge the Emperor Alexander crossed over into Bulgaria, where he addressed his proud proclamation to the Christian population. His soldiers pushed on to Tirnova, the ancient capital of Bulgaria, where they were joyfully received by the populace as deliverers, and the head-quarters of the Grand Duke Nicholas were advanced to that place. A Russian governor of Bulgaria was forthwith appointed, in the person of one of the most execrable tyrants of Poland, and his first act was to begin the confiscation of the lands of Mussulman proprietors. Subsequent events have not been favourable to his administrative operations. Now came the one dashing exploit of the campaign; just as that in Asia was signalised by the relief of Bayazid by General Terjukassoff, General Gourko and General Skobeloff the younger made a dash, early in July, at the passes of the Balkans, and passing, under the guidance of friendly Bulgarians, by the Hainkoi Pass into Roumelia, took in reverse the Turkish force which guarded the Shipka Pass, scattered them, and thus opened a communication across the Balkans with the head-quarters of the army at Tirnova. When the intelligence of this bold stroke spread abroad, all Europe thought that though it might take more than six weeks to bring the Russians from the Danube to Adrianople, still they were certain of reaching that city, where the Czar might dictate his own terms to the Sultan. Adrianople itself was in terror, as indeed it well might be, and there was such a 'scare' at Constantinople that though no one thought of making peace, there was some question whether it might not be prudent for the Sultan to remove to Broussa, the ancient capital of the House of Othman in Asia. As misfortunes never come singly, about that time the Russians took the strong town of Nicopolis, on the Danube, by assault, after a bombardment; their losses were severe, but those of the Turks were greater, and Krüdener's 9th Corps might well pride itself on this victory. Some thousands of prisoners were taken on that occasion, as well as the Pasha who commanded the fortress.

Disastrous as these events might appear for the Turks, they were in reality the turning point in the campaign, and the turn

was not for, but against, the Russians. We could give no better proof of the maxim we have already laid down as to the energy with which the Turks throw aside their apathy when the supreme moment arrives. When the Russians had crossed the iron gates of the Balkan, was it not high time to rush to save the capital? The energy of the central government showed itself in many ways, but first and foremost by the dismissal of Redif Pasha, the Minister for War, and by the recall of the Serdar-ul-Ekrem Abd-el-Kerim, who, weighing twenty stone and suffering from an incurable kidney disease, still kept on babbling at Shumla of his great plan for annihilating the Russians. In his place was set Mehemet Pasha, a Prussian by birth, but who had been domiciled in Turkey since his boyhood, an educated and accomplished soldier, as it is reported, who had done good service in the Servian war last year. Having thus disposed of the chief command on the Danube, the Sultan's new advisers, by a happy stroke of strategy, determined to recall Suleiman Pasha from Albania, where he had just shown the Montenegrins, though with great loss of men, that their Black Mountain was not impregnable. The Turkish fleet, as we have already pointed out, afforded a ready means of transport, and in an incredibly short space of time some twenty thousand veteran troops were carried from Albania to the Dardanelles by sea, and thence by railway to Eski Sagra, at the foot of the Balkans, where these reinforcements were added to the force before commanded by Raouf Pasha, with little credit to himself, in that district. With the arrival of Suleiman Pasha, and the sudden activity displayed by other Turkish generals, the further progress of the Russians across the Balkans was stopped, and after one or two bloody encounters, in which both Turks and Russians suffered severely, the comparatively small force commanded by Generals Gourko and Skobeloff was withdrawn at the beginning of August from Roumelia, only retaining the Shipka Pass by the help of strong fortifications which they had erected along the road. It is calculated that the losses of the Russians and the Bulgarian Legion, which they had raised and armed, amounted to 12,000 men in the various battles across the Balkans. Let us add that both sides, whether Turks or Bulgarians, displayed the greatest brutality towards the wretched inhabitants, the Turks committing atrocities on the Christians, and the Bulgarians retaliating in the same way on the Mussulmans. By these hideous crimes, together with the destruction of life and property inevitable in war, the fairest and most fertile valleys of European Turkey have been utterly desolated and laid

waste. This is precisely what we anticipated from what was termed last year "the occupation of Bulgaria." We have said that the Turks displayed a like energy in other directions. As the contest in Asia was virtually over, veteran troops were brought to Varna from Batoum; battalions were summoned to the capital from Arabia; in every province new levies were raised and sent to the seat of war, so that the losses, however heavy, of the Turks were soon supplied by either veterans or new recruits, who, as the Turks are a nation of soldiers, soon learn how to make good practice with arms of precision.

War is full of surprises even to the greatest generals. The Grand Duke Nicholas is no Moltke, but it is said that it takes a great deal to surprise him. Still he was one day surprised when towards the middle of July intelligence reached the headquarters at Tirnova that a body of Turks, coming from Widlin, had had the audacity to take up a strong position at a place called Plevna, about eight miles from Poradin, in Bulgaria, and twenty miles south-west of Nicopolis, which it was supposed the said Turks came just too late to relieve. The reader may find it for himself on the map, between the Vid and the Osma, two of the affluents of the Danube. As this daring Pasha, whose name was Osman, was bold enough not only to threaten the Russian head-quarters at Tirnova, but also the passage of the Danube at Sistova, the Grand Duke ordered him at once to be assaulted and displaced, mentioning, we believe, a certain hour next day by which that feat was to be accomplished by General Krüdener and the 9th Corps. The assault was duly delivered, but, alas! for the strategy as well as the omnipotence of Grand Dukes, though it was made in the old brutal Russian fashion by columns in close order, it was repulsed with such loss as left the gallant 9th Corps, which had already lost heavily at Nicopolis, little better than a wreck. That, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of July, was the first repulse of the Russians before Plevna, and though the indignation of the Grand Duke was great, he was even more surprised than before to find that these audacious Turks had not only suffered little loss when handling their arms of precision behind their earthworks, but that they were receiving reinforcements, as their rear was open, and were actually extending their entrenchments instead of retreating, as they ought to have done, according to the testimony of General Ignatieff. This insolence was too much for the Grand Duke. Just at the end of the month, when Gourko and his force were making up their minds to evacuate Roumelia, Generals Krü-

dener and Schakoffski, assisted by the ubiquitous Skobeloff, were again ordered to attack Osman Pasha at Plevna. On July 30 this second assault was made, much in the same blundering way as the first. It lasted from early dawn till after nightfall. The assailants, between thirty and forty thousand in all, suffered terrible losses, added to which all the wounded except those of the body under Skobeloff's command were ruthlessly cut off on the field by the Bashi-Bazouks, who are as great a curse to the regular army in European Turkey as their brother-butchers the Kurds are in Asia. That was the second repulse of the Russians before Plevna, and it was all owing to the blundering tactics of the Grand Duke. The losses in these two engagements, the first on July 19th, 20th, and 21st, and this second on the 30th of the month, amounted to 10,000 men, and would have been considered tremendous had it not been for the still greater slaughter of the 11th and 12th of September before Plevna.

It is perhaps fortunate for the Grand Duke Nicholas that he can point to as great a series of blunders committed by a commander of great reputation on the other side. We have seen that Suleiman Pasha, having united his forces to those of Raouf Pasha about the middle of July, had checked the further progress of the Russians in that quarter, and cleared them out of Roumelia. The Russians, when they retreated, still held the Shipka Pass, up which they had made an excellent road by Gabrova to Tirnova, and they had fortified several redoubts, the chief being called Mount St. Nicholas. It might have been thought that Suleiman Pasha would have been content to leave a few battalions strongly entrenched to guard the top of the pass, and that then he would have hastened, by some of the other passes right and left, either to the assistance of Osman Pasha at Plevna on the left, or to effect a junction with the Turkish army under Mehemet Pasha on the right, whose head-quarters were then in the neighbourhood of Rasgrad, and to whom, if they were not needed at Plevna, his veteran battalions would have been of the greatest service; for though Mehemet Pasha was reported to have 130,000 under him, by far the greater portion of them were raw levies. Strange to say, Suleiman Pasha, whether out of his own perversity, or in obedience to orders from Constantinople, took neither of these courses; he moved neither right nor left, but during the last twelve days of August carried on a series of furious assaults on the Russian positions in the Shipka Pass, which, all but successful at first, have been since invariably repulsed with great loss certainly to the Russians,

but with far greater slaughter to their assailants. These assaults were renewed with the same result on several occasions during September, and it seemed that the point of honour which drove Suleiman Pasha to attack the Shipka Pass would never be satisfied till he had laid the bones of the last of his veteran battalions in the wooded valleys of the Balkans. Some time ago it was calculated that he had already lost more than 25,000 in killed and wounded, a fruitless carnage which has been since swollen to a far greater amount. It is the duty of a great commander never to miss a great success by being chary of losing the lives of his men; but the senseless slaughter to which Suleiman Pasha devoted his gallant soldiers is justified by no success which can be secured by the possession of the Shipka Pass. The true way of gaining that defile without the loss of men was to unite with the other Turkish generals north of the Balkans in threatening the head-quarters of the Russians at Tirnova, and in endeavouring to cut off their communications with Roumania. As the Russians now are, and must, as it seems, be for a long time, on the defensive, any serious attempt at either or both of these points would have compelled them to evacuate the Shipka Pass in order to concentrate their forces in Bulgaria.

This operation against the Shipka Pass has now, it seems, been abandoned by the removal of Suleiman Pasha, who succeeds Mehemet Ali in command of the main army at Schumla and on the Lom. The Porte appears to have disapproved the slow and cautious tactics of this last-named officer, and no doubt he failed to give active support to his brother generals at critical moments. We are not without apprehensions, however, that the more enterprising character of Suleiman Pasha may lead him to renew his desperate system of attack against the Russian lines on the left bank of the Lom or the Jantra; and if so, it will probably be attended with dangerous results.

Some move on the part of Suleiman Pasha, or Mehemet Pasha, to the aid of Osman Pasha at Plevna was all the more imperative, because the Russians were, all the while that he was wasting his strength in the Shipka Pass, resolutely preparing for a third attack on Plevna, which the Grand Duke was determined should be successful, and which was to be executed under the eyes of the Emperor himself. At this period of the campaign it was evident at the Russian head-quarters that the task they had undertaken was too great for the force at their command. We very much doubt whether, before the arrival of the Guards, they had more than 150,000 men across the Danube,

and a few weeks ago they had probably fewer still, such havoc had disease and death and wounds played in their ranks. New corps were therefore summoned about six weeks since from Russia, and among the rest the Guards from St. Petersburg, a splendid body of men, mustering, with their cavalry and artillery, some 40,000 strong. But though the Czar may summon men from uttermost ends of his vast empire, he cannot annihilate time and space, and the troops thus called for are only now arriving in Bulgaria. In the meantime the gaps in the Russian ranks were filled by the admission of Roumania as a combatant in Bulgaria, side by side with the Russians. Some 20,000 of these troops co-operated with those of the Czar before Plevna, and, as is well known, they have received their baptism in war in the last bloody conflicts before the redoubts held by the gallant force under Osman Pasha. This fact is deeply indicative of the straits to which Russia was reduced. They entered Bulgaria having treated Prince Charles and his Roumanians more like beasts of burden and hewers of wood and drawers of water, and now they are glad to call them brothers-in-arms, and anxious to assign them the place of honour in their murderous attacks. The Roumanian people are beginning to complain of so costly a distinction, and would prefer to see their troops on the left bank of the Danube. At the same time, ungrateful Serbia showed her sense of the obligations under which she was to the Porte for mercy shown her in the spring, by receiving pay from Russia to put her army on a war footing, and by negotiating to allow the forces of the Emperor Alexander to turn the barrier of the Balkans by marching his armies through Serbia into Roumelia. But, like the Shah of Persia in Asia, the course of events in Bulgaria has caused a qualm to come over the courage of Prince Milan, and the last announcement from Belgrade is that the Servian grand army cannot possibly be ready to rush to the rescue of the Russians before the month of February 1878.

At last, at the end of the first week in September, the outlying position of Lovatz having been taken by assault by the gallant Generals Imeritinsky and Skobeloff, all was ready for the third assault on Plevna. To make assurance doubly sure, batteries mounting more than three hundred heavy guns had been planted on the heights encircling the strong positions of the Turks, the strongest of which was supposed to be the centre redoubt of Gravitzza. For some days before the assault, an incessant hail of shot and shell was hurled against Osman Pasha's earthworks. The Turks replied sometimes briskly, sometimes listlessly, but showed their activity chiefly by repair-

ing the gaps made in their earthworks by the enemy's fire ; so that, after the bombardment was over, neither they nor their defences had suffered much. On the 11th and 12th of September the Grand Duke Nicholas ordered his troops to the assault of the redoubts at several points. On the 11th General Skobeloff captured two small redoubts opposed to his force, but with great loss, only to be driven from them the next day with still greater loss by the victorious Turks. On the great central redoubt of Gravitza, assault after assault was made in close column, in which the storming parties and their supports fell before the deadly precision of the Turkish fire like corn before the reaper. At the end of the day, Sept. 12, the assailants had sullenly retired from the struggle, and the Emperor had betaken himself to his quarters, when, while the Turks had left the redoubt, thinking the day their own, the centre redoubt was captured by a combined rush of a few Russian and Roumanian battalions, and has since been held by them, though, to their disgust, it has been found to be commanded by other redoubts skilfully constructed in its rear, from which the Turks are able to pour a murderous fire into the Russian garrison, who hold it with their usual tenacity. Since the days of Xerxes there has not been a more odious spectacle than that of this humane Czar, perched aloft on a platform, out of reach of fire, to celebrate the feast of St. Alexander by witnessing the slaughter of his own subjects, and the butchery of his enemies. Happily, what he did behold was a humiliating repulse.

The last accounts left the Roumanians sapping up to the redoubt which commands Gravitza, and also reveal the ghastly tale that all the Russian corps engaged have been fearfully reduced in numbers, battalions which ought to muster 1000 being brought down to 300 men. The casualties, in short, on September 11 and 12 amounted to 60 per cent. of those engaged. Altogether it is declared that the Russians, who began the attack with 60,000 men, and have since been heavily reinforced by fresh troops from Russia, now muster less than 50,000 men. It is probable, therefore, that they have lost about 30,000 in this third attack on Plevna, in which the Grand Duke Nicholas, anxious, it would appear, to emulate the folly of Suleiman Pasha in the Shipka Pass, has persisted in hurling his men against impregnable positions, instead of pursuing the safer method of first approaching the enemy's defences by sap and trench. Since that third series of assaults Osman Pasha has received reinforcements and an ample supply of ammunition, of which he stood in great need. Under these circumstances it is impossible to say how long Plevna may

hold out ; but it adds to our conception of the difficult task which the Grand Duke has before him, when we are told that he is about to besiege a force estimated at 70,000 men, strongly entrenched in a series of positions not invested in the rear with a force of 50,000, many of whom have already failed three times to scale these earthworks. But to the heaven-born strategy of a Russian Grand Duke all things are possible, and so the Grand Duke Nicholas may try to take Plevna a fourth time, and be successful. Whether, like the possession of the Shipka Pass, it will be worth the time and blood wasted on it, remains to be seen.

It will have been remarked that while we hear much of the movements of the Russians on the direct line between Sistova and Tirnova, little seems to be known of the operations of the army of the Czarewitch, which has its head-quarters at Biela, and its base of operations on the Danube, at the bridge or ferry of Pirgos, about ten miles west of Rustchuk. At one time this army extended its outposts from the valley of the Jantra, on which Biela lies, beyond the various arms of the Lom, and threatened to cut the railway from Rustchuk to Varna, and even to invest the former fortress. But that was in the early days of the Russian invasion, and during the *fainéant* reign of Abd-el-Kerim the corpulent. Since the appointment of Mehemet Pasha as Commander-in-Chief, the Czarewitch had to draw in his horns ; his army waned while that of his antagonist waxed with the accession of the Egyptians under Prince Hassan and with the veterans brought from Asia, till the heir to the Russian throne has at last found himself rather the besieged than the besieger, and come to fear lest his own communications should be cut off, rather than that he should himself be in a position to cut lines of railway and to isolate hostile forces. The history of this part of the campaign is rather hazy : neither the Russian nor the Turkish commanders seem to care much for the criticisms of newspaper correspondents, and so their great deeds, if any, lack historians to publish them to the world. Thus much seems clear, that in a series of operations during the last month, extending from Eski-Juma, a little to the north-east of Osman Bazar, to Kadi-koi, close upon the Danube, within easy distance of Rustchuk, Mehemet Pasha gradually drove the Russian outposts across the various branches of the Lom, inflicting on several occasions heavy loss on them, as, for instance, in the encounters of Kacelyevo and Karahassankoi. The result seems to have been that the army of the Czarewitch has been slowly but surely cooped up in the valley of the Jantra, and that his army has

been concentrated round his head-quarters at Biela on that stream. But Mehemet Pasha recently saw cause to withdraw his lines within the valley of the Lom, evidently not feeling strong enough to force the position of the Grand Duke, and this circumstance seems to have led to his removal from the chief command. In fact, as far as we can judge, both armies are now so well posted and entrenched that whichever of them assumes the offensive and attacks the other, will probably be beaten. It is not improbable that this state of things may be prolonged for some time. The position of the Turkish army now commanded by Suleiman Pasha is, however, the more favourable one, because his wings and centre rest on the great fortresses, whilst the Russians are separated from their base by the Danube, and only hold a *tête de pont* at Nicopolis and Simnitsa.

We have now sketched the progress of the campaign both in Europe and Asia, and may well pause in amazement at the reverses of the Russians and the brilliant resistance of the Turks. If the world, while it was confident that the Russians must march to a succession of triumphs, felt sure that their armies contained many generals who only lacked the opportunity to show the perfection of their strategy, the world has been grievously mistaken. It is all very well for newspaper correspondents, writing with the fear of a Grand Duke or provost-marshal before their eyes, to say that the campaign on the Danube has been distinguished for depth of design and brilliancy of execution. We are under no such fears, and we do not hesitate to say that, with one or two exceptions already specified, we see no such merit in the Russian movements. They were slow in reaching the Danube, and when they crossed it their bridges were so slight and slender that the passage must have been prevented had the Turkish commanders shown the slightest dash or decision. They have now been nearly four months in Bulgaria, and the head-quarters of the two greatest divisions of their force are neither of them fifty miles from the Danube. As for the dash across the Balkans into Roumelia, it was a raid daringly planned and executed, but it was nothing more. It cost the Russians thousands of men, but it has led to nothing save trouble, for in the present position of the invaders it is rather a loss than a gain to hold the Shipka Pass. Of what good is it to stand brawling in the doorway when there is no chance of forcing one's way into the house? As they at present stand, the forces of the Grand Duke Nicholas are extended in a long line from Sistova to the Shipka Pass, and hemmed in in the valleys of the Osma and the Jantra

between the great Turkish fortresses and three armies in the field. It is all very well to say that a force acting on interior lines is in a position of great advantage, because it can take the offensive whenever it pleases against any of the armies which threaten it from without. But this is an advantage only available to great commanders whose genius teaches them when and how to strike the blow. As yet the Russians have shown no sign that they have a Napoleon, a Wellington, or a Moltke among their ranks. Nor must it be forgotten that the losses and reverses of the Russians have been entirely caused by their own bad strategy, and not at all by the superior tactics of the Turks. If they have been out-generaled, it is their own generals that have defeated them. So far as we can see, the Turkish generals have been nearly as bad as their opponents. In Suleiman Pasha we see another obstinate Grand Duke Nicholas, and in the Grand Duke Nicholas a second stubborn Suleiman Pasha. Each of them has lost many thousands of brave men who might have been saved by the most ordinary military skill. The mad onslaught of the one on Mount St. Nicholas may be set off against the insane assaults of the other on Plevna. Nor, though Osman Pasha is tenacious in holding his own, do we see in him the signs of a great commander. Advancing to relieve Nicopolis, and arriving too late, he took up a position on the enemy's flank, and there he has remained a thorn in his side, ready to receive and baffle his attacks, but quite unable to improve his advantage when he has won it. Had he been a great commander, he would have followed hot on the disorganised masses of the Russians as they broke and fled on the eve of that disastrous second assault on July 30, and few would have escaped to tell the tale of their overthrow. But, having hurled them from his earthworks, he was content to continue behind them, and to allow his foe breathing time to rally. Of Mehemet Pasha we know nothing save by reputation, but if he was sure, it cannot be denied that he was slow in his movements. When the whole force of the Russians was bent upon crushing Osman Pasha in their last supreme effort, neither Suleiman nor Mehemet Pasha seems to have stirred a finger to save him. The most that can be said of these Turkish generals is that they fight on doggedly, each by himself, with infinite loss of men, without giving a thought to combination or co-operation against the common enemy. This ought to have been an immense advantage to the Russians, but they do not appear to have made any use of it. Their strategy has been like the meeting of moles beneath ground, or the butting of rams above it. When one encounters the other they fall

to biting and butting till one or the other is bitten or butted out of the way. This is all very well with moles and rams, but when we behold it in a general we call it butchery and not strategy. As for the rank and file on either side, they furnish the most splendid materials out of which to make good soldiers. The Turks are better armed and more valorous and dashing than the Russians; but how often in the campaign on the Danube has not the military observer exclaimed, 'How either side might be led to victory! If they had only a general to lead them!'

A word on the only real service which the Russian navy has rendered in the war. When the campaign began the Turks had several monitors on the Danube, which, had they been properly handled at the outset, might have rendered the approach of the Russians to the Roumanian bank of the river very difficult, and thus delayed their crossing considerably. But the paralysis which had overcome the Turkish commanders on shore seemed to have spread to their captains afloat. The monitors did little or nothing to impede the construction of powerful batteries at advantageous points along the stream, and, when they were finished, it was their hard fate to run the gauntlet from port to port, in which operation, as might be expected, they were crippled by the enemy's fire. Early in the campaign one fine vessel was blown up and sunk, either by the explosion of her own boilers or by a lucky shot from a battery. This chance produced a panic among the Turkish sailors, which was not allayed when a second monitor met the like fate through the daring of the crew of a Russian torpedo boat. After these ill-omened accidents we heard little more of the Turkish monitors on the Danube. They retired into the obscurity of safe harbours on the Turkish side of the river, and, to use a happy expression of a witty French writer, '*ils reculèrent pour mieux sauter*,' for even in those safe retreats one or two of them have been blown up by the Russians, as we have related in the first article of the present Number of this Journal (p. 315).

In conclusion, we pass on to consider the effect produced on the politics of Europe by this first campaign. The Emperor Alexander entered into it, as we have said, against the public opinion of Europe, as expressed by their Governments. They stood by and washed their hands of all responsibility for the rash step which the lord of fifty millions of Muscovites was bent on taking. Whatever might have been his private agreements with his two brother emperors, there can be no doubt that, as Governments, Austria and

Germany were averse to it. But there was this difference between the two, that while Germany hoped publicly that there would be no war, she said in private, through her diplomatists throughout the negotiations of the Conference, that there must be war. 'Let the cannon sound,' said a distinguished Prussian ambassador. 'That is the only way out of the difficulty.' It seemed, in short, as though they had one and all received a *mot d'ordre* from Prince Bismarck to cry peace when there was to be no peace. Austria, on the contrary, hoped there would be no war, and was sincere in her hopes. It made all the difference between her position and that of Germany, that the war would rage at her very doors. The interest which the Emperor of Germany might take in the aggrandisement or mediatisation of the prince of the House of Hohenzollern who sits on the Roumanian throne is as nothing to the influence which the occupation of Bosnia or Servia by Russia might have on the Slavonic provinces of the Austrian Empire. She dreaded the outbreak of the war on the Danube as one that dreads the letting out of a rill of waters lest it should swell to a mighty stream sweeping everything before it. It is very improbable that either Prince Bismarck or Count Andrassy foresaw the turn that things would take on the Danube and in Armenia, and that they anticipated either that the position of the Russians would be so perilous, or the resistance of the Turks so desperately valorous, at the close of the first campaign. Should the armies of the Emperor Alexander meet with still greater reverses, some light will probably be thrown on the secret engagements which may exist between the three emperors. A contingency quite as unexpected as that of the death of the elder Mr. Blifill in 'Tom Jones' may reveal mysteries and compacts which would otherwise never have been brought to the surface of the hidden depths of diplomacy. It is just possible that, while Austria was all along sincere in deprecating war, because it was her interest, the interests of Germany may have been too much furthered by the humiliation of the Russians. If it was the Machiavellian policy of Prince Bismarck to weaken by this war the power of a possible ally of France, it may not suit his views that Russia should be brought too low. In such a case we may look for mediation, and even intervention, on the part of the two emperors; and though Russia is as yet too proud, and Turkey too successful and full of fight to think of such a thing, pride, as is well known, goes before a fall, and such a fall may be in store for the Emperor Alexander. At the best, he can only succeed by still further efforts, which will strain

the resources of his already impoverished empire to the very uttermost. He may pull down Turkey, but in doing so he will have laid his own house in ruins. As to what is to come after the struggle is over, we forbear to speculate. Sufficient unto the year is the evil thereof. It will be better to defer the consideration of the partition of European Turkey until we know whether we have actually caught our Tartar, and not he us. The issue may be destruction to the dynasty of Othman, but it may also be ruin to the House of Romanoff. It is significant of the gloomy outlook of the Russians that General Ignatieff, the prime mover in this arrogant invasion, has fallen into disgrace with his imperial master, and been sent back to Kieff, where he is to remain till he is again summoned to the councils of the Czar. It must be a bitter mortification to this unscrupulous diplomatist to find that the 'Sick Man' is able to deal such sturdy blows to the robbers who strove to seize his inheritance, and that, so far from being at death's door, he is likely to last for many a long year.

We have kept the consideration of England and her attitude towards the belligerents to the last. Every hour that has elapsed since we last treated of this subject has only confirmed our view that the policy of the Government is that which is alone consistent with the dignity of England and the faith of treaties. We exhausted every expedient to induce Turkey to adopt a better policy towards her Christian subjects short of actual coercion. Turkey, though an ill-governed country according to the idea of civilised nations, is for all that a sovereign state and mistress of her own actions. Considering what England had done on her behalf, we were entitled to persuade her, but it was no duty of ours to coerce her to adopt a better system. This we imagine to have been the view of Lord Beaconsfield and his Cabinet, and we think it must be admitted that it was a line of policy which commended itself to an immense majority of the British public. But if this view was right and just when Turkey was supposed to be so weak as to be incapable of holding her own against Russia, and when the Czar, as he said, entered his country as an executioner to perform a high act of justice on a miserable offender, how signally has it been justified by the course of the campaign both in Asia and Europe. Had we listened to the ravings of St. James's Hall, we should have believed that the weakness and poverty of the Turk were so great that he might be hissed off the stage of the theatre of Europe as a ridiculous, effete, and impotent pretender to rule what he had no longer any right to possess. Poverty and weakness make men ridiculous just

as much in the nineteenth century as they did in the days of the great Roman satirist. When the Sultan claimed the right to coerce his rebellious subjects, he was laughed at as affecting a power which he no longer possessed. What right had a mock Sultan to rule over millions of Christians? In the same way, when his State papers and notes and declarations were dignified and haughty, the cry of the Anglo-Russians was, how dared a beggar on a throne to utter such absurdities? Let England but go hand in hand with Russia, and sweep him and his officials out of Europe with the besom of destruction. Well, the war came with its stern realities, and where are these platitudes now? They and their Russian friends and patrons have learned many a bitter lesson since the war began, but they have taught the Turk two things: one to know his own strength, the other to rely on that strength alone for his deliverance from the tutelage of Europe. Had Russia been paid by Turkey to make war upon her, she could not have bestowed on her adversary a greater blessing. It is amusing to see the efforts which diplomacy, and especially German diplomacy, is making at Constantinople to persuade the Sultan not to be too hard in his terms upon the Emperor of Russia, lest Germany, anxious to save the Czar from future humiliation, should throw her sword into the scale on his side. What greater compliment could be paid to a poor, weak, despised Sultan than this? The lesson we may all learn from the struggle so far is that though the fortune of war may still turn in favour of the Russians, it cannot be said that the Turk is sick unto death. He may be wounded and stabbed to death by war, but he suffers from no such mortal disease as that with which it has suited the insidious policy of Russia for years to declare him to be stricken. The government may be bad, and the pashas and prelates, whether Mussulman or Christian, venal and corrupt: but the race that can rush to arms by hundreds of thousands to fight for its faith and its sovereign, and which can wield its arms so bravely that it can defeat the legions of one of the greatest military powers of the world, cannot be effete and worn out. In their right hands rests the salvation of Turkey, and the ghastly array of soldiers slain by them in battle proves that it will take many a hard knock and a stronger Emperor even than him of All the Russias to drive them out of Europe.

The Turks have rendered a signal service to mankind by showing that the military power of Russia is much less considerable than it was supposed to be. Russia has the spirit of aggression, but when firmly resisted she has not the strength

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